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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

A new mystery serial by

SAX ROHMER

The story of
an appalling threat

"The Day the World Ended"

Cover by
John Newton Howitt

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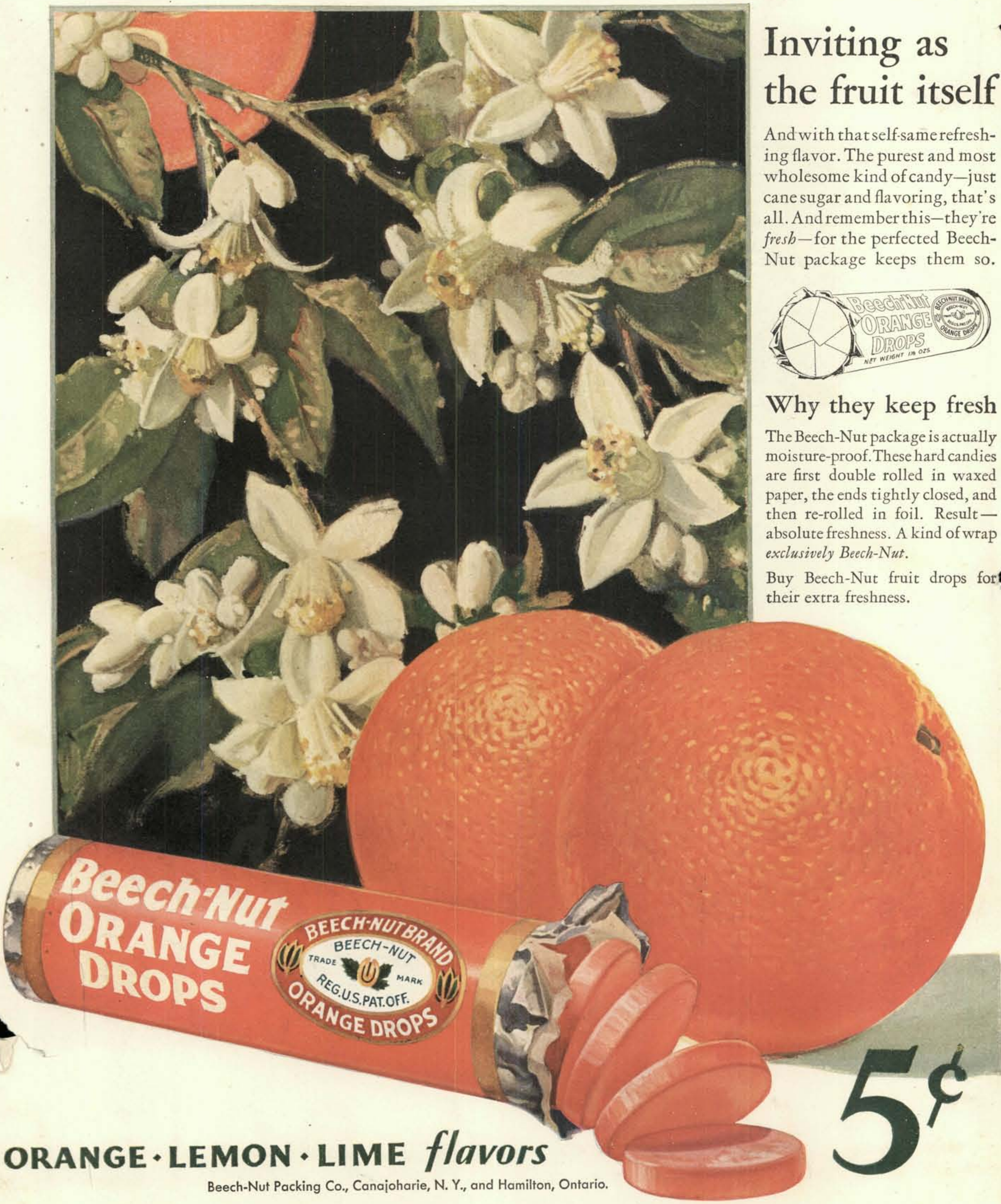
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops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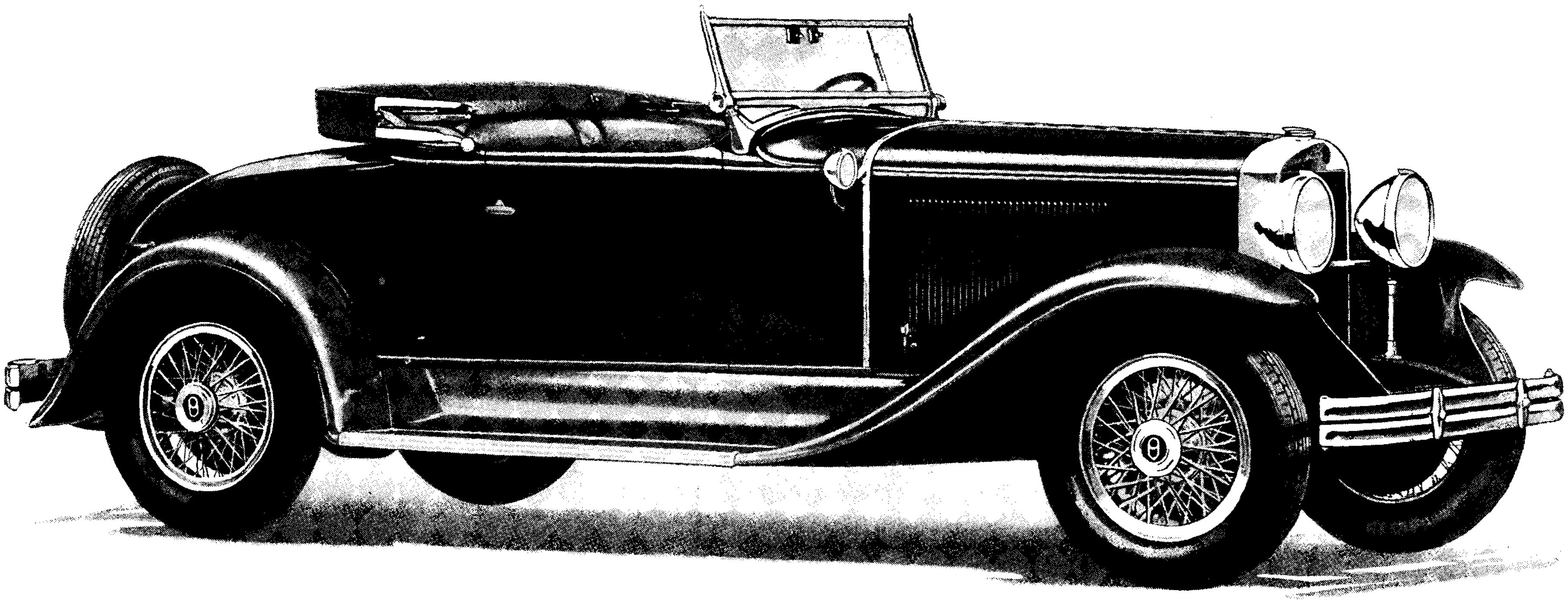

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OF THE NEW FRANKLIN

described by a well-known aviator

"THERE is just one expression that fully explains the feel one experiences when driving the new Franklin—the feel of flying in an airplane," thus spoke a well-known war-time flyer after putting a new Franklin through its paces.

This aviator has piloted for more than twelve years, has well over a thousand hours flying time and has flown more than a dozen makes of airplanes.

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"Stepping on the gas with the car in second gear is like pushing your throttle wide open for a take off. In an airplane, novices are startled to find themselves off the ground when they had no sense of leaving terra firma.

"Similarly in the new Franklin in second gear, one is at fifty miles per hour so smoothly, quietly and speedily, that the sense of speed of the engine or noise so commonly encountered when driving fast in second gear, is entirely absent.

"And then a short, silent shift to high and one really glides—so swiftly and quietly the car purrs along. Yet with all the sense of flying one feels perfectly secure and solidly placed just as a pilot feels when gazing at the earth slipping by ten thousand feet below.

"Taking some of New York's curves, slippery with rain, at 60 miles per hour, gives one the solid and sure feeling the pilot experiences when banking his plane. No fear of slipping or skidding which the average motorist or new pilot inevitably feels until both become masters of their crafts. Even an inexperienced driver should feel a mastery over this new Franklin that comes to a pilot only after hundreds of hours in the air.

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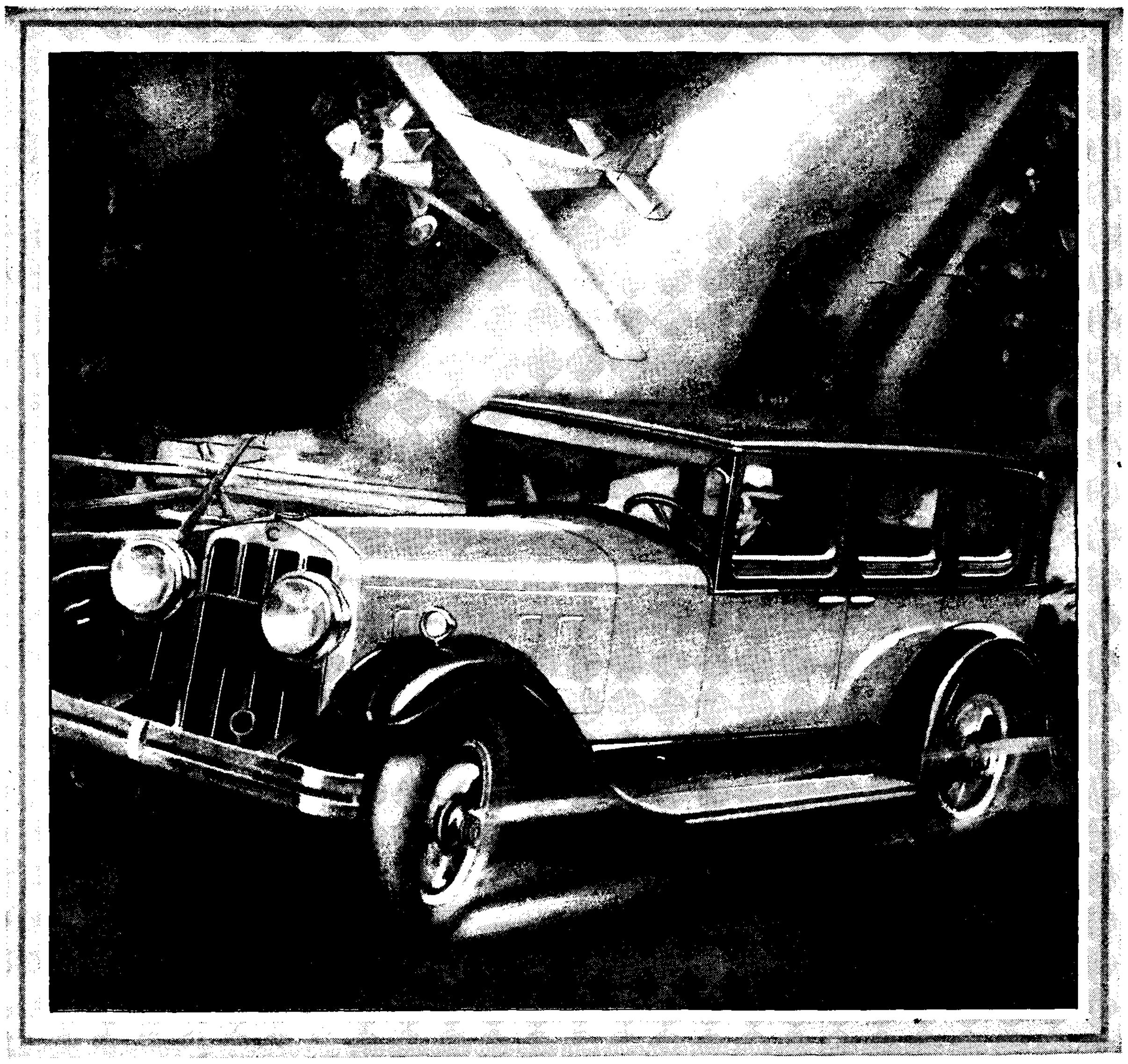
"Taking the hills in this new car can be compared only to a zoom in flying. The breath-taking, thrilling, exhilarating dive with full power on, then ever so gently a back pressure on the stick and the plane shoots over an invisible mountain of air.

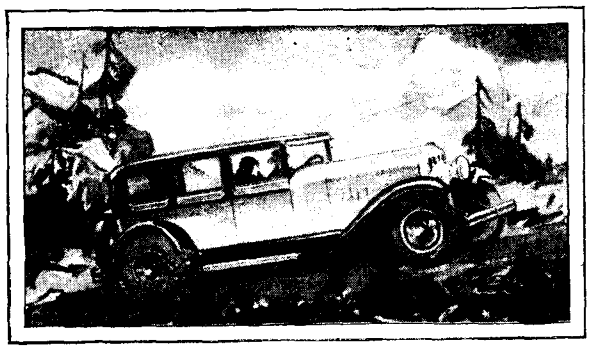
"This is even more satisfying in a new Franklin since there are objects on the passing ground to give one an increased sense of speed.

"To a veteran pilot there is nothing more secure or safe than a good plane highly powered. And for the first time in motoring experience this feel of mastery of the road, of the car and of any emergency that might arise is within the reach of the motor car owner.

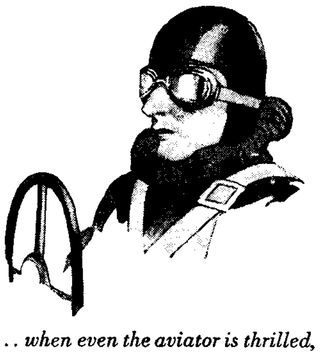
"I have driven this car at top speeds over rough hill roads, the inbuilt riding qualities smoothing the ruts and chuck holes, just as a high powered engine smooths the air bumps for the aviator



. . . around wet and slippery curves, at 60 miles an hour with the solid and sure feeling the pilot experiences when banking his plane.



. . . taking the hills with great speed in this car, is comparable only to a zoom in flying.



. . . when even the aviator is thrilled, the airplane feel of the new Franklin must be a remarkable experience.

Calls it the "Airplane Feel"

"This feel of a Franklin, which I choose to call the *airplane feel*, includes speed to spare; a pilot seldom uses full throttle except when taking off or in emergency—a sense of security or mastery of the craft under all conditions—smooth riding qualities—a feeling of power and exhilaration when the throttle is thrown open—ease of control and freedom from annoyances, all of which contribute to riding comfort."

When the *airplane feel* of the new Franklin thrills even aviators, it *must* be a remarkable experience. Just as air-cooling has made possible infinitely finer performance in aviation—so air-cooling has made possible this revolutionary new-type performance in the new Franklin. You are urged to drive the new Franklin, whether or not you are contemplating the purchase of an automobile. A drive is an education—a thrilling new experience—and a dramatic example of the leadership now accorded to the 1929 Franklin.

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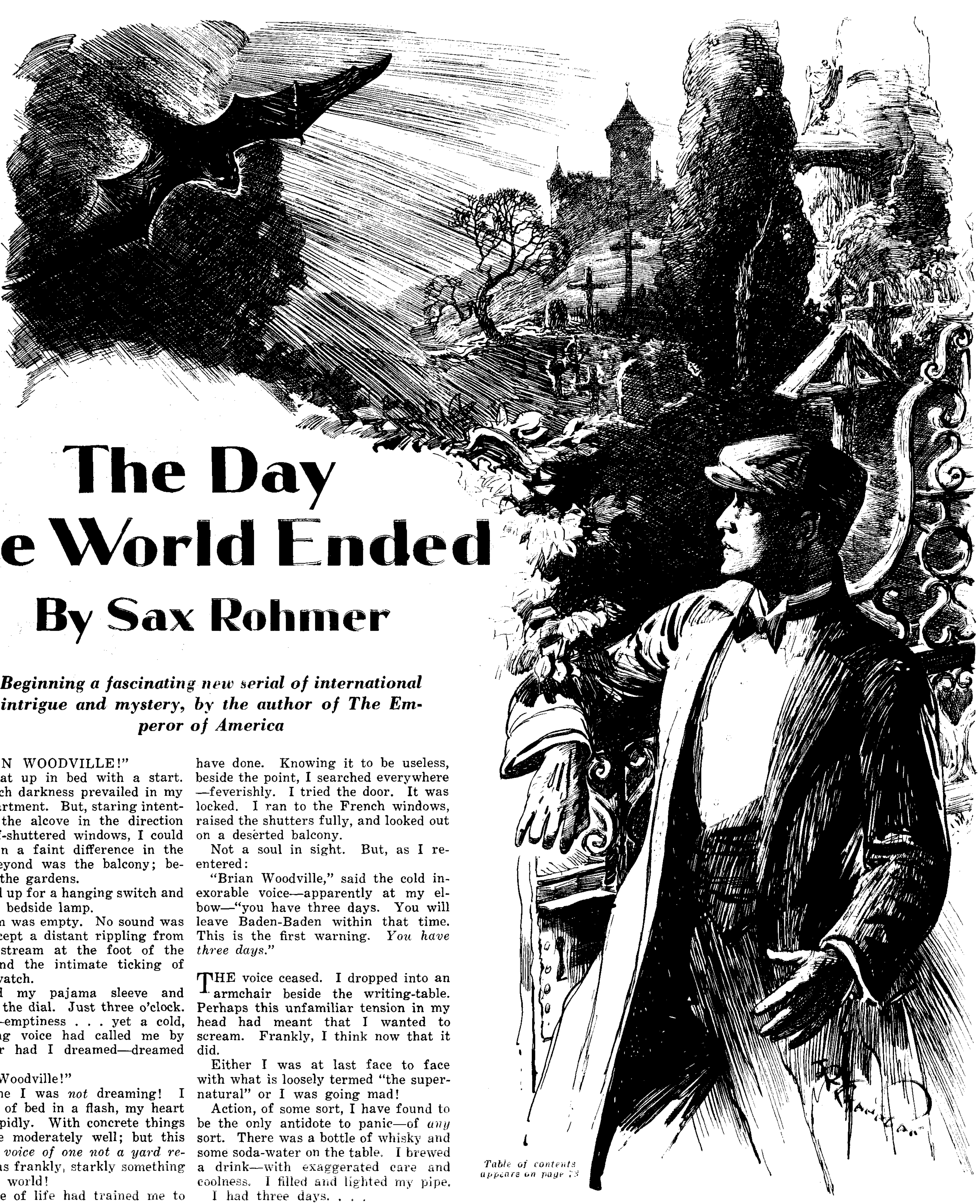

The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

Beginning a fascinating new serial of international intrigue and mystery, by the author of The Emperor of America

"BRIAN WOODVILLE!"

I sat up in bed with a start. Pitch darkness prevailed in my apartment. But, staring intently out of the alcove in the direction of the half-shuttered windows, I could just discern a faint difference in the gloom. Beyond was the balcony; beyond that the gardens.

I reached up for a hanging switch and lighted the bedside lamp.

The room was empty. No sound was audible except a distant rippling from the little stream at the foot of the gardens and the intimate ticking of my wrist-watch.

I raised my pajama sleeve and glanced at the dial. Just three o'clock.

Silence—emptiness . . . yet a cold, commanding voice had called me by name! Or had I dreamed—dreamed vividly?

"Brian Woodville!"

This time I was *not* dreaming! I leaped out of bed in a flash, my heart beating rapidly. With concrete things I can cope moderately well; but this voice—*the voice of one not a yard removed*—was frankly, starkly something of another world!

My mode of life had trained me to action. And, conscious of a sensation which I can only suppose presaged hysteria, I did what anybody else would have done. Knowing it to be useless, beside the point, I searched everywhere—feverishly. I tried the door. It was locked. I ran to the French windows, raised the shutters fully, and looked out on a deserted balcony.

Not a soul in sight. But, as I re-entered:

"Brian Woodville," said the cold inexorable voice—apparently at my elbow—"you have three days. You will leave Baden-Baden within that time. This is the first warning. *You have three days.*"

THE voice ceased. I dropped into an armchair beside the writing-table. Perhaps this unfamiliar tension in my head had meant that I wanted to scream. Frankly, I think now that it did.

Either I was at last face to face with what is loosely termed "the supernatural" or I was going mad!

Action, of some sort, I have found to be the only antidote to panic—of *any* sort. There was a bottle of whisky and some soda-water on the table. I brewed a drink—with exaggerated care and coolness. I filled and lighted my pipe.

I had three days. . . .

For five, ten, fifteen minutes I sat there considering the mystery from every conceivable angle. One thing was

Literally, horror froze me to the spot. Yard by yard the thing swooped down, silently, relentlessly

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certain. Either it had been the product of some form of hypnotism with which I was not acquainted, or it had been produced by means of apparatus concealed in my apartment.

I began an examination of the floors, walls and furniture in search of, first a speaking-tube; second, a radio fitting.

But I found nothing.

Dawn was stealing wanly through the slats of my shutters when at last I gave up.

What did it mean? How the "warning" had been conveyed to me I simply could not imagine. But that it was associated with my mission, equally I could not doubt; that mission which I had undertaken so lightly! I had counted my Brazil expedition, in quest of a white race said to survive far up a tributary of the Rio Negro, perilous enough, God knows. For although at long last I had got back, it was more by good luck than good management.

Then there was the Sahara trek, fairly risky, but successful; and now. . . .

When the Daily World had invited me to go to the Black Forest, professional zest and personal inclination both urged acceptance.

There was no danger attached to a holiday in these fruitful valleys. (Tonight I had been disillusioned!) I badly needed a rest. (This was true.) And the subject came within my province. In short, said the powers behind the Daily World, this was clearly indicated as my job.

I had undertaken it. And—I had three days. . . .

That most gruesome of all superstitions known to man—that centering about vampires—had reappeared in Germany! The details were few and conflicting. A peasant had been found dead in the Forest, exhibiting extraordinary symptoms of emaciation. Animals, also, and even birds. A number of witnesses spoke of a giant bat seen hovering over the trees. The locale it had proved impossible to trace more exactly than that it was "in the Black Forest."

Armed with all the known facts, I had set out, and now found myself living, (hitherto, very pleasantly), in the charming garden of Baden-Baden.

Thus far I had made little or no headway. There seemed to be a damnable conspiracy of silence among the people most likely to be of help. Few denied having heard the stories, but none seemed prepared to enlarge upon them. Several persons whom I spoke to crossed themselves and abruptly changed the subject!

Was everybody who knew anything afraid to speak? If so, why? I had asked myself that question so recently as the previous evening. The voice in the night perhaps had answered it.

"You have three days. . . ."

A WAITER I had not seen before brought my breakfast. In the scented beauty and the sunshine it was hard to recapture that horror of the night. As he stepped out on the balcony, shouldering a laden tray:

"Good morning, sir," he greeted me cheerfully.

"Good morning," I returned, and watched him deftly arranging my light repast upon the white cloth.

During the restless hours which had intervened between the coming of that bodiless Voice and sunrise, I had been thinking hard. I had bade good-by to the amused carelessness with which, thus far, I had regarded my Black Forest mission. Brazil had nearly ended me, and I had stood fairly near the edge of Beyond in the Sahara; but here, in a modern, fashionable town, I was up against something worse than fever, cataracts and poisoned arrows; something harder to dodge than Arab bullets; something very insidious—its worst element being that I didn't know my enemies.

"I'm hoping," I went on casually, "for a glimpse of one of these giant bats which I hear have been seen in this neighborhood."

Those words had an electrical effect. The man perceptibly paused in his labors. But, quickly recovering himself, he set down the coffee-pot, and resting his hands on the table looked into my eyes.

"If you took my advice, sir," he said earnestly, "you would leave those things alone."

"Why?" I challenged.

He stood upright, bowed, and:

"It is just my advice, sir," he said, smiled, bowed again, and went out.

"Extraordinary fellow!" I muttered.

This constant evasion was getting on my nerves. Hitherto it had merely provoked me. But, after the inexplicable episode of the night, it began to assume a more sinister character.

I felt lonely. And it was a different kind of loneliness from any loneliness I had known before.

MY PLANS for the day were vague. Where should I *start?* Whom could I question? One definite change I made, when I presently set out for Hohen-Baden: I had a well-tried automatic on my hip. It seemed absurd, in that pleasure-valley under smiling skies. I had roamed the by-ways of Fez at midnight, I had returned to my quarters in Timbuctoo under a setting moon—unarmed! Yet here I was, with merry German holiday-makers about me, carrying with me a cargo of live shells!

However, I had no occasion to use them.

Feeling rather a fool, and asking myself again and again, "Could the 'warning' have been an unusually vivid dream?" I returned late in the afternoon to the Regal.

I had seen nothing, and I had learned nothing.

One lunches early but dines late in Baden-Baden. Tonight I was one of the latest. But the head waiter had my table reserved.

Having fared well but sparingly, I found him at my elbow.

"Everything satisfactory, sir?" he asked.

I looked up; and his blue eyes met my inquiring stare unflinchingly. I had questioned Fritz—and had met with the usual evasions.

"Quite," I replied.

The long, softly lighted dining-room was nearly deserted. In a near-by lounge, the hotel orchestra played a Slovak dance. Fritz was of Prague—a great commercial center today but of old the capital of the witch-country. Bohemia still cherishes vampires. And I thought I knew why Fritz was reticent.

But I did not know why his gaze wandered so strangely.

I stared out of the window, as he was staring. Beautiful gardens, strangely lovely in the dusk, backed by magically shadowed woodlands, lay before me. I could hear the laughing song of that tiny stream, crossed by a floral bridge almost directly in front of the window in which my table was set, from which those famous blue trout are brought fresh to the diner.

Then I saw the tall, sinuous figure.

Fritz was watching Madame Yburg.

Certainly she was worthy of inspection. For my own part, I like a woman to be slender; but there is a point at which the slender becomes definitely the lean. My vision may lack those nuances which endow a Jacob Epstein, but I must confess that I looked upon Madame Yburg as lean. She was svelte to a degree. And if good taste is beauty, she was beautiful. She was graceful, white-skinned, had thin but very red lips, and perfect teeth. Her eyes certainly were magnificent.

As she went along the path toward the bridge, trailing a flame-colored scarf with incomparable indolence, she glanced aside, saw me, and waved her hand. We were slightly acquainted. Her raised arm, gleaming in the moonlight, seemed to possess separate volition, to be individual; I thought of an ivory serpent.

Turning, I trapped Fritz in the act of recomposing his expression.

"No," I said, smiling up at him—"that is not the kind of vampire I *mean!*"

He started, then shrugged his shoulders and poured out what remained of a bottle of *Liebfraumilch.* The willowy, swaying figure had disappeared.

"You never know, sir," he replied enigmatically.

"Who is she?"

"I cannot say. She often comes here. And she spends much money. She is very attractive."

He sighed. I looked at the blond Bavarian, and I knew that Madame Yburg's dark, lithe womanhood represented his ideal.

"Yes," I murmured reflectively. "I suppose she is."

I lost myself for a while in meditation. And when I returned to realities, Fritz had left me.

"VERY quiet tonight?" said I, glancing around the deserted bar.

"Yes." The barman set my liquor before me. "There is a dance at the Casino."

"Ah, is that it?"

I studied George interestedly. Here was a possible source of information hitherto untapped. Barmen are students of humanity and repositories of strange secrets. For the cocktail breaks down reticence and makes the dumb speak.

"Nothing but dancing nowadays," he went on. "I like dancing myself; but it's bad for business."

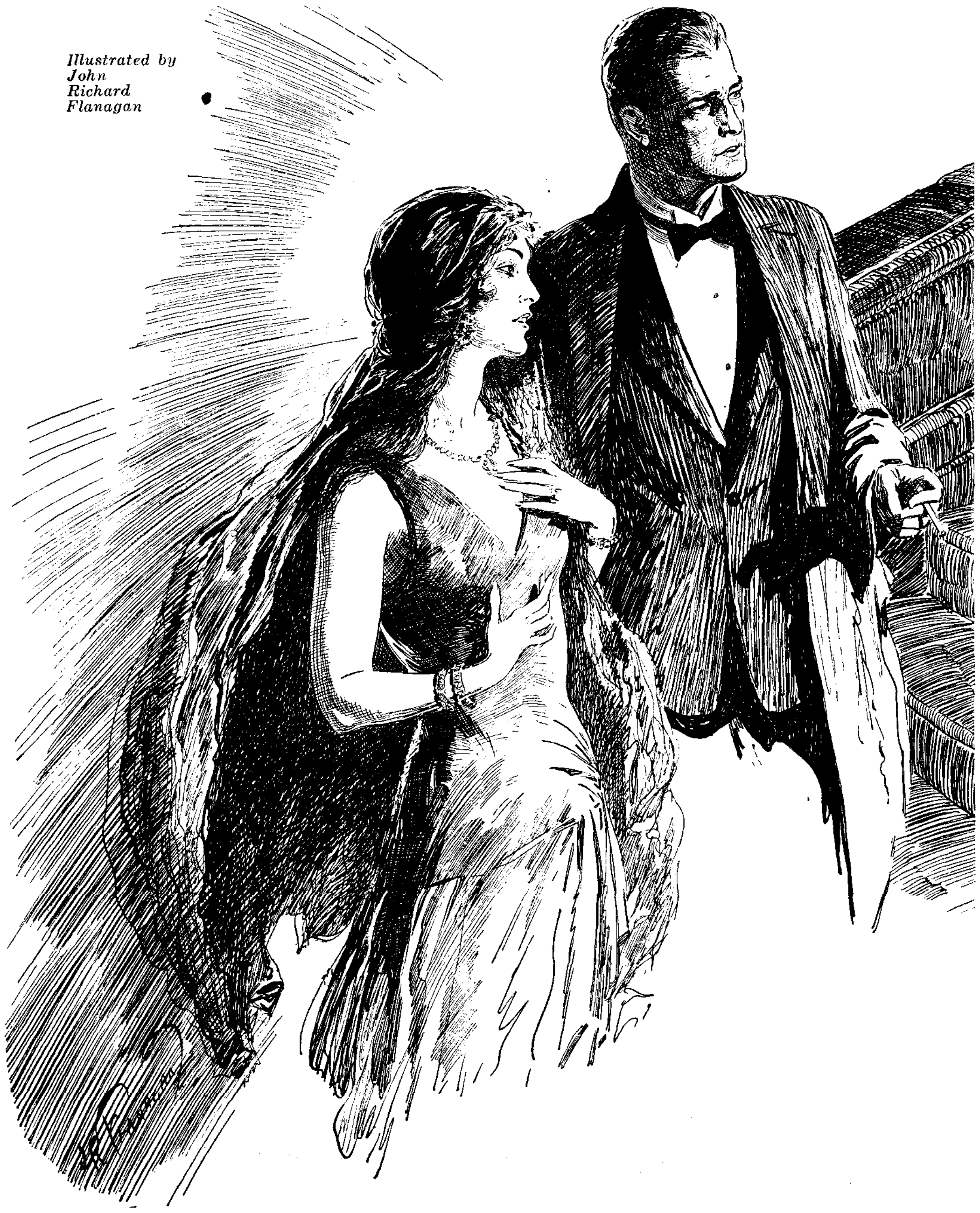
"Really? You surprise me. I should have thought it promoted thirst."

"Bah!" George's expressive features registered scorn. "They drink soft drinks, the dancing men. If it wasn't for the women my trade would be finished!"

I invited him to join me and broached the subject uppermost in my mind—tactfully. The effect was extraordinary.

The man paused, syphon in hand, thumb on the lever, and stared at me in a way which I can only describe as reproachful. Then, he glanced about the empty bar, fearfully. At last:

"I shouldn't go in for that sort of thing, sir," he said, and squirted soda so nervously that some of his whisky



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

was lost—"not if you're on a holiday."

"Why? What is there to be afraid of?"

Craning over the counter to assure himself that no eavesdropper was near:

"Have you asked anybody else?" said he.

"Yes," I replied irritably, "a dozen at least!"

"Then, sorry as I shall be to see you go, sir," was George's astonishing remark, "take the Rheingold Express tomorrow!"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

George beckoned me closer, and:

"Have you seen the cemetery above the town?" he asked with apparent irrelevance, and gestured to indicate its direction.

"I have not."

"It's full of new graves," said George. *"Good evening, sir!"*

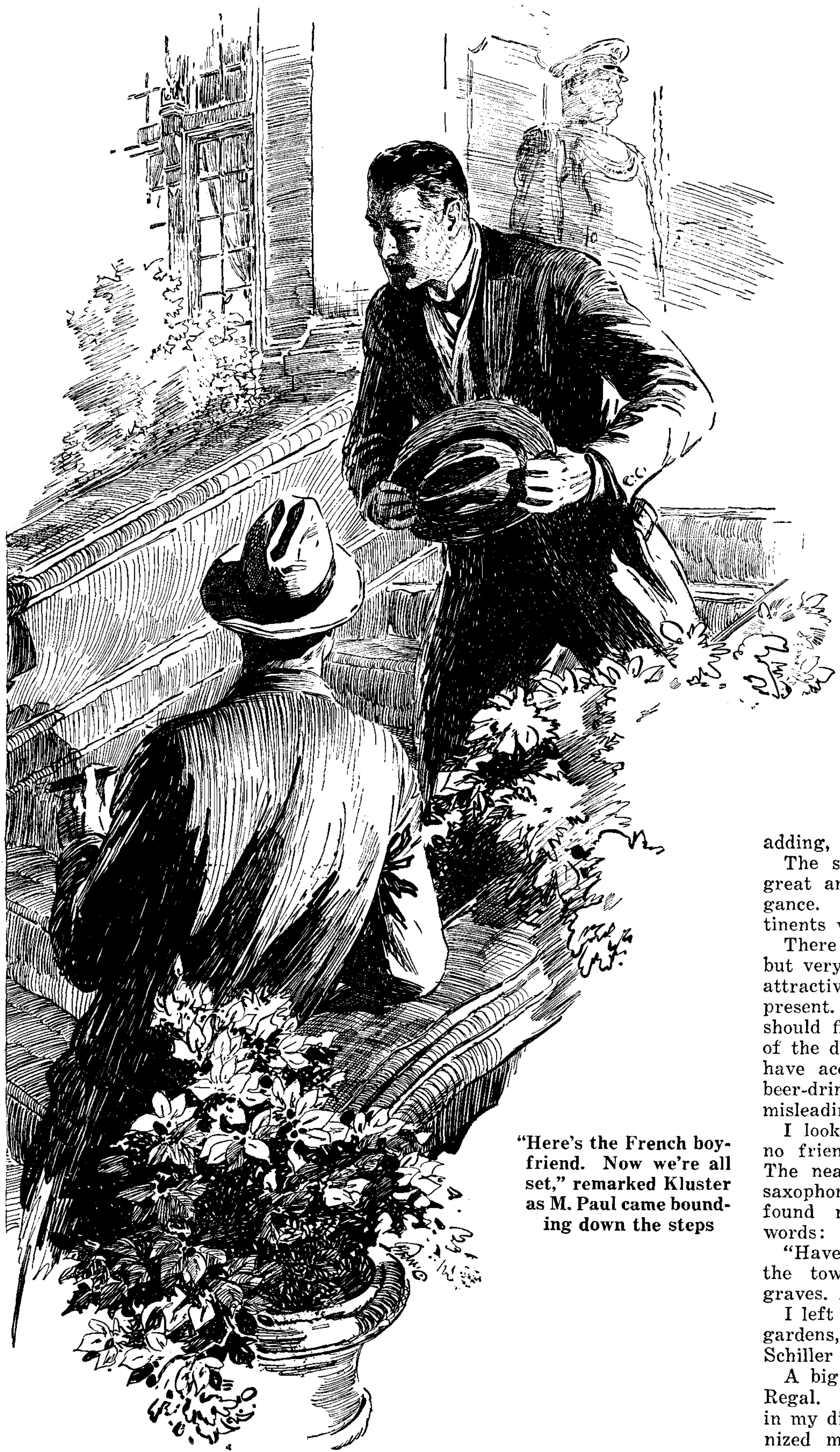
I started, turned—and found a man seated on the next stool to my own!

"Good evening. Beer," the newcomer responded.

He nodded, as our glances met.

"Very warm" he observed.

HE WAS Mr. Aldous P. Kluster. The presence of the middle initial indicates the American generation to which he belonged. He was lean, clean-shaven, axe-faced and sallow. He wore a perpetual cigar which was rarely alight. He had a perfect mane of well-brushed gray hair and he dressed carefully but badly.



"Here's the French boy-friend. Now we're all set," remarked Kluster as M. Paul came bounding down the steps

"Very," I agreed.

I was taciturn to the point of rudeness; and for two reasons. I strongly suspected him of having spied upon me in my conversation with George. And, as our eyes had met, his habitually languid expression had been assumed too late.

Mr. Aldous P. Kluster had a regard like a gimlet. He was interested in me. Why?

As I lighted a cigarette:

"Not dancing tonight?" said he.

And, as he spoke, a possible explanation of his odd behavior occurred to me. On the previous evening I had danced once or twice with Madame Yburg. Kluster and Madame were apparently old friends. The theory presented itself that he was her lover—and a very jealous lover.

I recalled his almost open rudeness to a good-looking and debonair Frenchman who had succeeded me as Madame's partner and who had monopolized her throughout the rest of the evening.

"I dance very rarely," I said.

"The French acrobat makes up for you."

"M. Paul? Yes. He dances almost too well."

My theory, I considered, had received confirmation. Kluster disliked any man who approached his charming friend. I glanced at him curiously, as he set down his glass and replaced a stub of cigar in his thin, flexible mouth. He made an odd figure of a lover. Given a goatee and a high beaver hat with a stars-and-stripes band, he would have taken first prize at any carnival as Uncle Sam.

I registered a sincere prayer that, at Mr. Kluster's age, the tender passion might no longer disturb my peace. Conversation languished, and I stepped down to go.

"Good night," I said.

"Good night, sir," George called.

"Good night," said Kluster, adding, as I left the bar: "Beer."

The scene at the Casino presented great animation and considerable elegance. Smart people from three continents were here.

There were a fair number of dancers, but very few of them either young or attractive. Madame Yburg was not present. And a premonition that I should find her there in the company of the dazzling M. Paul—which would have accounted for Kluster's solitary beer-drinking—was proved to have been misleading.

I looked for a while, but could see no friend or acquaintance anywhere. The nearly ceaseless moaning of the saxophones began to depress me. I found myself thinking of George's words:

"Have you seen the cemetery above the town? . . . it's full of new graves. . . ."

I left the Casino, not by way of the gardens, but by the door opening on to Schiller Strasse.

A big car passed, going toward the Regal. Its only occupant stared hard in my direction. If he saw me, recognized me, it was impossible to say. But his expression, as he peered out, affected me most unpleasantly.

It was the Frenchman, M. Paul.

An apprehension of being *hunted* formed the main factor in this strange expression which so deeply impressed me. His was a fugitive look.

"Three days. . . ."

Steep paths, tree-shadowed, led me upward. At one point I could look down upon many roofs of Baden-Baden flooded with the blue amber of the moon rays. At another, I walked through a tunnel, rarely and irregularly patched with dim light.

ERE long, the human element—jazz and laughter—was left behind. I approached the frowning buttresses of the forest. I met never a soul from the moment I turned aside off the main road. My right hand rested on the butt of the automatic.

Several villas I passed, perched fascinatingly above the paths upon rocky foundations. But in none did any light show.

I wondered if this was the road by which M. Paul had come.

At last I reached my goal. I could see the guardian trees. A strain of deathless but deathful music, Poe's "Through an alley Titanic of cypress," swept eerily across my brain. Beyond a low wall, below me, lay the white tenements, pure in moonlight; some stately as perhaps befitted their occupants, others simple, but of equal dignity.

By the gate I paused.

It was locked. But it offered no barrier to an active man.

I was on the point of climbing over—for in this nocturnal expedition I had a definite plan—when I observed, plainly visible in the moonlight, a cigarette lying at my feet.

Perhaps the fact may seem insignificant. Nevertheless I picked it up. It was a common French *caporal,* and it had not been lighted. I slipped it into the pocket of my dinner jacket.

Resting my hands on the gate, I was again about to scale it, when a second circumstance arrested me.

From high above my head, out of the deep blue, came a rhythmic whirring; not that of a flight of birds nor that of an airplane propeller; rather the amplified hum of a mosquito.

For a long time I could detect nothing. The sound had ceased, abruptly. Then . . . I saw it.

Descending with a hawk-like motion was a *gigantic bat!*

Literally, horror froze me to the spot. Yard by yard the thing swooped down, silently, effortlessly.

It had a sort of vague luminosity. The incredibly long body as well as the extended wings were of a gleaming purplish-gray color: I can only liken it to that of a meat-fly or common "bluebottle."

The wing-span, I was prepared to swear, was no less than four yards; the legless body of the thing, which, as it descended, resembled less a bat than a monstrous dragon-fly, was close upon six feet!

Somewhere among the tombs it settled. I heard, or thought I heard, a dim, muffled rumbling. . . .

I removed my hands from the gate. I had been clutching it grimly. My palms were clammy.

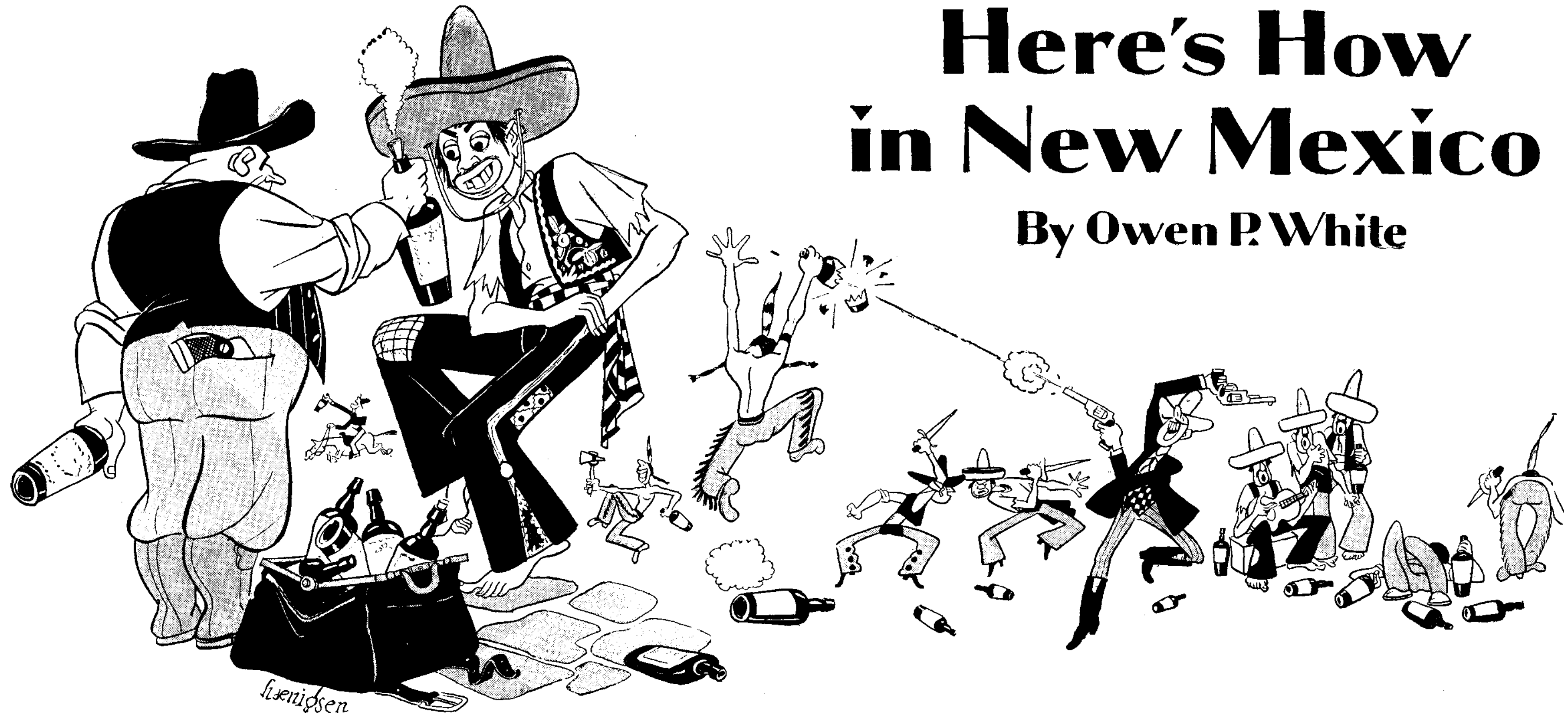
I cannot pretend to say how long I stood at the gate, nor what were my thoughts as I stood there.

Doubtless after the episode of the disincarnate Voice, I was prepared in a degree for things outside the normal. In lieu of supposing myself insane, I had to accept as a fact that there are laws, once called "supernatural," in the scheme of Providence which are not outside human control. Many of the devices which we are used to, nowadays, would have earned their inventor the title of magician two hundred years ago.

Powers ascribed by classic poets to their gods of old come within compass of latter-day science. All myths have some basis in (*Continued on page 41*)

Here's How in New Mexico

By Owen P. White



Along came the American bootlegger peddling a form of bottled dynamite

New Mexico is unique among the states of the Union—it has profited by prohibition. Drinking has grown more mannerly there and the quality of the liquor has improved since the passage of the eighteenth amendment. Of course its mother country, Mexico, has helped; its fostering care has kept drinking standards high and has staved off drought. In this article Mr. White gives the findings of a recent trip through the Southwest, his native section, erstwhile haunt of the bad men

CONSUMING cocktails composed of equal parts of rum and religion is a pernicious custom, propagated by prohibition, which has not yet cast its blighting effect on the drinking habits of the people of New Mexico. On the contrary, down there in the Southwest, in a state which is almost two and one half times as large as New York but only one eightieth as thickly populated, the inhabitants take a very safe, sane and satisfying view both of their own dry laws and those of the federal government. Such sections of those laws as are considered beneficial are rigidly enforced, while, regardless of canonical edicts and priestly injunctions, such sections as collide too violently with the exercise of personal liberty are gayly ignored.

The result of this system of winnowing the good features out of a bad liquor law and applying them to a pre-existing bad-liquor condition is that New Mexico stands forth today as one state in the American union whose drinkers, either sporadic or steady, owe a real debt of gratitude to Messrs. Sheppard and Volstead, authors respectively of the eighteenth amendment and the enforcement act.

But why? The answer is as simple as the question itself. Less, but enough of a BETTER quality of booze for everybody, and a better system of distribution.

But for Collier's readers to understand how such a satisfactory solution of a problem which has elsewhere proved so difficult has been obtained in New Mexico, we must go back into the wetness of the past and discuss briefly the history of prohibition in that state.

New Mexico has had federal prohibition and has violated it with impunity since far back in its old territorial days. Since time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary it has been against the law to sell booze to Uncle Sam's idle and pampered wards, the noble red men, whose habitat is largely in New Mexico. But since these same noble red men have always been the possessors of a noble and primitive thirst and since Uncle Sam has always been in the habit of supplying them with a certain amount of cash, it is easy enough for anyone to figure out how it came to pass that way back in a time when the rest of the country, except puritanical Maine, maybe, knew nothing about such criminals, New Mexico was infested with bootleggers. The bootleggers were of a criminal type, and the stuff they sold the Indians was of a nature calculated to make criminals out of them.

But even before the advent of the bootleggers the Indians themselves, running true to form as real 100 per cent Americans who had been told they shouldn't indulge in strong drink, had invented their own systems of law violation. As William G. Shepherd has pointed out in this magazine, our modern, civilized scofflaws in various parts of the country utilize that which is nearest at hand in their manufacture of illegal alcoholic beverages. It was the same way with the primitives of New Mexico. They turned to surrounding Nature for their raw material and Nature responded with a bountiful supply of cactus and also a limited amount of corn.

A Wicked Drink

Out of the cactus the old-time Geronimo and Victorio Indians could, and the modern Mary Austin Indians still do, decoct a potion which has about the same effect on the interior of its imbiber as if he had swallowed the original plant whole and with the thorns on. I speak with knowledge born of experience. While from the corn they made and still make a wicked drink called *tezuino*, which, when it is doctored up with the milky juice of the *peyote* (*anhalonium fissuratum*), is a powerful intoxicant. Therefore, whenever a batch of *tezuino* was being brewed so was a batch of trouble. But the Indians welcomed both. For twenty-four hours prior to entering on a *tezuino* debauch the candidates for a good time, men and women both, would eat nothing at all. In this way they would bring their stomachs to a properly receptive mood.

The government, of course, frowned on both the cactus liquor and the corn brew, but—New Mexico is a big country; the Indian reservations are wide and wild, and far back in the canyons, even with the United States Army trying to prevent them, there was many a large party pulled, resulting in many killings, riots and uprisings.

Then, in course of time, along came the American bootleggers peddling a form of bottled dynamite which they made themselves and called whisky.

Now the difference between what these bootleggers called this stuff and what it really was is important, because it is upon that difference that the force of the present argument in favor of prohibition in New Mexico largely, although not entirely, rests. Here is what happened. Time went on, the bootleggers prospered, many of the natives of the state (Spanish-Americans they call themselves) joined the ranks of the lawbreakers, and by the time I can begin to remember—for I was then living in New Mexico—there was so much bad whisky in the state that a man could almost swim his horse in it clear through from the Rio Grande on the south to the Colorado line on the north. Every crossroads had its *cantina* or saloon, every cow camp and mining town had several, and in the larger places such as Albuquerque and Santa Fé, they were so numerous that, although history records many attempts, it nowhere shows that any man was ever able to make the entire round in either town in any one evening.

For this disgraceful inability of New Mexico's most accomplished drinkers to stand up through a long session, there was a good reason. In the vast majority of the *cantinas* the stuff which was passed out over the bar, for consumption by high-strung, temperamental, dark-skinned Spanish-Americans, was rank "pizen." It was made in the back room from the same recipe as the firewater for the Indian trade. But what difference did that make? After the first drink or two it made none at all. By that time the customers had within them that which called violently for more, and as they got more they released their emotions, as anyone familiar with New Mexico prior to prohibition can affirm, in any of a good many ways.

The Home of the Untamed

They went home and beat up their wives, indulged in free-for-all knifing scrapes among themselves; or, if their agony was very acute, they imposed it upon the rest of the community by herding together in bunches and, to the accompaniment of decrepit guitars and untuned violins, wailing forth weird and melancholy anthems in the Spanish tongue.

In those days, too, New Mexico had its full quota of dance halls and brothels in which places it was again the bad liquor and *not* the bad and beautiful señoritas (who, if we must explode a myth, were never beautiful to the eyes of sober men) that produced so many shooting bees and thus earned for the state its glorious reputation as the real home of the untamed gun-fighter.

Naturally this colorful condition of affairs, produced as it was by bad liquor badly distributed, was one against which wives rebelled, priests and preachers preached, and good men everywhere were in revolt. Until prohibition came into the land, however, there was really nothing they could do about it. In other states in the Union local option and temperance were making great headway, but New Mexico, where, as I recall it, there wasn't a dry spot (and there isn't one yet), is not at all like the other states. Its people are of a different race, its laws are written and its legislative and court proceedings are carried on in two languages, and in many of its counties, even to this day, all of the officials are Spanish-Americans or, as a stranger would call them, Mexicans.

Now there are two things in life which these Spanish-Americans take very seriously. One is their religion and the other is their politics, but, as I hinted in the opening paragraph of this essay, they take them both straight, and in regard to both the majority of the people always submit, without much resistance, to the dictatorship of their leaders. Fortunately for New Mexico these leaders are not fanatical in their attitude toward rum. They were glad, of course, both the priests and the politicians were exceedingly glad, when federal legislation made it possible for them to take their state to a good, old-fashioned house-cleaning and rid it of its demoralizing and disreputable resorts, but they didn't lose their heads over it. They helped the federal government make a good job of it. They closed the saloons, abolished the dance halls, went as far as they could in the elimination of brothels, put the poison-making bootleggers out of business and, from that point on, in dealing with the liquor question they exercised their own discretion and used their own common sense.

A Good Man Not to Fool With

It is only natural that the men who are in control of New Mexico should do that. They are broad-minded, liberal old-timers. I have known many of them for many years. For instance: a few weeks ago as I sat in the Senate chamber in Santa Fé, where a new bill for state enforcement was about to be discussed, I saw a tall, slim, stylishly dressed man arise and address the president. As he did so he unhooked a pair of nose-glasses from his waistcoat, adjusted them to his face and carefully draped a broad, black ribbon, to which they were attached, back of his right ear, and yet as I gazed at that man I recalled the days, years ago, when as he passed I used to stand on the corner, listen to the clank of his artillery and follow him with admiring eyes. According to well-founded rumor he had several nicks on his gun handle and was spoken of as a good man for anybody not to fool with. He is now a Senator.

There are also others. I shook hands with a large, heavy-set solon who laughed when he greeted me. I laughed too, and it was because we were both thinking of the night in Carrizozo, some years back, when the large man had hurriedly dragged off both his boots, and for some unimportant reason, heaved them violently at my unoffending head. Then along came two more men. Today these men look complacently out at the voters across the tops of their mahogany desks, but how long has it been since it fell to my lot to drag the pair of them out of the middle of the festivities under way in a Tularosa dance hall? Not so long.

It is no use, however, even though I could extend them to every one of the thirty-one counties in the state, for me to continue this series of introductions. Already I think I have done enough of it to convince my readers that New Mexico's law makers are not narrow and that the distribution of its liquor is in safe hands.

Two years ago New Mexico adopted what is known as the "one-quart law." According to the last clause of this advanced piece of legislation, which in all the rest of its clauses provides all sorts of punishments for any one who traffics in any way with the demon rum, the mere possession or transportation of *one quart* of booze cannot be used as evidence against a man.

"Why in the world, Senator," I inquired of an old friend, "did you fellows ever put in that last provision?"

"Because we wanted to," was the answer. "We wanted to fix it, and we did fix it, so that we could carry our liquor around with us when we needed to without being bothered by state enforcement officers. But now," and there was an echo of sarcasm in his tone, "the other states have made so much fun of us, and certain disagreeable people have raised so much fuss about it, that we're going to pass a new law that's so tight you can jail a man for merely knowing how to spell whisky."

And that's what they're doing, too. That same afternoon I visited the State House, talked to the legislators and found out a good deal in regard to two proposed bills. One, originating in the Senate, is patterned after the ancient and honorable dry edict of Kansas and has teeth in it a foot long: while the other, born in the House, is equipped with veritable tusks. However, no matter what happens, no good drinker need despair because it is all in the nature of a polite gesture.

I asked a politician, a gentleman of tried capacity, on the floor of the Senate, what it all meant, and he said:

"Not a thing, Owen. We're just passing this bill to live up to our platform pledges, and not because we want to really interfere with the present satisfactory state of the liquor traffic."

No More Rotten Booze

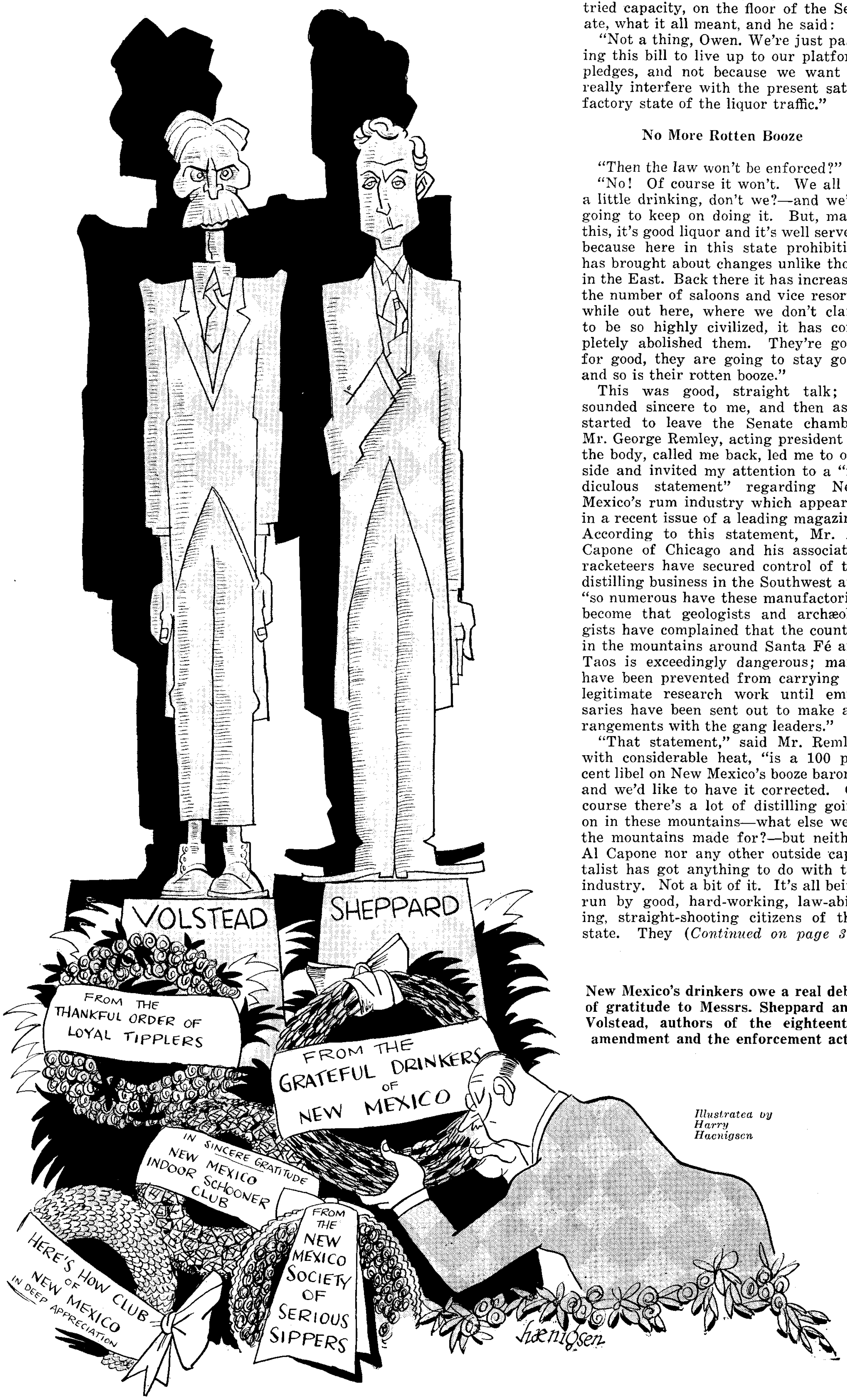
"Then the law won't be enforced?"

"No! Of course it won't. We all do a little drinking, don't we?—and we're going to keep on doing it. But, mark this, it's good liquor and it's well served, because here in this state prohibition has brought about changes unlike those in the East. Back there it has increased the number of saloons and vice resorts, while out here, where we don't claim to be so highly civilized, it has completely abolished them. They're gone for good, they are going to stay gone and so is their rotten booze."

This was good, straight talk; it sounded sincere to me, and then as I started to leave the Senate chamber Mr. George Remley, acting president of the body, called me back, led me to one side and invited my attention to a "ridiculous statement" regarding New Mexico's rum industry which appeared in a recent issue of a leading magazine. According to this statement, Mr. Al Capone of Chicago and his associated racketeers have secured control of the distilling business in the Southwest and "so numerous have these manufactories become that geologists and archæologists have complained that the country in the mountains around Santa Fé and Taos is exceedingly dangerous; many have been prevented from carrying on legitimate research work until emissaries have been sent out to make arrangements with the gang leaders."

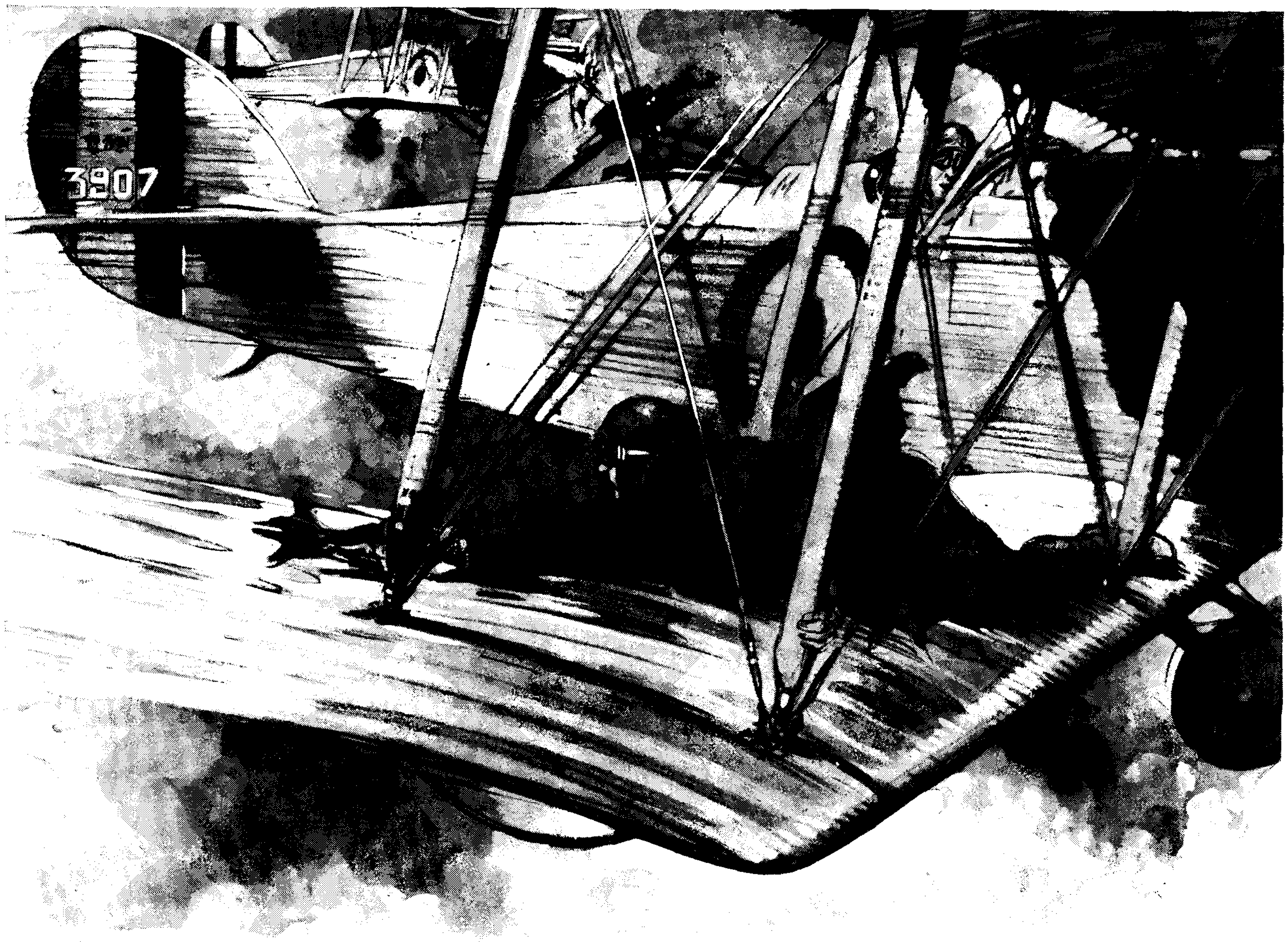
"That statement," said Mr. Remley with considerable heat, "is a 100 per cent libel on New Mexico's booze barons, and we'd like to have it corrected. Of course there's a lot of distilling going on in these mountains—what else were the mountains made for?—but neither Al Capone nor any other outside capitalist has got anything to do with the industry. Not a bit of it. It's all being run by good, hard-working, law-abiding, straight-shooting citizens of this state. They

(*Continued on page 36*)


VOLSTEAD
SHEPPARD
FROM THE THANKFUL ORDER OF LOYAL TIPPLERS
FROM THE GRATEFUL DRINKERS OF NEW MEXICO
IN SINCERE GRATITUDE NEW MEXICO INDOOR SCHOONER CLUB
FROM THE NEW MEXICO SOCIETY OF SERIOUS SIPPERS
HERE'S HOW CLUB OF NEW MEXICO IN DEEP APPRECIATION
Haenigsen

New Mexico's drinkers owe a real debt of gratitude to Messrs. Sheppard and Volstead, authors of the eighteenth amendment and the enforcement act

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



He was reaching toward the flicker of pale fire. He beat at it, but was not near enough. He edged nearer

Lady Luck

The story of three Americans whose flying fate was wretched —but whose fighting spirit was superb

By Laurie York Erskine

SUPERSTITION is an ugly word, but if you call it luck, it doesn't sound so bad. Luck is like bootleg liquor—if you've got it you feel a little better than the other fellow; if you haven't got it, you pretend it doesn't exist.

But it does, and Harry Armitage is the boy who can prove it. Hard Luck Harry, of Squadron Twenty-seven, R.A.F. Ask any of the boys who flew with that outfit.

Armitage was one of our crowd. We went through ground school together, and together we went to Texas to learn to fly. While we learned we gave diligent attention to the war then going on in Europe, and we knew just exactly what we were going to do about it. Under the leadership of Duff Lovejoy we were going to form the snappiest all-American pursuit flight on the Western Front. Lovejoy had served with the Lafayette Flying Corps and was then in Texas teaching us acrobatics. We idolized Lovejoy and were going over in a body under his command. That was the plan, and it worked out beautifully until Hard Luck Harry started to make his name.

Luck was something that Hank Armitage just didn't possess. He had a forced landing on his solo flight, and the engine went dead over the only excavated area within seven miles of the field. His second crash was caused by a change of wind while he was landing, and he hit the gunnery huts at forty miles an hour. He went up for an artillery shoot in a ship with rheumatic ailerons and circled it down in front of a freight train that was too surprised to stop. And he hadn't been out of the hospital three days before he made a cross-country flight and was forced down by the only snow storm they'd had in that part of Texas for fifteen years. That was the day when Lovejoy officially gave him his title.

IT WAS shortly after Hank's pinpoint landing test had been ruined by a team of runaway mules, that the hard luck of Hard Luck Harry reached out and included me. Me and Clark Patterson.

Hank had been told off to do some camera work with me, and Pat was taking up another cadet for the same purpose. Our two ships taxied out onto the field side by side, and, as we turned into the wind for a take-off, Pat's engine died. I throttled down my engine while the mechanicians ran out to swing Pat's prop for him; but before the men could reach us, Hank had wriggled out of his cockpit and was standing in front of Pat's prop in that cheery, helpful way he always had.

"Switch off!" yelled Hank. "Gas on!"

"All right," grinned Pat. "Switch off, gas on!"

"Contact!" yelled Hank.

"Contact!" answered Pat, and Hank swung the prop.

Right away Hank's luck got to work. The gas lead of Pat's ship was fouled and the engine was flooded. It snapped and popped a couple of times, leading Hank on, and then it burst open with a roar that took him off guard. The prop clipped Hank over the head, snapped the bone of his right arm, and sent him spinning under the wheel of Pat's machine.

"He's got several scalp wounds, a slight concussion, arm broken in three places, and he's more surprised than shocked," the doctor announced. "I want one of you fellows to come over to the hospital with him so's you can look after his affairs."

"I'll go," says I, for I was bunking with Hank, and was the logical candidate.

But Pat felt that he was the guilty party, and he wanted to make up for it.

"I did the damage," he argued. "It ought to be me."

"Shucks," says I, "Hank's my bunkmate."

So Pat and I hot-footed it for our quarters to lay off the flying kits. We stopped at the headquarters hut to sign out, and hot-footed it back to the dressing station. Several of the fellows had gathered there by the time we arrived, and Lovejoy was among them. He grabbed me by one arm.

"Listen," he said. "You're not going over to the hospital with Hank, are you?"

"Sure am," says I. "Pat's going, too!"

"Don't be so foolish," he said earnestly.

"Foolish?" I cried. "What's foolish about standing by when old Hank's in the gravy?"

Lovejoy shook his head very seriously.

"It's his luck," he said. "Hank's got a jinx on him, that's all; and a jinx isn't anything to fool with. Not in this game. You play around with Hank and it'll put you out of the running too."

I remembered that. I remembered what Lovejoy had said when they laid me out beside Hank on a hospital cot after the ambulance had hit a stray cow and rolled down an embankment. One of my legs and two ribs were fractured, Hank had another arm snapped, and Pat looked as if he'd tried to stop a locomotive with his foot, which was badly crushed.

THE three of us were out of it for the better part of two months. Lovejoy and the rest of the crowd had gone overseas by the time we got back to the field, and the place was lonesome. But it almost looked as though Hank's luck had changed for the better when we passed into the next gang that sailed overseas.

The first disillusionment came when they landed us in England, for we had it straight from the Rumor Bureau of the War Department that all pursuit pilots were sent to train in France. But when we arrived at Tern Hill and saw the little Camels whisking about above the hangars we felt reassured. Then Pat got the bad news that we were to fly the brand-new D. H. Fives.

The D. H. Five was a back-staggered freak of a single seater. It had the beauty of a bull frog, the reliability of a locoed horse and the gliding angle of a brick. It was built for trench strafing, to dive steeply and suddenly, and it landed at ninety miles an hour. Its pilots were known as The Suicide Club.

Two days later we had each made a practice flight in the little freaks and the three of us were sent up to do a formation in the only three Fives in the camp. About seven hundred feet above a clutter of those vari-shaped suburban lots that the English call fields, Hank's motor went dud, and he left us for a trip down. I circled, watching him, and saw him skim across one field, roll his wheels across another, skid through a hedge and crumple up against a stone wall. Then Pat and I swooped down to land near him.

Irresistibly and uncontrollably we skimmed the same field Hank had skimmed, rolled across the same field over which he had rolled, skidded through the same hedge and cracked up against the identical stone wall. It was all very complete, devastating and conclusive. Hank's luck hadn't been asleep. It had only been napping. And this time it had fixed us for good.

HANK and I had fought it out with the butts of our machine guns, and were minus teeth, eyesight, and personal beauty for some days after the crash. But Pat's case was worse. Pat had taken the weight of his engine on the foot he had injured in Texas, and was counted out for the duration of the war.

He came over to say good-by to us at the training camp where they sent us to learn bombing on D. H. Nines, because we were put down as incompetent to fly combat planes.

Then followed four weeks of hell, while we were kicked around various training camps in France, and then they gave us five days' leave in Paris before we joined up with Twenty-seven Squadron outside Dunkirk. Five days leave, to celebrate the kind of luck we had! And in Paris, where everybody else could at least pretend to be happy!

We sneaked into town like a couple of German spies. We were both afraid of running into Lovejoy or any of the old gang and having to admit the depths to which we had flown. And my part of the celebration was considerably curbed by the despondency of Hank. Hank only needed about three drinks to believe the worst, and he started drinking as soon as we hit town. By midnight, the first night, he was convinced that there was no remedy but a drunkard's death. We covered considerable distances about the streets of Paris before he'd had enough, and then we couldn't find the hotel.

EVENTUALLY I rounded up a four-wheeled hack drawn by the final edition of all cab horses, and I succeeded in persuading the driver to come down and listen to reason. He turned out to be even older than his horse. He had sunken, gleaming eyes, and a great hooked nose, and it seemed to me that his face expanded and contracted in the dim light of the street lamp. I stood with Hank on one arm and a jazz-mad lamp post on the other, trying to tell him the name of our hotel, and while I tried his eyes seemed to snap and twinkle from under his bushy brows. Finally I gave it up and reached into my pocket for a bit of the hotel stationery. I dragged it out with two keys, a package of peppermints and a silver dollar. At the sight of the silver dollar the old man's eyes seemed to give off sparks. He grabbed it in a hand like a claw and hefted it close to his face.

"Good!" he yells. "Good! Good! That ladee! She ees lock! Non? Lock! Ladee Lock. Non?"

"Not yet!" I snapped, snatching at the coin. "Not for you. You get that when you deliver the goods. Look! You take us here. Nien? Non? N'est-ce-pas?" And I waved the paper in front of him.

But he didn't even look at the paper. He stared at me very closely, and held the dollar out of my reach. Then he grinned, and pointed to the wings on my chest.

"You keep eet!" he chattered, and let off a stream of French that I couldn't understand. "Eet ees lock!" he screeched triumphantly. "Lock!"

He handed me back the dollar then, and helped us into the cab. I don't remember whether he ever took any pay for it, but he got us home, and somebody got us into our room. In the morning I could only remember his queer old eyes gleaming out from beneath his brows, and the funny look he had given me as he thrust the silver dollar back at me. I grabbed my breeches and searched through the pockets. There it was, sure enough, with the calm, placid face of the Greek lady looking off into vacancy, and the pious motto underneath.

I walked over and kicked Hank out of bed.

"Wake up!" I yelled. "We've got it! We've got the breaks at last. Luck, you loafer. Lady luck!"

At the sacred word Hank leaped to his feet, fully awake.

"Who said that?" he demanded.

"I did. Listen, Hank. Here's a silver dollar that my kid sister shoved into my hand before I sailed. Like a damned fool I've carried it around ever since as if it was an ordinary piece of jack. How's that for idiocy? A silver dollar from a kid sister, and us needing all the luck in the world! But last night an old cabby put me wise. He saw it right away, and he had the undiluted charity to put me wise. We got it now, old wind-jammer. The best and brightest. Pure, unadulterated luck! Strong enough to smash any jinx made this side of hell!"

But Hank was skeptical.

"We'll give it a chance, anyway," I said. "I'm going to have this dollar drilled," I said. "And I'm going to keep it with me. After this we'll ask advice before we do anything rash, and I'll bet it comes across."

"Don't kid me," said Hank.

He started to get himself dressed, and I did the same. But at the same time I did some thinking, and what I thought was that we couldn't begin too soon to put this lucky girl to work for us.

"Considering the sort of breaks we've been getting," I pointed out, "a fellow can't be too careful. Now what, for instance, are you planning to do with yourself today? Are you going to lead the life of a temporary gentleman, or is it to be wine, women and just a song at twilight?"

"Well, put it that way," said Hank. "I'm told there's lots of places here where you can get the wine, and nobody ever complained to me that Paris was short of girls."

"All right," I said. "Now the point is, that while you paint an alluring picture of pleasure's primrose path, there's a girl back in Mount Airy, Pennsylvania, who says no. For my part, I shall see the sights and absorb the Paris of Villon, Hugo, and Baedeker."

"You make me feel sick," admitted Hank.

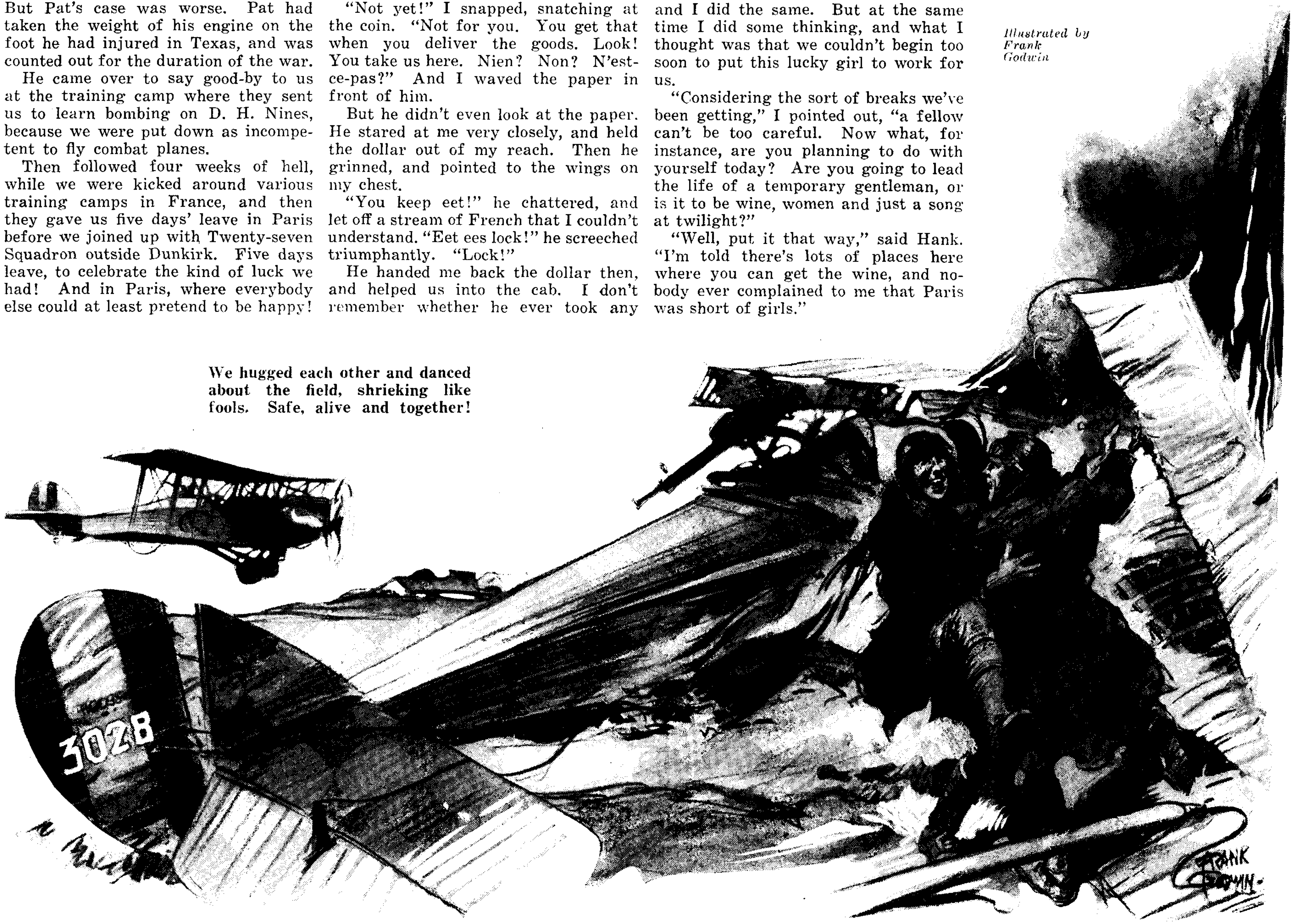
I took the silver dollar from my pocket and laid it with the face of the goddess uppermost on my palm.

"I propose," said I, "that we flip the little lady. If she hides under the spread eagle, we venture forth to the flesh pots, and I'll stick by you till the likker gives out. But if she turns up smiling, then you play round with me. Are you game?"

Hank was inclined to argue, but also, he was vitally interested in the possibility of a change of luck. So we flipped the coin, and it landed in my palm heads up.

THAT put the party in my hands, so we started out after the breakfast for a visit to Versailles, the idea being to put the crowded streets of the city out of Hank's wistful sight until his sense of the good, the true and the beautiful had been given an even break. He wasn't very cheerful about it, and complained of his boots being laced too tight and his need of sleep. But I kept him going until we reached the Hall of Mirrors where he collapsed on a plush seat and refused to rise.

Then, suddenly, something happened to Hank. He sat up very straight and stared into the (Continued on page 63)



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

We hugged each other and danced about the field, shrieking like fools. Safe, alive and together!

Nice Lion!

By Martin Johnson

Your ideas about lions probably come from the zoo and the circus or the tall tales of hunters. Small wonder, then, if you think them ferocious, savage critters. But you can toss all those old notions into the wastebasket. Here's Martin Johnson, who knows his lions, who has watched them approach and sniff curiously at his photographic apparatus. And—"the lion's a gentleman"—he says

THE more I see of the lion the more of a gentleman I think he is. By that I don't mean he is a high-hat spatted snob; nor a condescending treacherous rotter. I mean that the courage, intelligence, health and strictly laudable purpose that should mark the human gentleman also marks the lion.

A lion is dangerous. So are the sun's rays, a volcano, Niagara Falls and a prize-ring champion—when one offers them an impertinent intimacy.

A lion fights like a demon. When wounded, he will sometimes keep coming even after his heart, lungs and major muscles have been cruelly lacerated by high-velocity steel. But so have Sergeant York, Col. Lawrence, Nungesser and many other good men fought.

A lion kills to eat. He kills young animals sometimes, breaking their necks with a crunch of his mighty jaws. Daily he devours the flesh of his prey. So do you and I.

A lion does not, except for food, kill nor fight nor interfere with other living creatures. That is more than can be said of most human beings.

I have just come back from the greatest lion country in the world: Tanganyika Territory in British East Africa. This country lies about halfway down the east side of that continent and before the war was German East Africa.

A Paradise for Lions

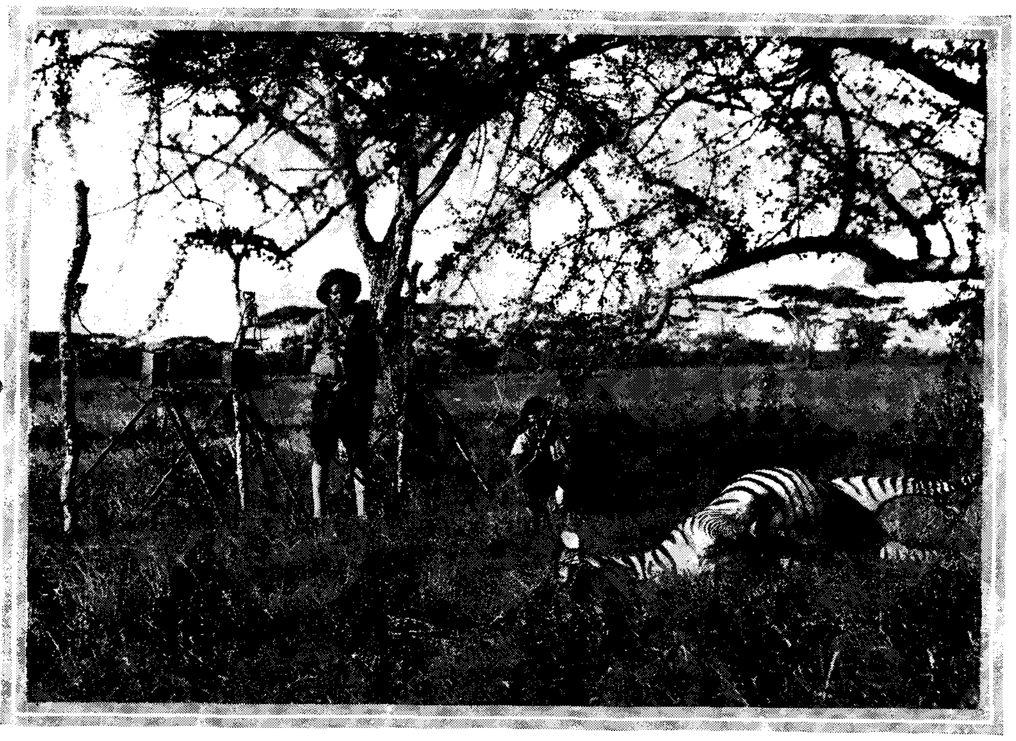
The lion likes it because the elevation gives him a warm dry climate; the terrain is grassy with occasional trees for shade, and not too rolling; and the vast herds of game—like Texas cattle—give him his daily bread. There are a few natives, but they don't bother the lion much so long as he keeps away from their sheep and cattle.

White hunters are probably his only serious enemy; and the British have recently reduced this menace by regulating the number of lions that any one hunter may shoot.

I had promised several members of my party that they should each get a lion. In the few weeks after we left Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, we saw about 400 lions, most of which we could have killed by any one of us simply taking aim and pulling the trigger. We killed three and hated to do that.

Martin Johnson Photos

Martin Johnson is perhaps the greatest of the hunters who have followed Africa's big-game trails



The camera set-up for night pictures of feeding lions, baited with a zebra

The lions were waiting for us the first morning we went out of camp to hunt for them. Less than a mile away we came on a young female.

"Too small," was the expression on my sportsman's face. "I want something that will make an impression on the folks at home."

The lioness got up and stretched. She blinked at us for a few moments, then yawned a great gaping, muscle-stretching yawn.

Her expression said: "Gee, some more of those peculiar two-legged creatures. Hope they move on; it's too hot to bother with them just now. Besides I'm sleepy."

We could have shot her with a pistol.

We went on another mile to a little plateau stuck between two ravines, a sort of vantage from which the adjacent valley could be overlooked. There, basking in the sunshine, we saw three fine lionesses. They were half hidden in the grass, but dozed with their heads up and eyes tightly shut like so many house cats on a sunny morning in winter.

It would have been no trick to murder all three.

"No," said my hunter from home, "let's get an exciting shot."

There was nothing I could say. Lions are not particularly exciting unless they are very hungry or one irritates them to the point of charging. But that is true of the principal in a bull-fight.

A superb pair of taffy-maned lions about to begin feeding. These beautiful specimens, in prime condition, are considered the highest type of animal

This isn't an earth-rocking roar; it's just a healthy yawn from Mr. Lion to indicate that photographers bore him to tears and will they please go away from here?

Looking 'Em Over

About ten o'clock we came across our first maned lions. There were three of them, and they seemed to have been holding some sort of business conference which was just ended. I could almost hear one say:

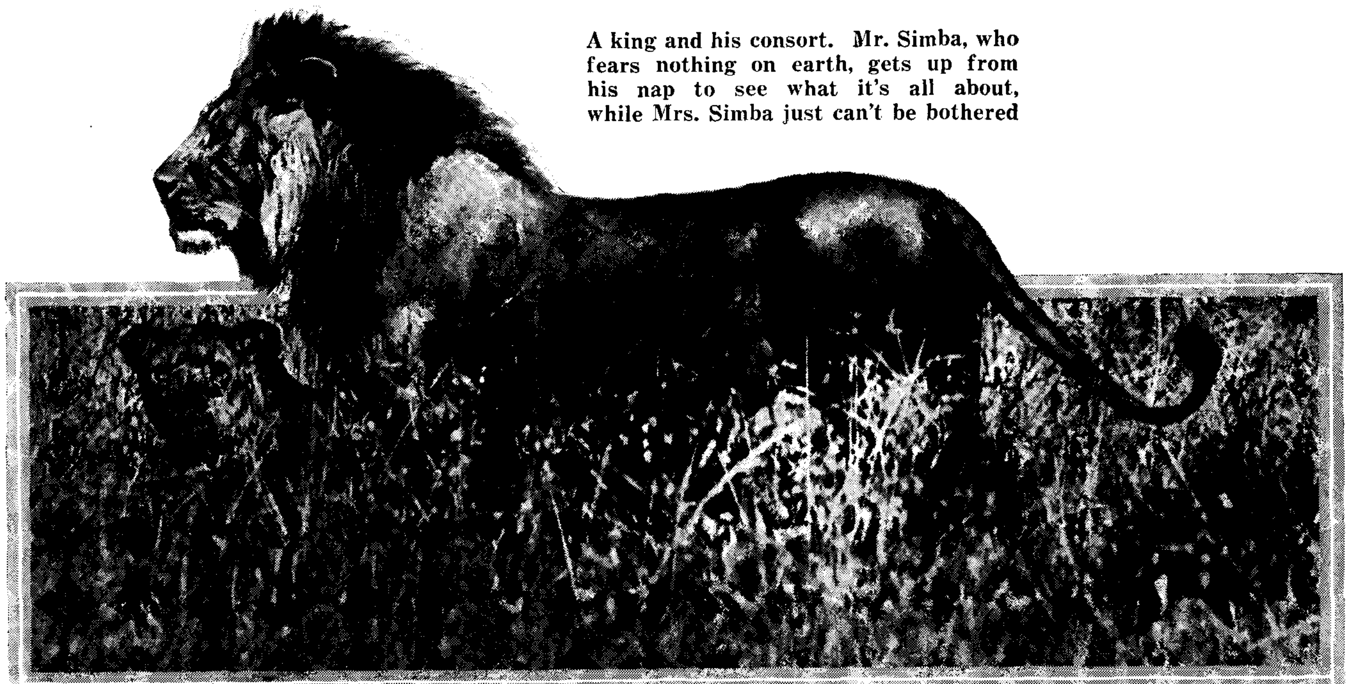
"Look here, Simba, let's have a bite of lunch."

Simba yawned and replied in a well-modulated tone: "*Gr-r-r.*" Which I took to mean: "Suits me; how about that place on the corner?"

So just as we came up they trotted off towards the nearest zebra herd on the other side of the valley. I can't recall that any of them gave us a look of even curiosity though we were all in plain sight.

We went on. And because it was lion country we kept right on seeing lions. Finally we came upon a beautiful old fellow with a fine mane and a tawny hide that would look beautiful in somebody's trophy room. He was lying by a tall anthill that gave us a better idea of his great size. He panted slightly with the heat but did not move as we came up to within 20 yards of him.

When we began to talk in low tones



A king and his consort. Mr. Simba, who fears nothing on earth, gets up from his nap to see what it's all about, while Mrs. Simba just can't be bothered

he rose, turned his head slightly in disdain and walked a few steps away.

"I want him," whispered my sportsman.

At this moment the lion suddenly changed his mind. He whirled about as if to charge. It was only a bluff, I think; but it was enough to be convincing to a hunter of limited experience.

One shot was enough.

It was a good shot, I admit. The old lion died as he had lived, a very gallant gentleman.

But somehow . . . well, Osa and I do our shooting with our cameras.

Leo Loses His Temper

I mustn't pretend there aren't exceptions.

For instance, our film record lacked a good action picture of a lion galloping close up. So when we fell in with a big fellow that was loping across the plains, we skirted a hill and caught him in our lens as he ran. Being a cat, he was superbly graceful. His massive shoulder muscles billowed under his skin; and his successive leaps were clean as a trained athlete could make.

When he caught sight of us he rounded to.

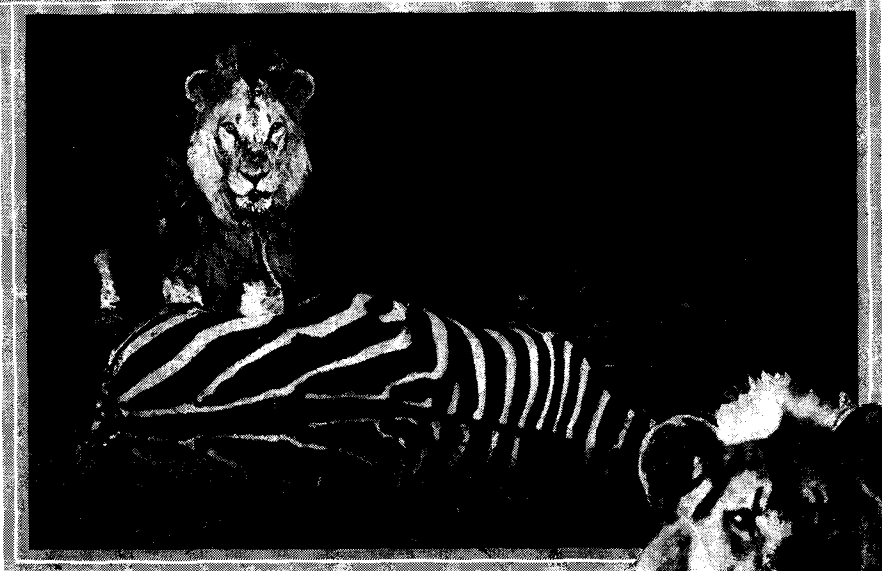
Obedient, though nervous, my black boys set up the camera. I began to crank.

Seeing that we defied his threat the lion crouched and came our way. His tail lashed; and now and then he curled his wet upper lip in an angry growl.

I think the thing that infuriated him most of all was the fact that we showed no signs of being impressed by his gestures of hostility. Either we were just plain impertinent; or we were an enemy worthy of the king's steel. Both alternatives were sufficiently provocative.

The lion wanted to play fair. He didn't lose his head and race madly for us. He came on a few steps at a time, his tail flipping violently and his teeth bared. I know he wanted to be absolutely sure of his footing; and he gave every evidence of wanting us to realize that he meant business. It was battle, no less; for had it been a matter of food he would have chosen the species he liked—zebra or giraffe—and followed an entirely different technique.

He even growled and roared in a different way. For had he been seeking to slay us to eat he would have roared with his head close to the ground. All hunting lions do this. It is their way of confusing game. When the roar issues from a point but a few inches above the sod it is strangely diffused into the air overhead, with the singular result that it is impossible to tell either the direction or the distance from which it comes.



Picture before dinner; result: reproachful stare

"Look out, Martin!" said Osa tensely. "He's coming!"

"Then catch him in time!" I told her.

My business is to crank. Osa, my wife, does the shooting if we are forced to defend ourselves.

She was right. Almost the next second the lion's temper got completely out of control. He just had to annihilate us to keep his self-respect. He had warned us; had used altogether open tactics; and he had roared insistence that we were trespassing on his domain. When we didn't budge, there was naught a true lion could do but attack.

He came in great swift bounds, yet always keeping his feet well under him for the final leap. His dripping mouth was wide open and his long fangs were bared in a hissing snarl of hatred. He looked twice the size of a normal lion.

"Shoot!"

Not a Moment too Soon

The steel-jacketed bullet caught the mighty beast in mid-air. I could see the quiver of his huge body from the concussive effect of being struck by hundreds of foot-pounds concentrated in one tiny metal pellet. Luckily for all of us Osa's aim was true. The lion rolled up to her very feet stone dead.

Such instances have been rare in our past work; they will be rarer in the future. I can say this with confidence because we have learned when to leave a lion alone. If the beast is in a contented frame of mind his face muscles have relaxed, his movements are either leisurely or playful and his indifference is marked.

In contrast, if the lion is irritable through hunger or indigestion or in love he reveals it to the discerning eye. He is nervous in his movements, quick and disagreeable in his reaction to strangers and ready to charge at little or no provocation.

No doubt many of the hair-raising "adventures" and "escapes" that travelers have with or from lions are due to a lack of instinctive appreciation of the lion's humor.

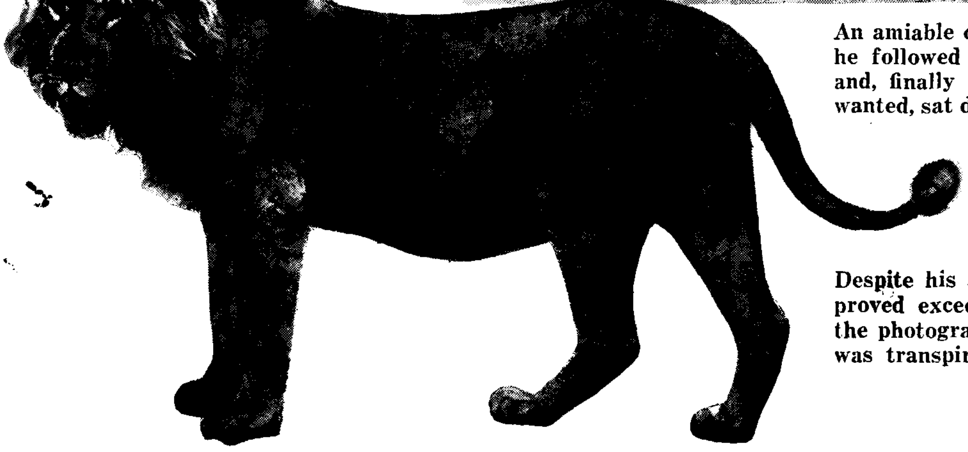
Of the 400-odd lions we photographed after the killing I have described we didn't have to kill a single one.

After a month of daylight wandering among the lions near our camp we began preparations for our night work.

We set up four flash lamps on poles about six feet above the ground. Three feet in front and below each lamp we set up our cameras. In each flash lamp we place magnesia cartridges containing about an ounce of flash-powder apiece. All four lamps are connected by electric wire to dry batteries and a long "firing" wire is led to our shelter or blind some 15 to 25 feet away.

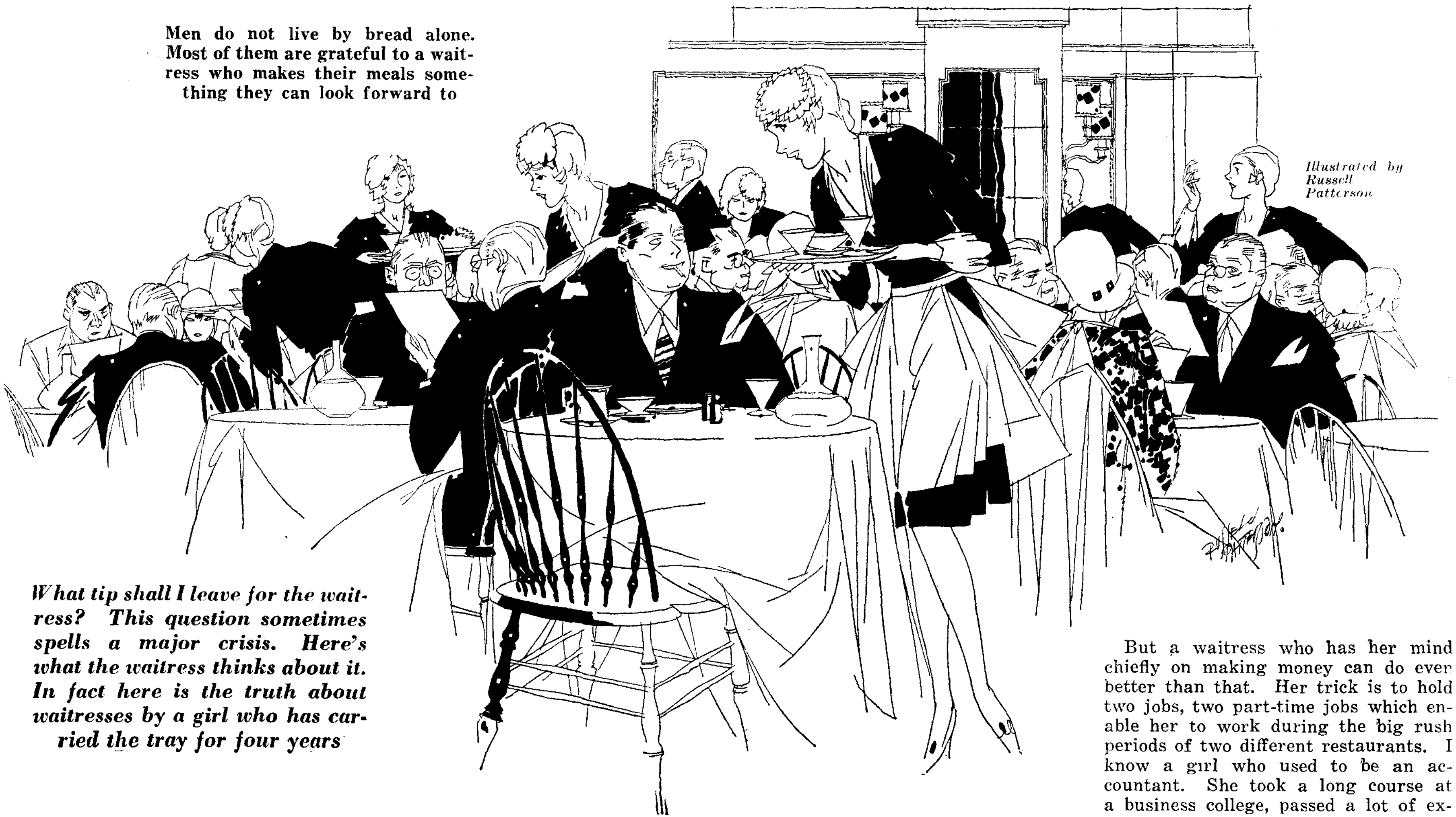
(*Continued on page 50*)

An amiable curiosity overwhelmed this lion; he followed the hunters closely for miles, and, finally understanding that he was not wanted, sat down with a look of hurt surprise



Despite his apparent ferocity this specimen proved exceedingly timid, playing tag with the photographers in his desire to see what was transpiring but remain hidden himself

Men do not live by bread alone. Most of them are grateful to a waitress who makes their meals something they can look forward to



What tip shall I leave for the waitress? This question sometimes spells a major crisis. Here's what the waitress thinks about it. In fact here is the truth about waitresses by a girl who has carried the tray for four years

Don't Kid the Waitress

By Dagny Hansen

THE other day, in the restaurant where I work, I happened to catch a customer's eye just as he was sliding a coin under his plate. He looked guiltily away, started to go, and then motioned me over to him. He held up the coin. It was a quarter.

"Is that right?" he asked. "I mean is that what I ought to be leaving you?"

"Why," I said, "that's entirely up to you. It's more than most of the customers leave, if that's what you mean."

"I'm not talking about most of the customers," he said. "I'm talking about myself. What I want to know is, is that a fair tip? Considering your time and everything, does that pay you?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "If everybody gave us that much, we should be very well satisfied."

"That's what I was trying to find out," he said. Then, apparently relieved that the ice had been broken, he asked me a great many questions about my work, and seemed greatly interested in it. "Do you know," he said when he was putting on his coat, "this is the first time I ever got up my nerve to ask a girl about tips and things like that. I never knew what to tip. In a hotel, yes. Ten per cent. But in a place like this, where they have girls, I never had any idea. Well—thanks." He smiled and left.

I think this illustrates the uncertainty that many people have about what they should do in a restaurant, and also the very natural curiosity they have about the people who serve their food. So perhaps you would like to know something about my work.

I work as a waitress for a large chain restaurant system in New York. And I shall begin with the question of pay. The average tip in restaurants of this kind is ten cents. There is considerable variation: if most of the customers are men, it may run higher; if, however, most of them are women, it is almost certain to run lower since women are not as generous with tips as men are, frequently leaving as little as a nickel.

Another Important Item

Taking one restaurant with another, however, ten cents is about the average. And at this rate, my own income is about $25 a week, as follows:

Wages, at 30 cents an hour	$ 6
Tips	19
Total	$25

But to this there should be added one very important item, which is meals. We get our meals free. This, at the very least, is worth $5 a week to the part-time waitress and $10 a week to the full-time. But in comfort it is worth a great deal more. To me, the tragedy of the girl in a big city who makes a limited amount of money is that when she is through with her day's work she cannot afford to go out and order a pleasant, well-cooked meal to round off her day. She must come home to a small apartment, and on her way stop at a grocery or delicatessen to buy food; then she must cook it over a two-burner stove in a tiny kitchenette; then she must sit down alone and eat it. The waitress, however, doesn't do this. When her work is done she sits down with the other girls at a table, eats a good meal, changes from her uniform to street clothes, and the rest of the evening is hers to do what she pleases with.

My own personal income, then, foots up as follows:

Wages	$ 6
Tips	19
Meals (in kind)	5
Total	$30

But I earn less than many waitresses, because my home life is such that I prefer to work only a short time each day—from twelve to three. If I chose to do a full day's work I could make a great deal more.

Practically every restaurant has one big rush period which lasts from two to three hours, and other smaller ones which are shorter and less busy.

You can easily see that any restaurant needs more waitresses in the big rush period than it needs the rest of the time. So practically all restaurants have two classes of waitresses, part-time and full-time. The part-time waitresses work about three hours, sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less, during the big rush period. The full-time waitresses work about eight hours. They are on the floor during the big rush period and one of the smaller ones.

Waitress vs. Accountant

The earnings of a full-time waitress are naturally much higher than the earnings of a part-time waitress. By the week, many girls run about as follows:

Wages, at 30 cents an hour	$15
Tips	30
Meals (in kind)	10
Total	$55

But a waitress who has her mind chiefly on making money can do even better than that. Her trick is to hold two jobs, two part-time jobs which enable her to work during the big rush periods of two different restaurants. I know a girl who used to be an accountant. She took a long course at a business college, passed a lot of examinations, got a diploma, and then sat back to watch the money roll in. It didn't roll. People didn't seem to pay much for an accountant, for some reason. She tried a dozen different jobs, and the highest she was paid at any of them was $22 a week. Presently she got married, and when her husband fell ill and was unable to work, she had to find a job in a hurry.

Two-Timing

She went out and got herself a position as a waitress in one of the tea rooms on Eighth Street, in the Greenwich Village section of New York. Here she was paid $6 a week by the lady who ran the tea room—which is about average, by the way, where wages are not computed by the hour— and took in about $25 in tips. She worked from five-thirty until nine, when the tea room closed. But after a while it occurred to her that three and a half hours are not much to call a day's work, so she went uptown and got herself a job in a small hotel that makes a specialty of serving after-theater crowds, working from ten until twelve-thirty. Here she was paid another $6 by the management, and took in between $20 and $25 in tips. Her income, then, adds up as follows:

Wages	$12
Tips (about)	43
Meals (in kind)	10
Total	$65

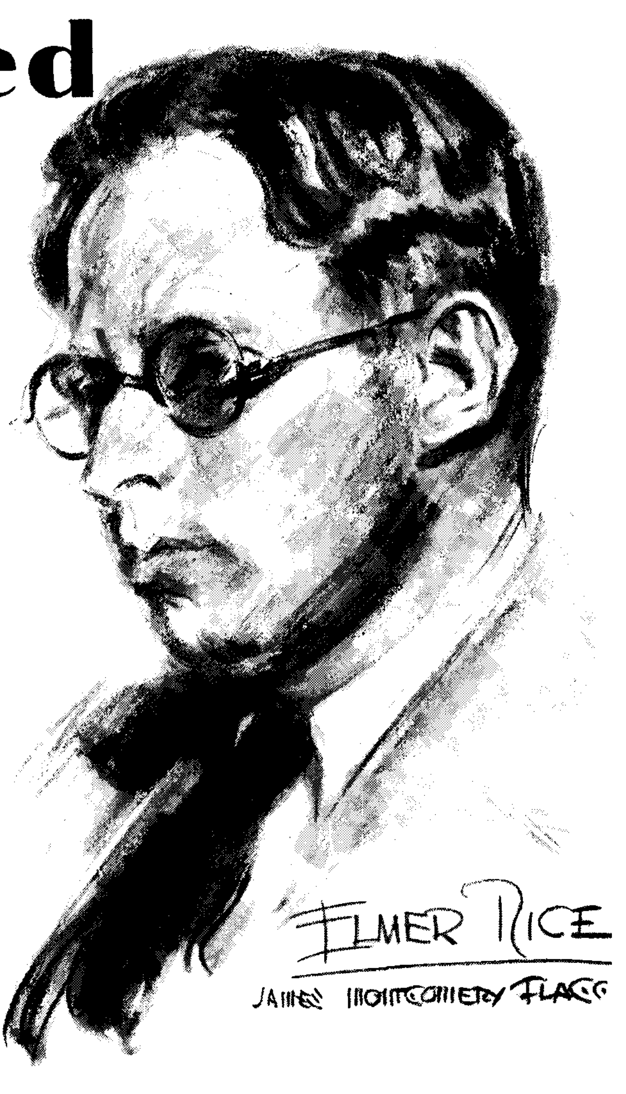
These figures, I caution you, are not to be regarded in any sense as average, and I hope I will not give you the idea that from now on you can tip your waitress a little less than you have been tipping her.

Let us say that my figures represent what a girl who knows her business can reasonably expect.

When I say a waitress who "knows her business," just what do I mean by it? I am afraid I shall have to stop a few moments and think. Many qualities combine to make a good waitress. Experience is necessary. A good home background is (*Continued on page 67*)

Elmer, the Unexpected

By Alexander Woollcott



How Elmer Rice, né Reizenstein, became a successful playwright by the simple process of writing On Trial. His latest play, Street Scene, packs the house, to the chagrin of nearly every manager on Broadway

WITHIN a few more weeks even the sturdiest of the plays along Broadway will be suffering from heat prostration, and the rears of all but a favored few of the auditoriums will be yawning rudely with the empty seats which so painfully characterize the last rows of summer. The impulse to production will be fitful and pretty much limited to the light-hearted entertainment our managers regard as suitable for warm weather when, by an ancient tradition of the theater, they seem to concentrate their efforts on the hope of pleasing those playgoers who are not quite bright.

It is perhaps the only kind of patronage on which they can rely. When you consider how many more memorable and more exciting ways there are of spending a June night than tamely and moistly wriggling in a theater seat, you begin to suspect that the managers may know their business after all. However, I hope you will not allow that suspicion to take too firm a lodgment in your mind. For it will be both my duty and my malicious pleasure in this article to set forth certain facts calculated to allay it.

Now, at all events, the season of 1928-29 will soon be fast receding into theatrical history, and viewed even in the perspective of its final weeks one may already guess what play of all the ones it brought to Broadway will linger longest as part of the living theater in America, and longest, too, in the memories of playgoers who saw them all. There is little doubt in my own mind that this will be the new piece by Elmer Rice, which had its first performance one January night at the Playhouse, the homely, plodding, unpretentious, sensitive, honest and engrossing tragedy called Street Scene. It is a story of love and fear and murder, of gallantry and cowardice, of hope and despair, of cruelty and kindness — the rigadoon of life and death, danced on the sweltering, polyglot, brownstone stoop of a New York tenement.

I am strongly tempted to predict that by the time these lines are read, Mr. Rice will find his brow adorned with the slightly uncomfortable laurel wreath from the School of Journalism at Columbia University. There, under the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer, a prize of $1,000 is bestowed each spring on the author of whatever native drama, produced during the season, has most impressed the Advisory Committee as calculated to elevate the American stage. I would have more confidently predicted its award this year to Mr. Rice if there were much evidence in the record of the preceding ten years to suggest that the committee could be counted on to act with conspicuous intelligence.

With much greater confidence do I predict that when the final accounts are struck, Street Scene will prove to have been the most profitable venture of the season, for, beginning with its quiet, unheralded premiere at the Playhouse in January, Mr. Rice's doorstep tragedy has yet to experience the embarrassment of its first vacant seat. Thus, from time to time, is the onlooker reminded, with something of a start, that the average playgoer is not such a fool as he looks.

Twice in the Same Place

With the production of Street Scene Elmer Rice has, for the second time in his still young life, played havoc with a cherished legend of Broadway. The first time was when, as a boy, he scored a fantastic success with On Trial, in unconscious defiance of that item in the American credo which says that the odds are all against an unknown who hopefully drops The Great American Play into a mail box and that (without a friend at court) only a playwright of established reputation can ever hope to have his manuscript examined.

If that still highly popular notion were sound, it would seem most sensible for the fledgling dramatists to concentrate their efforts on a certain diffident Broadway impresario of whom it is related that, in his frank distrust of his own judgment, it is his custom to gather all the plays submitted to him during the preceding month and hurl them toward the ceiling of his office, thereafter purchasing for production whatever one gets caught in the chandelier. I could not swear to the accuracy of this story, but, after attending most of his productions during the past ten years, I can well believe that he follows some such method of selection.

When the authors of that hard-boiled and delightful comedy, The Front Page, submitted their *magnum opus*, they accompanied it by a note which ran, "We recommend this play as a great work of art, something like Hamlet," and thereto signed their names. Their intention was facetious, but so powerfully are we all hypnotized by our hopes that, though a writer may refer in casual conversation to his own comedy as a little thing he has just dashed off, in his secret heart he does regard it as a great work of art, something like Hamlet. Only much better. Wherefore, when the ruthless postman brings it back to him, the only force which keeps him out of the East River is his consoling conviction that the manager is a congenital idiot, or preferably (since he really thinks even an idiot would leap at his play) that the fellow has not even read it.

Hence the agitation in a thousand-and-one hall bedrooms when, in 1914, a play called On Trial, by a young newcomer named Elmer Reizenstein, scored a tremendous success. It was, by the way, the first play to resort repeatedly to that aspect of movie technique called the cut-back. And so flagrantly was it imitated that, for several seasons thereafter, you could not see a weather-beaten emotional actress enter the witness box in a trial scene without an uneasy conviction that, as soon as she began to speak, the stage would be plunged into darkness and, to the thunder of moving scenery, you would be transported back into the bosky dell where, long years before, the heroine, in flowered organdy, had been seduced.

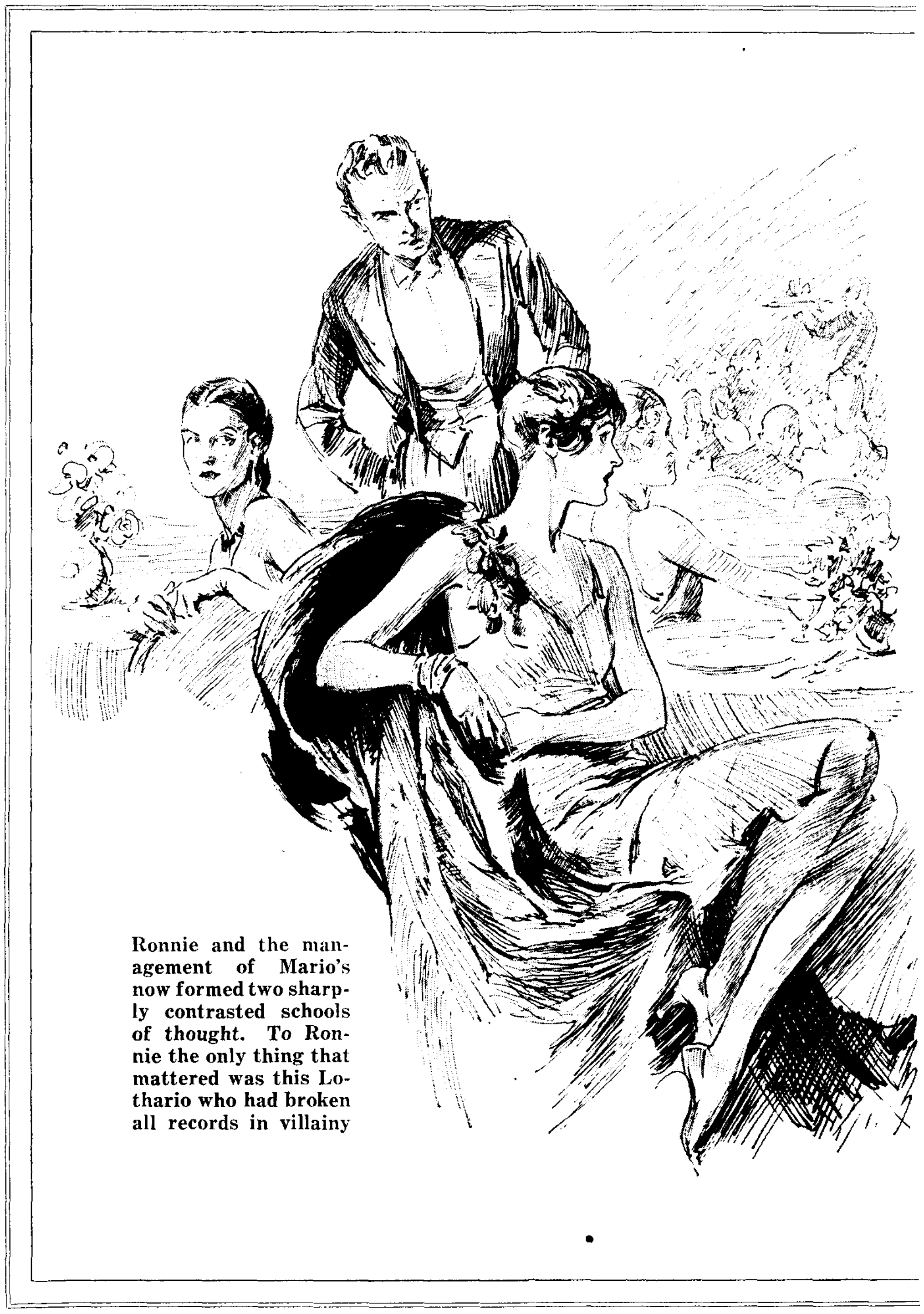
(*Continued on page 66*)

White Studios

A breathless moment in front of the New York tenement in Elmer Rice's Street Scene

Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse



Ronnie and the management of Mario's now formed two sharply contrasted schools of thought. To Ronnie the only thing that mattered was this Lothario who had broken all records in villainy

The Story Thus Far:

IN BLANDINGS CASTLE, England, lives Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig.

With Lord Emsworth live his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, now writing his Reminiscences to the dismay of many respectable men whom he knew in their young and wild days; and his secretary, Hugo Carmody, secretly engaged to Millicent. Lady Constance wants Millicent to marry her cousin Ronnie Fish, and tells her Hugo is entangled with a chorus girl, Sue Brown, but Hugo convinces Millicent this is not true.

Ronnie and his mother, Lady Julia, have been at Biarritz where they met Myra Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl, whom Lady Julia invites to visit soon at Blandings.

Ronnie takes Sue, to whom he is secretly engaged, to tea at the London house where they find Lady Constance. Ronnie introduces Sue as Miss Schoonmaker. They escape as soon as possible and wire Miss Schoonmaker in Lady Constance's name not to come to Blandings because of an epidemic there.

At Blandings Ronnie steals the Empress and hides her in a disused cottage, planning later to "find" her, thus gaining his uncle's undying gratitude and a share of his own capital which he needs to marry Sue and which his uncle holds as trustee. Hugo is sent to London to get a detective from Argus Inquiry Agency, Ltd., Mgr. P. Frobisher Pilbeam (an admirer of Sue's whom she has avoided meeting), to find the pig. Pilbeam refuses to take the case. Hugo calls Sue from Pilbeam's office and persuades her to go with him to Mario's for dinner and dancing. Ronnie, suspicious of Hugo's trip to London, is on his way to call on Sue.

V

LEOPOLD'S justly famous band, its cheeks puffed out and its eyeballs rolling, was playing a popular melody with lots of stomp in it, and for the first time since she had accepted Hugo's invitation to the dance, Sue, gliding round the floor, was conscious of a spiritual calm. Her conscience, quieted by the moaning of the saxophone, seemed to have retired from business. It realized, no doubt, the futility of trying to pretend that there was anything wrong in a girl enjoying this delightful exercise.

How absurd, she felt, Ronnie's objections were. It was, considered Sue, becoming analytical, as if she were to make a tremendous fuss because he played tennis and golf with girls. Dancing was just a game like those two pastimes, and it so happened that you had to have a man with you or you couldn't play it. To get all jealous and throaty just because one went out dancing was simply ridiculous.

On the other hand, placid though her conscience now was, she had to admit that it was a relief to feel that he would never know of this little outing.

Men were such children when they were in love. Sue found herself sighing over the opposite sex's eccentricities. If they were only sensible, how simple life would be. It amazed her that Ronnie could ever have any possible doubt, however she might spend her leisure hours, that her heart belonged to him alone. She marveled that he should suppose for a moment that even if she danced all night and every night with every other man in the world it would make any difference in her feelings toward him.

ALL the same, holding the peculiar views he did, he must undoubtedly be humored.

"You won't breathe a word to Ronnie about our coming here, will you, Hugo?" she said, repeating an injunction which had been her opening speech on arriving at the restaurant.

"Not a syllable."

"I can trust you?"

"Implicitly. Telegraphic address, Discretion, Market Blandings."

"Ronnie's funny, you see."

"One long scream."

"I mean, he wouldn't understand."

"No. Great surprise it was to me," said Hugo, doing complicated things with his feet, "to hear that you and the old leper had decided to team up; you could have knocked me down with a feather. Odd he never confided in his boyhood friend."

"Well, it wouldn't do for it to get about."

"Are you suggesting that Hugo Carmody is a babbler?"

"You do like gossiping. You know you do."

"I know nothing of the sort," said Hugo with dignity. "If I were asked to give my opinion, I should say that I was essentially a strong, silent man."

He made a complete circle of the floor in that capacity. His taciturnity surprised Sue.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Dudgeon," said Hugo.

"What?"

"I'm sulking. That remark of yours rankles. That totally unfounded accusation that I cannot keep a secret. It may interest you to know that I, too, am secretly engaged and have never so much as mentioned it to a soul."

"Hugo!"

"Yes. Betrothed. And so at long last came a day when Love wound his silken fetters about Hugo Carmody."

"Who's the unfortunate girl?"

"There is no unfortunate girl. The lucky girl . . . was that your foot?"

"Yes."

"Sorry. I haven't got the hang of these new steps yet. The lucky girl, I was saying, is Miss Millicent Threepwood."

As if stunned by the momentousness of the announcement, the band stopped playing: and, chancing to be immediately opposite their table, the man who never revealed secrets led his partner to her table. She was gazing at him ecstatically.

"You don't mean that?"

"I do mean that. What did you think I meant?"

"I never heard anything so wonderful in my life!"

"Good news?"

"I'm simply delighted."

"I'm pleased, too," said Hugo.

"I've been trying not to admit it to myself, but I was very scared about Millicent. Ronnie told me the family wanted him and her to marry, and you never know what may happen when families throw their weight about. And now it's all right!"

"Quite all right."

The music had started again, but Sue remained in her seat.

"Not?" said Hugo, astonished.

"Not just yet. I want to talk. You don't realize what this means to me. Besides, your dancing's gone off, Hugo. You're not the man you were."

"I NEED practice." He lit a cigarette and tapped a philosophical vein of thought, eying the gyrating couples meditatively. "It's the way they're always introducing new steps that bothers the man who has been living out in the woods. I have become a rusty rustic."

"I didn't mean you were bad. Only you used to be such a marvel. Dancing with you was like floating on a pink cloud above an ocean of bliss."

"A very accurate description, I should imagine," agreed Hugo. "But don't blame me. Blame these Amalgamated Professors of the Dance, or whatever they call themselves—the birds who get together every couple of weeks or so to decide how they can make things more difficult. Amazing thing that they won't leave well alone."

"You must have change."

"I disagree with you," said Hugo. "No other walk in life is afflicted by a gang of thugs who are perpetually altering the rules of the game. When you learn to golf, the professional doesn't tell you to bring the club up slowly and keep the head steady and roll the forearms and bend the left knee and raise the left heel and keep your eye on the ball and not away back and a few more things, and then, after you've sweated yourself to the bone learning all that, suddenly add: 'Of course, you understand that this is merely intended to see you through till about three weeks from next Thursday. After that the Supreme Grand Council of Consolidated Divot-Shifters will scrap these methods and invent an entirely new set!' "

"Is this more dudgeon?"

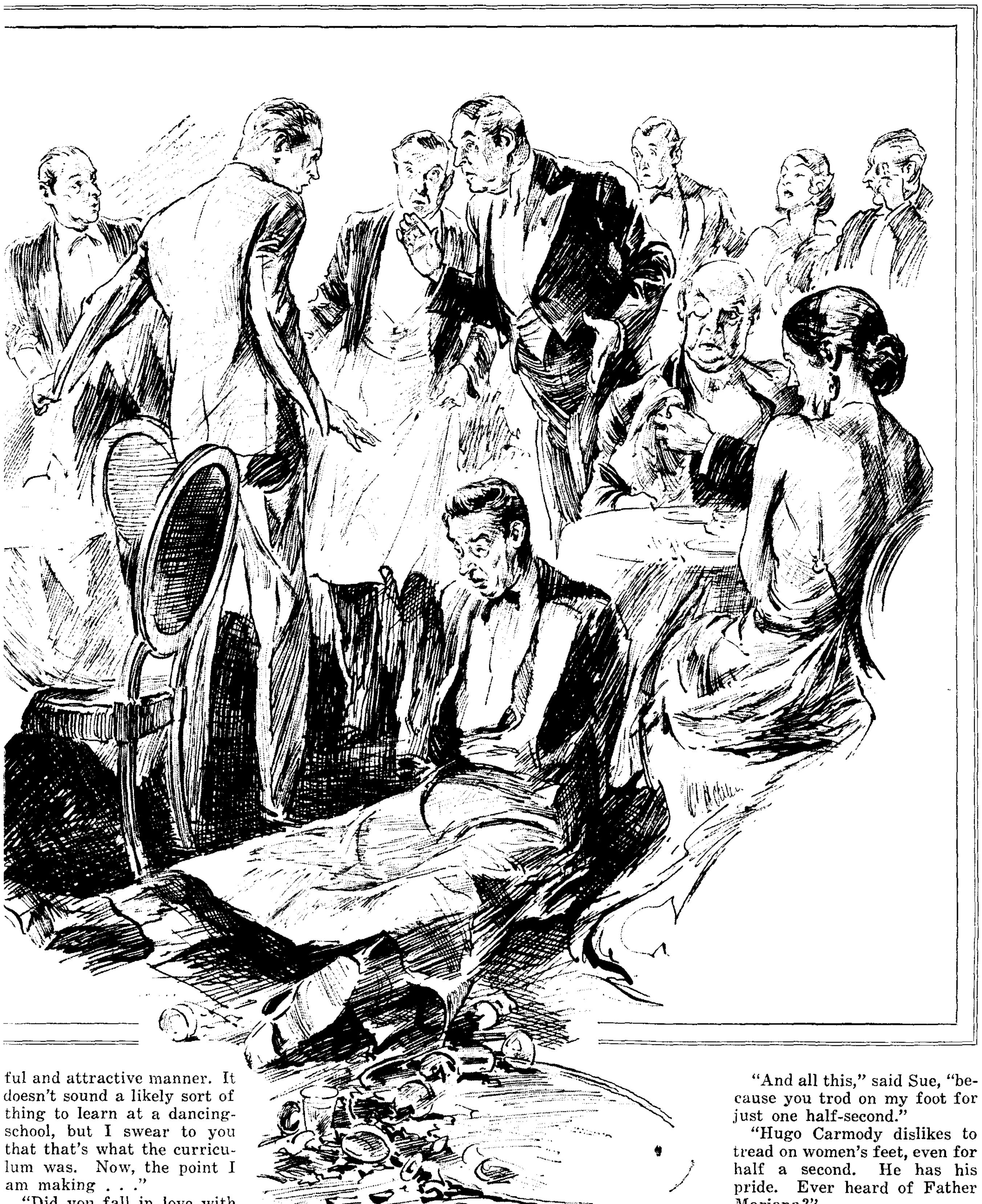
"No. Not dudgeon."

"It sounds like dudgeon. I believe your little feelings are hurt because I said your dancing wasn't as good as it used to be."

"Not at all. We welcome criticism."

"Well, get your mind off it and tell me all about you and Millicent and . . ."

"When I was about five," resumed Hugo, removing his cigarette from the holder and inserting another, "I attended my first dancing-school. I'm a bit shaky on some of the incidents of the days when I was trailing clouds of glory, but I do remember that dancing-school. At great trouble and expense I was taught to throw up a rubber ball with my left hand and catch it with my right, keeping the small of the back rigid and generally behaving in a grace-



ful and attractive manner. It doesn't sound a likely sort of thing to learn at a dancing-school, but I swear to you that that's what the curriculum was. Now, the point I am making . . ."

"Did you fall in love with Millicent right away, or was it gradual?"

"The point I am making is this. I became very good at throwing and catching that rubber ball. I dislike boasting, but I stood out conspicuously among a pretty hot bunch. People would nudge each other and say 'Who is he?' behind their hands. I don't suppose, when I was feeling right, I missed the rubber ball more than once in twenty goes. But what good does it do me now? Absolutely none. Long before I got a chance of exhibiting my accomplishment in public and having beautiful women fawn on me for my skill, the Society of Amalgamated Professors of the Dance decided that the Rubber-Ball Glide, or whatever it was called, was out of date."

"Is she very pretty?"

"And what I say is that all this chopping and changing handicaps a chap. I am perfectly prepared at this moment to step out on that floor and heave a rubber ball about, but it simply isn't being done nowadays. People wouldn't understand what I was driving at. In other words, all the time and money and trouble that I spent on mastering the Rubber-Ball Shimmy is a dead loss. I tell you, if the Amalgamated Professors want to make people cynics, they're going the right way to work."

"I wish you would tell me all about Millicent."

"IN a moment. Dancing, they taught me at school, dates back to the early Egyptians, who ascribed the invention to the god Thoth. The Phrygian Corybantes danced in honor of somebody whose name I've forgotten, and every time the festival of Rhea Silvia came round the ancient Roman hoofers were there with their hair in a braid. But what was good enough for the god Thoth isn't good enough for these blighted Amalgamated Professors! Oh, no! And it's been the same all through the ages. I don't suppose there has been a moment in history when some poor, well-meaning devil, with ambition at one end of him and two left feet at the other, wasn't getting it in the neck."

"And all this," said Sue, "because you trod on my foot for just one half-second."

"Hugo Carmody dislikes to tread on women's feet, even for half a second. He has his pride. Ever heard of Father Mariana?"

"No."

"Mariana, George. Born twelve hundred and something. Educated privately and at Leipzig University. Hobbies: fishing, illuminating vellum and mangling the wurzel. You must have heard of old Pop Mariana?"

"I haven't and I don't want to. I want to hear about Millicent."

"It was the opinion of Father Mariana that dancing was a deadly sin. He was particularly down, I may mention, on the saraband. He said the saraband did more harm than the plague. I know just how he felt. I'll bet he had worked like a dog at twenty-five pazazas the complete course of twelve lessons, guaranteed to teach the fandango; and, just when his instructor had finally told him that he was fit to do it at the next Saturday Night Social, along came the Amalgamated Brothers with their new-fangled saraband, and where was Pop? Leaning against the wall with the other foot-and-mouth diseasers, trying to pretend dancing bored him. Did I hear you say you wanted a few facts about Millicent?"

"You did."

"Sweetest girl on earth."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. It's well known. All over Shropshire."

"And she really loves you?"

"Between you and me," said Hugo confidentially. "I don't wonder you speak in that amazed tone. If you saw her, you'd be still more surprised. I am a man who thinks before he speaks. I weigh my words. And I tell you solemnly that that girl is too good for me."

"But you're a sweet darling precious pet."

"I KNOW I'm a sweet darling precious pet. Nevertheless I still maintain that she is too good for me. She is the nearest thing to an angel that ever came glimmering through the laurels in the quiet evenfall in the garden by the turrets of the old manorial hall."

"Hugo! I'd no idea you were so poetical."

"Enough to make a chap poetical, loving a girl like that."

"And you really do love her?"

Hugo took a feverish gulp of champagne and rolled his eyeballs as if he had been a member of Leopold's justly famous band.

"Madly. Devotedly. And when I think how I have deceived her my soul sickens."

"Have you deceived her?"

"Not yet. But I'm going to in about five minutes. I put in a phone call to Blandings just now, and when I get through I shall tell her I'm speaking from my hotel bedroom, where I am on the point of going to bed. You see," said Hugo confidentially, "Millicent, though practically perfect in every other respect, is one of those girls who might misunderstand this little night out of mine, did it but come to her ears. Speaking of which, you ought to see them. Like alabaster shells."

"I know what you mean. Ronnie's like that."

Hugo stared.

"Ronnie?"

"Yes."

"You mean to sit there and tell me that Ronnie's ears are like alabaster shells?"

"No, I meant that he would be furious if he knew that I had come out dancing. And, oh, I do love dancing so," sighed Sue.

"He must never know!"

"No. That's why I asked you just now not to tell him."

"I won't. Secrecy and silence. Thank goodness there's nobody who could tell Millicent, even if they wanted to. Ah! this must be the bringer of glad tidings, come to say my call is through. All set?" he asked the page-boy who had threaded his way through the crowd to their table.

"Yes, sir."

Hugo rose.

"Amuse yourself somehow till I return."

"I shan't be dull," said Sue.

She watched him disappear, then leaned back in her seat, watching the dancers. Her eyes were bright, and Hugo's news had brought a flush to her cheeks.

Percy Pilbeam, who had been hovering in the background, hoping for such an opportunity ever since his arrival at the restaurant, thought he had never seen her looking prettier. He edged between the tables and took Hugo's vacated chair. There are men who, approaching a member of the other sex, wait for permission before sitting down, and men who sit down without permission. Pilbeam was one of the latter.

"Good evening," he said.

She turned, and was aware of a nasty-looking little (*Continued on page 54*)

Being a Sister to Bill

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

It was a perilous game that Judy played. But what's a little thing like danger to a girl who's dead in love?

SOMETIMES a lot can happen in one evening. But for the most part things happened slowly in Caslon City. Life in Caslon wasn't very exciting.

Nor was Paul Stoddard's law office—where Judy Dole worked—very exciting. And Aunt Serena's white porch, where Judy sometimes had to wait half a Sunday afternoon before she had a caller, wasn't much more so.

The young men came to Aunt Serena's white porch: Charlie Carstairs and Joe and Jack and Church and a dozen others. But they sat with too much self-possession in Aunt Serena's white chairs behind the wistaria vines, and they told Judy too impersonally all their troubles . . . including their love affairs. None of their love affairs seemed to involve Judy Dole herself.

That was the deuce of it.

It was hard, too, to say why this was so. It was not that men did not like her. They did. They all agreed that she was pretty and nice and entertaining and . . . sensible. The trouble was that she was so sensible that they asked her for advice instead of for love. And the advice she gave them was so good that pretty soon they took it, and went away . . . and married somebody else.

Judy advised Churchill Tenney, when Katherine turned him down the fourth time, to keep away from her for six months and let her do the worrying. They were married in September.

She advised Joe Littlefield, when Philippa would not even let him hold her hand, just to grab her right straight up and kiss her till she was blind and dizzy. They were married in October.

She advised Jack Magoon to give Grace Cutter the shaking she so richly deserved—and they were home from their honeymoon just in time for Thanksgiving.

"You ought to start a matrimonial agency," drawled Mabel Rankin.

Judy was annoyed, but she would not have showed it for the world.

"I've already started one," she said coolly. "Why, I expect I'm a sister to pretty nearly every man in town." But this was so nearly true that there was no fun in it.

There was less fun in it than usual on this particular morning, because of Charlie Carstairs. Charlie had come the night before, all flushed and excitable; he had bent over and taken her hand, and asked her . . . what he'd better do about proposing to Mabel.

"Go ahead and propose," said Judy a trifle shortly. She did not take Charlie seriously, but she would have liked to be taken seriously herself once in a while.

That was the way it always was, though. It made Judy feel old and . . . sisterly. But not old and sisterly enough for Paul Stoddard.

She slit open the last envelope in Paul Stoddard's morning mail. The advertisements she tossed into the waste basket together with a request for contributions to the Municipal Bird Bath Fund and an invitation to the Caslon Arms ball — a gesture from the owner to his lawyer, which Paul Stoddard would ignore. He was too weighty on his feet to care for dancing. The letters she piled together.

"Anything important?" Paul Stoddard's heavy hand rested on her shoulder.

Judy pushed the pile of letters toward him without comment, avoiding his touch. People were beginning to say in Caslon that the most sensible thing she could do was to marry her employer. Probably it was. Paul Stoddard was a large, respectable, well-satisfied man, who had worn out one wife already before he was forty; he was thought to be pretty wonderful because he practiced law when he had all the Stoddard fortune. Judy did not like the way he looked at her sometimes as if she were a piece of meat and he would like to eat her. And sometimes she could not help remembering how flat the first Mrs. Stoddard had looked—as if she had been ironed. But most of the time she thought she should not have minded him much if it had not been for those hairs. They grew in tufts inside his ears, and they stuck out and curled.

"They make me want to pull them," said Judy before she thought.

"I'll pull them for you," said Paul Stoddard—and went over to pull down the shades.

THAT was why she was giggling when Charlie Carstairs burst in, all disordered. "What do you think?"

"She loves you," guessed Judy—a little more pert than she felt. She lifted an unnecessarily beautiful pair of dark eyes to his.

"I didn't ask her," cried Charlie. "What good would it do? Bill Loring's coming."

Bill Loring was a kind of legend in Caslon City; had been ever since he ran away—"My dear, a mere *babe*," Mabel said—and lied so outrageously about his age, and got himself into the war. He had arrived just in time to win a *Croix de Guerre* or something—nobody was quite sure what—the morning of the armistice. Bill was always lucky.

Now he was a rising young physician; and he was rising fast. Mabel kept them informed of the details. Bill was *wonderful*. Bill was all the rage in New York. Bill had a perfectly *magnificent* office and you had to make appointments three days ahead. He got a thousand dollars for the least little thing—like an adenoid. That time he removed Mr. Herbert Vanindewigeon's millionaire appendix, Mr. Herbert Vanindewigeon was so pleased that he put Bill in his will. And then didn't Mr. Herbert Vanindewigeon get himself killed in an automobile accident the very next week?

Mabel was a cousin of his. "But not *much* of a cousin," she would explain coyly. She hinted, not very tactfully in Charlie's presence, that there was more than cousinship between them.

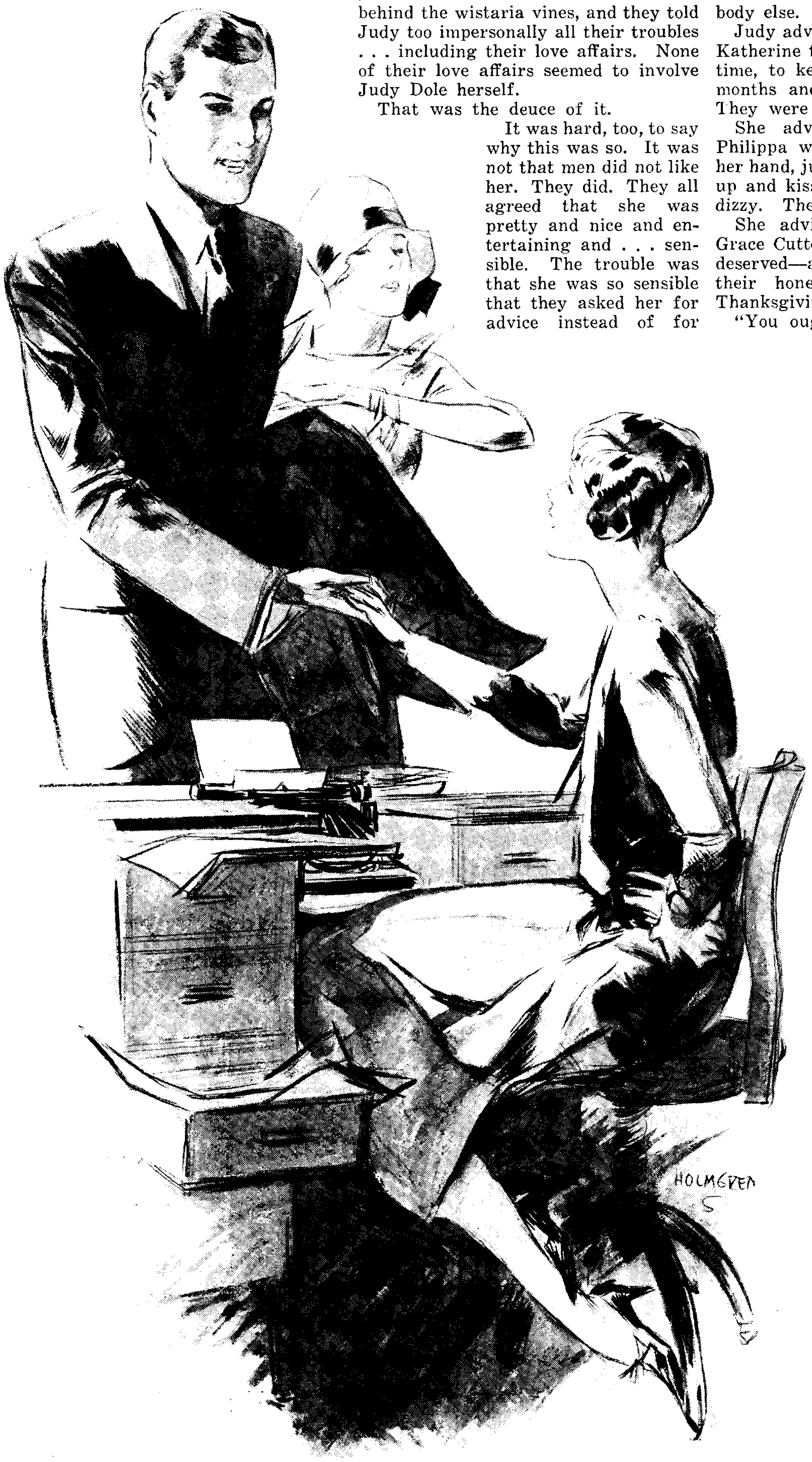
Now all of a sudden Bill Loring was coming. Old Mr. Winchelsea, a patient of his wintering at the Caslon Arms, had got heart trouble or something, and nothing would do but he must have Bill.

AS IF a bomb had exploded, the news was all over town in no time; there had not been such a to-do since the Presidential train stopped there five minutes in 1920. Judy Dole's office, being halfway between the post office and the railroad station, and just opposite the Ladies' Toggery, was the middle of the excitement.

"My *dear*," Mabel was saying. "I decided on the blue georgette *and* the pale pink taffeta. I think very *pale* pink taffeta is nice with blue eyes and very *fair* hair, don't you?"

"Yes," said Judy, a trifle shortly, poking a black curl behind her ear.

Mabel patted the new set in her per-



"Why, child, the last time I saw you, you were standing on your head in a sandbank" manent wave and prattled glibly on. She was little and fair and fluttery, with a kind of artificial prettiness, like a painted silk flower, and wore fussy, fluttery clothes. All the men fell for her. "Of course Bill will have to stay at the hotel on account of that stupid old man. But it makes it nice in a way: tomorrow night there's going to be a costume ball. . . . My dear, I simply can't *decide* about a costume. Do you think a Colonial *dame* would be too *mature?* Or would it be better to go as a shepherdess and carry a cute little *crook?*"

"I think a crook would be nice in case you wanted to hook anybody," said Judy subtly.

Mabel went off to buy the rose velvet wrap with the concentric tucks. There was a deal of shopping that day at the Ladies' Toggery.

Judy Dole, however, did not shop. For one thing she had no money—it being part of her Aunt Serena's idea of a lady to live beyond their means—and then a perverse pride would have kept her from shopping anyhow. If Bill Loring did not like her in green linen with a white belt and tie—why then he need not like her, that was all. If she pinned up her short black curls with more than customary care that morning he arrived . . . why that was just to keep them from coming down. She was typing like mad when the door opened.

Mabel, with a very pale pink sports dress and very bright pink cheeks under a white hat, was pouring out high floods of words, and clinging to a gray tweed sleeve; she and the sleeve were followed by Charlie Carstairs, looking gloomy, and half a dozen others; the office was suddenly overflowing with their voices and bright laughter and the colors of their clothes. Paul Stoddard was shaking hands with Bill—Judy wished he would not finger the back of her dress while he was doing it. Of course she could not jerk away in front of everybody; jobs were not so plentiful in Caslon that you could throw one away. She bent over her typewriter and would not look up.

A VOICE sounded in the air then right straight over her head. "Why Judy Dole! It's you."

And upon that she did look up—six feet and two inches up—and there was Bill.

Bill Loring did not look like a legend nor a celebrity. He looked like an absurdly tall young man, with rumpled fair hair; rather ugly, and rather handsome, with too large a nose and too large a mouth, and a thin scar like a wrinkle down his cheek; his gray eyes looked keen, and understanding, and a trifle tired, as if he never had quite enough sleep. When he spoke, it was with an odd little hesitancy, a catch of breath, strangely appealing.

"Judy Dole," he repeated, and he took her hands and pulled her to her feet. "Why, child; the last time I saw you, you were standing on your head in a sandbank."

Judy felt the blood running into her cheeks. She flung her head back and laughed, to cover her confusion. "The last time I saw you," she retorted, "you were stealing persimmons out of my Aunt Serena's tree."

Bill Loring's grave mouth flashed into sudden mirth. "You said I might," he teased her.

It was past in an instant. Mabel flung herself into what she felt was a social breach. "My *dear*, old Mr. Winchelsea's heart was better the *minute* he saw Bill. Bill is *wonderful* about hearts, aren't you, Bill darling?"

Bill darling looked uncomfortable, and everybody laughed. Mabel reëstablished her hold on his sleeve, smiling up at him from under the brim of the white hat that flapped just below his chin. She ran on brightly, breathlessly. "We're going up to my house for lunch, and tonight we're going to the costume ball . . ."

"You coming?" Bill Loring looked over the top of Mabel's hat at Judy.

"Oh, she has to work," said Mabel, dismissing the possibility.

JUDY DOLE, turning back to her typewriter when they were gone, felt such a flame of rage sweep through her, such hot and cold flashes of dismay, that she could hardly see the keys her fingers stumbled over. She was angry at Mabel's superiorities and Paul Stoddard's fat, fumbling fingers. She was angry at Bill Loring—she did not quite know why. But most of all she was angry at herself.

When she was little, Judy had secretly adored Bill Loring from the day he saved her dog from being run over by a train. He was one of the big boys then, and she was a mere chit, and it didn't make any difference. But now, all of a sudden, she was twenty, and Bill Loring was not thirty, and they were practically the same age; the look in those grave eyes of his when he took her hands and pulled her to her feet had upset her more than anything.

You see she had not meant to like Bill Loring, and now . . . she did.

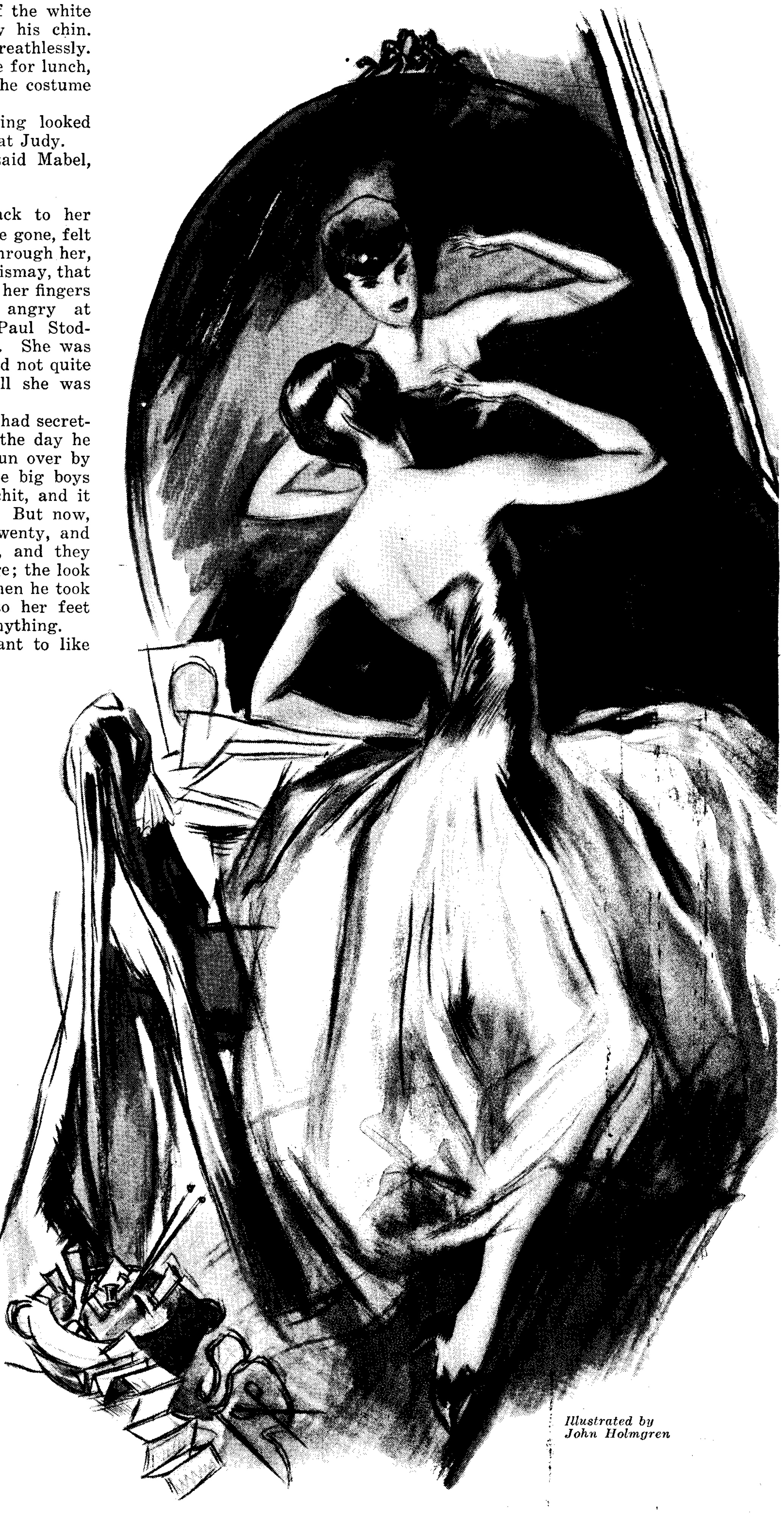
Nevertheless, if it had not been for one or two things, and more particularly for that look of his over the top of Mabel's hat, Judy would never have done what she did do. She said to herself fiercely all the afternoon that she never would do it anyway. But then, just when it was five o'clock, and time to go, she jerked the waste basket from under the desk and scrambled through it for the invitation to the Caslon Arms ball that had come for Paul Stoddard.

"Sensible!" she jeered at herself, as she fled through the spring dusk. "What good does *that* do?"

No one that night, seeing her race up to the trunks under the attic eaves, would ever have accused Judy Dole of being sensible. She dragged out an old black evening dress and an old red evening dress and an old evening dress that was neither quite black nor quite red, and took a pair of scissors and a paper of pins and set to work.

When she looked in the mirror after she had finished, she did not see herself at all. She was a gypsy. She was a witch. She was something wild and free out of the woods. But she certainly could not be Serena Dole's niece, who wore a hairnet and a linen dress, and sat behind a typewriter while she copied last wills and testaments. The color had left her face and her black eyes were enormous.

Judith Tirrell had looked like that sometimes before she danced. Afterward she had been Judy's mother. But even Caslon City had never subdued her to the pattern of a Dole.



Illustrated by John Holmgren

When she looked in the mirror she did not see herself at all. She was a gypsy

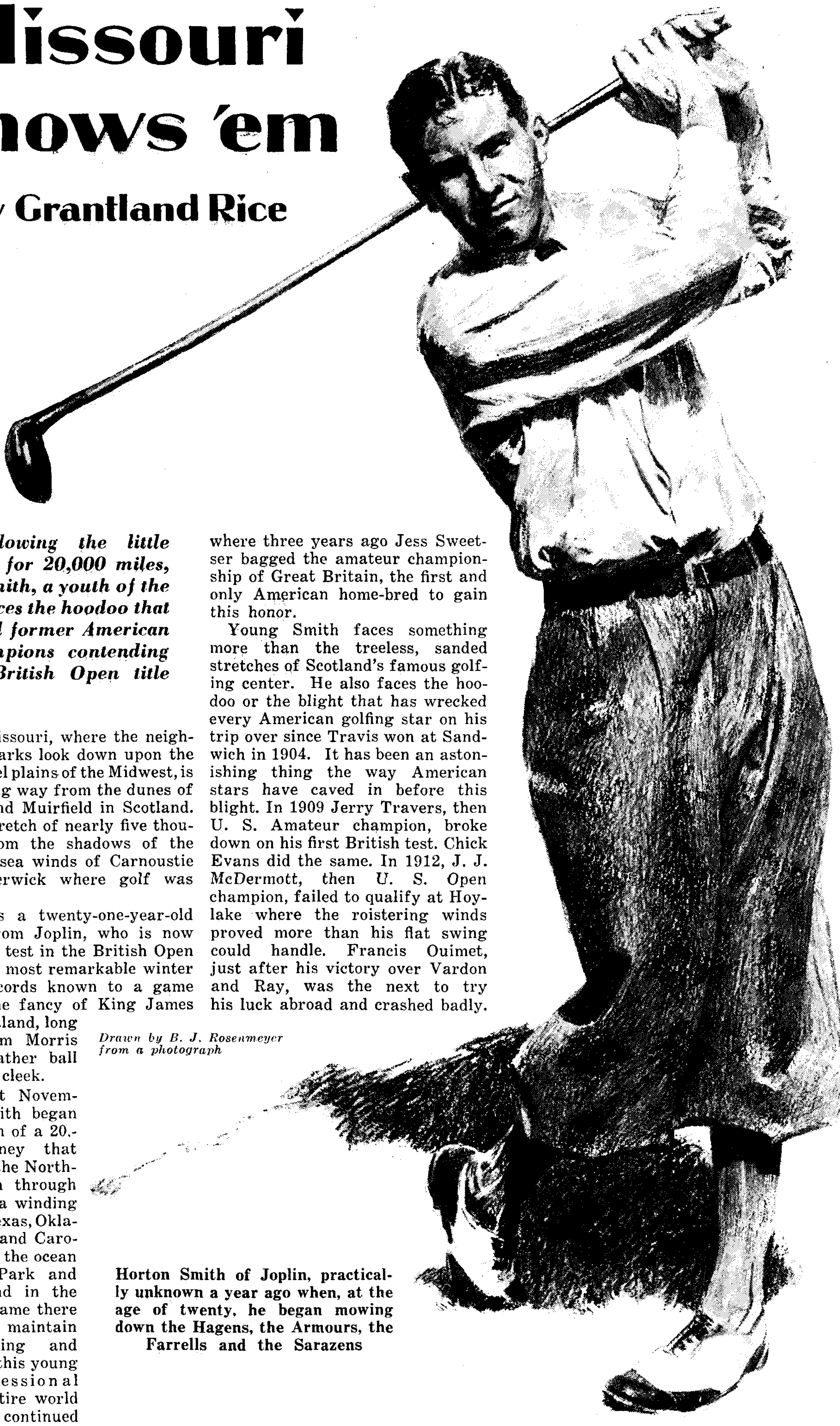
Judy had not been much at the Caslon Arms, though sometimes she made a trip through it in summer with a notebook while Paul Stoddard and the owner talked of depreciation. But now she flirted a white card under the doorman's nose, gave him a smile which kept him from noticing that she could not possibly be Mr. Paul Stoddard, and went directly to the ballroom.

Inside the crash of color and music washed against her like a wave; the blue and gilt of the paneling, the long recurring mirrors, the great chandeliers like shining stalactites dripping lights from the ceilings, were as gorgeous as the company that moved among them: George and Martha Washington, Elizabeth and Essex, ladies in waiting, knights in armor, velvet and lace and jewels and ruffs and powdered wigs. Judy was sharply conscious of her own costume, made from three old evening dresses. Then she saw Mabel.

Mabel had come as a Colonial dame after all. She (*Continued on page 61*)

Missouri Shows 'em

By Grantland Rice



Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer from a photograph

Horton Smith of Joplin, practically unknown a year ago when, at the age of twenty, he began mowing down the Hagens, the Armours, the Farrells and the Sarazens

After following the little white ball for 20,000 miles, Horton Smith, a youth of the Ozarks, faces the hoodoo that has baffled former American golf champions contending for the British Open title

JOPLIN, Missouri, where the neighboring Ozarks look down upon the green, level plains of the Midwest, is a long, long way from the dunes of St. Andrews and Muirfield in Scotland.

There is a stretch of nearly five thousand miles from the shadows of the Ozarks to the sea winds of Carnoustie and North Berwick where golf was cradled.

Yet there is a twenty-one-year-old professional from Joplin, who is now facing his first test in the British Open with one of the most remarkable winter and spring records known to a game that caught the fancy of King James the first of Scotland, long before old Tom Morris ever hit a feather ball with a wooden cleek.

Starting last November young Smith began the first stretch of a 20,000-mile journey that carried him to the Northwest, on down through California, on a winding way through Texas, Oklahoma, Florida and Carolina and across the ocean to Moorland Park and Muirfield. And in the most difficult game there is in which to maintain standard timing and winning form, this young Joplin professional amazed the entire world of golf with a continued exhibition of brilliancy that not even Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen had ever equalled in their careers. He faced the best professionals in the world, week after week and month after month, and through the greater part of this long tour, he made them take his dust.

It remained for this young star from Joplin to appear suddenly with a golf swing that was sheer genius, as sound and as smooth a swing as Vardon, Braid and Taylor, Jones or anyone else ever had. Having conquered professional golf in America, he stands at the age of twenty-one, overlooking the bleak, windswept dunes and fairways of Muirfield, where three years ago Jess Sweetser bagged the amateur championship of Great Britain, the first and only American home-bred to gain this honor.

Young Smith faces something more than the treeless, sanded stretches of Scotland's famous golfing center. He also faces the hoodoo or the blight that has wrecked every American golfing star on his trip over since Travis won at Sandwich in 1904. It has been an astonishing thing the way American stars have caved in before this blight. In 1909 Jerry Travers, then U. S. Amateur champion, broke down on his first British test. Chick Evans did the same. In 1912, J. J. McDermott, then U. S. Open champion, failed to qualify at Hoylake where the roistering winds proved more than his flat swing could handle. Francis Ouimet, just after his victory over Vardon and Ray, was the next to try his luck abroad and crashed badly.

No such failure was expected from the brilliant Walter Hagen when he first went across in 1920 to take his test at Deal. Hagen was then the Open champion of the United States for the second time, an experienced fighter who had a fine swing, joined with unbreakable confidence and determination. But in this British start Hagen finished fifty-fifth, far out of the running. Hagen, like all the others, had felt the spell of this first invasion.

A year later even the redoubtable Bobby Jones was badly beaten by an ordinary British golfer at Hoylake and, a short time later, he packed up and retired at St. Andrews. Jess Sweetser, then U. S. Amateur champion, was the next to try the test and he too fell in one of the first onsets at Sandwich. Gene Sarazen, another champion, also failed to qualify in his first test.

It was in the wake of this long list of starting failures that Horton Smith left for English and Scottish turf—failures that included such golfing immortals as Travers, Evans, Ouimet, McDermott, Sarazen, Hagen, Jones and Sweetser.

These early stars all had much more experience than twenty-one-year-old Horton Smith of Joplin who was practically unknown a year ago and who was still barely more than twenty when he started mowing down the Hagens, the Armours, the Farrells and the Sarazens, from tee to the bottom of the tin.

What chance has Horton Smith to smash this British hoodoo in his first championship test at Muirfield early in May?

In the first place, he has the physique. Standing slightly over six feet he is loosely and powerfully built. In the second place, no heavyweight champion, no college football tackle, ever trained with more steadfast determination to keep in shape.

The Odds for Victory

And, finally, he has worked his way to an almost flawless swing. No man in golf hits the ball truer or better with every club.

At the age of twenty he stood on the threshold of a brilliant career with the swing of a master, just as Young Tom Morris and Bobby Jones stood at the same age. He knew the mysteries of balance and body turn, of club control, of timing and the application of power. His weight is in the right place when he hits the ball; so are his hands and feet through action back and forward. He also has a wise, cool head and a stout heart, something he proved week after week from the Catalina Islands on through Florida in the longest winning march against strong opposition that golf has ever seen. He has the great faculty of relaxation, something he again proved by his ability to keep up a high standard of golf from November to May through eighteen tournaments, week after week.

Smith has a sounder swing than Hagen carried to Deal in 1920, and he has much less high-strung tension than Bobby took along to Hoylake and St. Andrews in 1921.

Certainly no American home-bred golfer was ever better equipped to face the starting British hoodoo than Missouri's star entry when the test is on at Muirfield.

Smith will face one handicap that may make a big difference. He has been accustomed to playing with steel-shafted wooden clubs, and these clubs are barred in British golf.

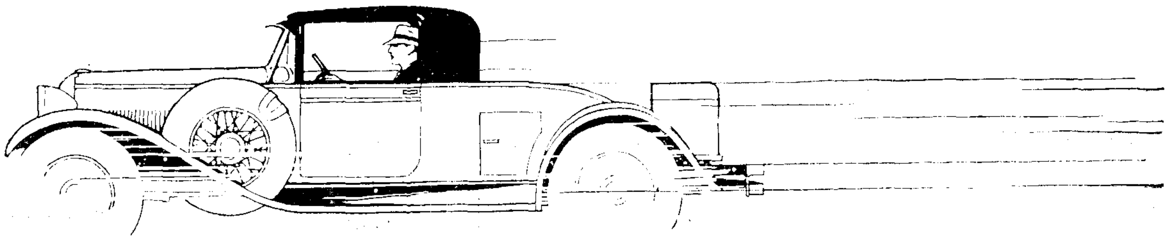
In the West Coast Open at Belleair he changed to wood from iron and there had his one bad campaign, finishing in fifteenth place. There was a new feel that he had not grown accustomed to. He immediately went back to steel from the tee and won his next four starts through Florida with a remarkable run of scoring.

Veterans of the Golfing Wars

There will be hundreds of thousands of golfers and hundreds of thousands not particularly interested in golf who will follow this twenty-one-year-old Missourian's career with the keenest interest as he enters the qualifying rounds, where two U. S. Open champions failed. If he makes the grade here, which he is almost sure to do, it will then be more than merely interesting to see whether or not he can transplant the Joplin swing into the heart of Scotland and at least hold his own.

Hagen will make a desperate effort to win his fourth British title. MacDonald Smith, Scottish-born, one of the greatest of them all, will make another game stand. Johnny Farrell, U. S. Open champion, will attempt to wear two crowns at once. But, after all, main interest will now be set around a kid pro from the Ozarks, who is just getting his first whiff of the sea winds from the Scottish coasts. There will be a story to tell, whether he succeeds or fails.

Haven't you noticed–
that the faster you drive, the more oil you use ? ?



Fast driving shows up the real quality of an oil

Speedway tests prove that the New Mobiloil outlasts other oils at high speeds. That is why the New Mobiloil keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

A RACE TRACK is the proving ground of the New Mobiloil. On the Atlantic City Speedway these oils have stood up under the most grueling tests.

Stock models of many cars were used—all fitted with special recording instruments. These instruments were to write the story of the New Mobiloil's performance in the most practical laboratory in the world—the crankcase of an average automobile being driven at high speeds for hour after hour.

What story did the instruments tell? After thousands of miles of high-speed running in many cars, it was proved beyond a doubt that the New Mobiloil *stands up better* and *lasts longer* than other oils generally sold for these cars. And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed, will lubricate best at any speed.

The New Mobiloil is a scientific achievement, proved both in the laboratory and on the road. Drain and refill regularly with the New Mobiloil, as recommended on the Mobiloil Chart, and you can preserve your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. Actually, our tests have shown that the New Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

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GARGOYLE

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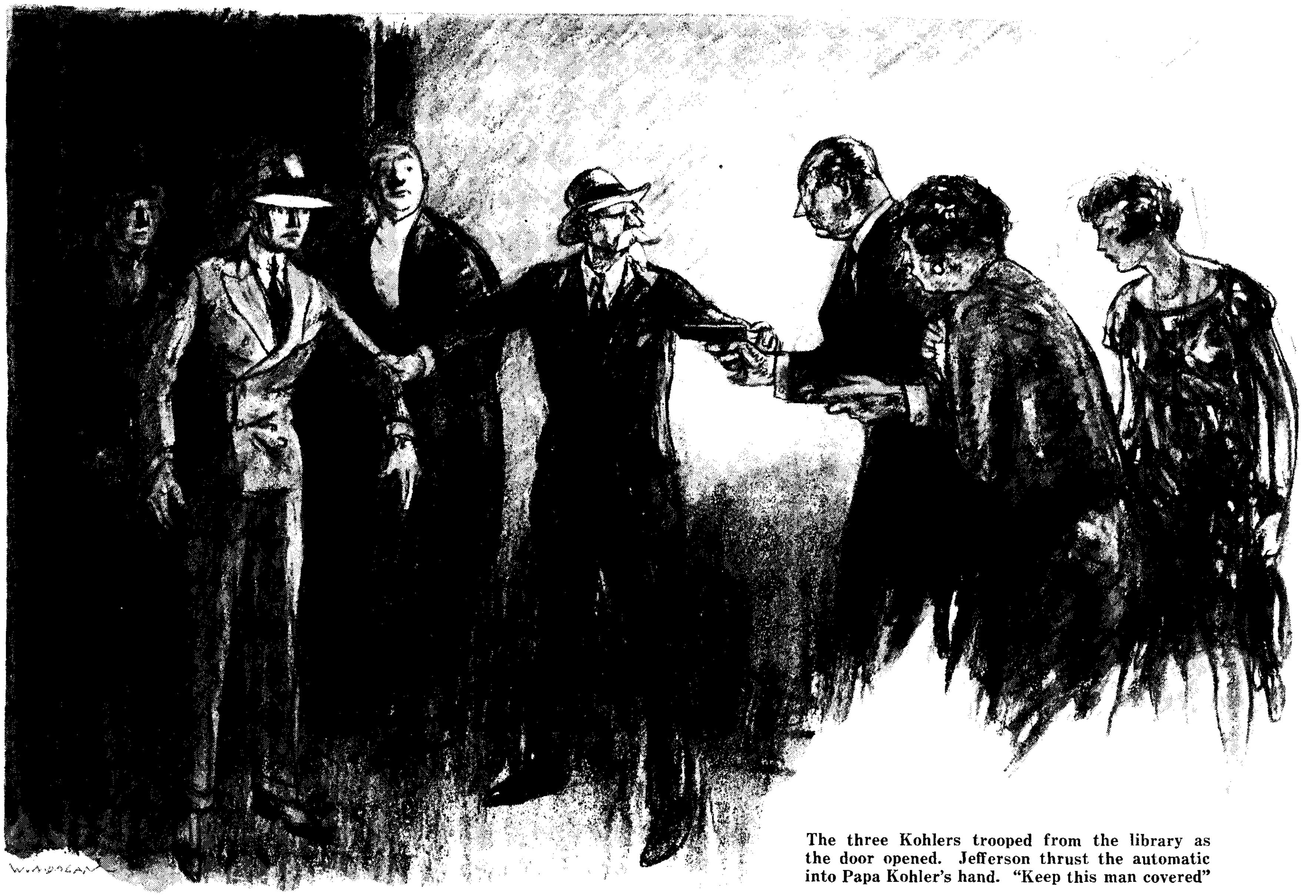


The three Kohlers trooped from the library as the door opened. Jefferson thrust the automatic into Papa Kohler's hand. "Keep this man covered"

13 Smokes and 80 Cents

By Odgers T. Gurnee

Jefferson Davis Bard may have been a bum, but you'll like him. For what he did required courage, and the soul of a valiant gentleman

JEFFERSON DAVIS BARD paused momentarily upon the slanting curb that faced Riverside Drive and let the benign warmth of an early-morning spring sun soak into his old and sparsely covered bones. Beneath the curiously loose-hung folds of his tweed raglan, his thin arms bent slowly at the elbow and came taut in the luxury of a sinew-wracking stretch.

But abruptly the stretch dissolved and a chill shiver shook him. It had been a damp night and the lower reaches of the park along the river front still were heavy with the mist that cuts alike into young and old, rich and poor, when their bedroom suite is a wooden bench.

There was much to be done and Jefferson Davis Bard was up and about with the first harbingers of day. There were, for example, the prime considerations of breakfast—and something to smoke.

There had been a time when a younger Mr. Bard had not stirred from his bed for breakfast. It had been a simple matter of pushing a bell and making known one's wants. But that was in a happier day. The Jefferson Davis Bard who had been the lord and master of Bardstown Manor, when Virginia acres swelled and grew lush with profits for the Bard exchequer, was only a memory now. Out of all those merry years but one thing remained to the old man on the curb: the grand manner that had distinguished him as a personage from Washington to Atlanta.

And now even that last link with the gentle heritage of his ancestors was being erased beneath the bludgeoning thud and rub of the struggle to maintain existence in a topsy-turvy world, which seemed unaccountably unaware of the fact that no gentleman soils his hands with work.

In short, Jefferson Davis Bard was a bum.

AND lest his mind close itself to the decadent social scale into which he had fallen certain persons made it a point to bring the matter to his attention. One such approached him now, the solid footfalls echoing sharply on the pavement. Patrolman James Patrick Murtha was in far from happy mood this bright spring morning.

"I been watching you for three days, now," he said menacingly in Jefferson Bard's ear as he halted at his side, swinging the ash of authority suggestively. "Some of you bums kicked in two of the vacant houses on this beat in a week and I'm catching hell for it. If you're here tonight when I come on again I'll run you in." The nightstick prodded the Bard ribs. "Beat it," said Patrolman Murtha.

The remnant of an F. F. V. shivered again beneath the tweed raglan and shuffled west without speaking. At West End Avenue he halted and peered apprehensively over his shoulder. No blue bulk was visible upon the immediate landscape. A block south he saw a traffic stop-light. It beckoned. He knew from experience that stop-lights facilitated the search for a morning smoke.

"I shan't do it," he muttered to himself. But his stride did not shorten. He had been through all that before. At the intersection he halted and stood hesitantly at the curb.

The lights changed from green to red. A shricking of brakes. Out of the lanes of traffic shot a long, low cream-and-silver roadster, scraping the curb as it groaned to a halt almost upon Jefferson's toes.

There were two people in the seat, a boy and a girl. She was at the wheel. A pretty youngster, Jefferson noted, though obviously not sober at the moment. "Too much money, too many toddies," philosophized the scarecrow in tweed. He stopped thinking about it abruptly. It opened an unpleasant vista in the Bard mind.

He scrutinized the boy. It came to him with an amused shock that he had seen him before. They called him "Shoes" down in the Hell's Kitchen speakeasy where he hung out. A tough kid. But good-looking and smooth. One of those hoofers that crash all the high-hat places, and get away with it.

The girl spoke suddenly, shrilly.

"Damn," she said, "these cigarettes are lousy." Her slender arm came up above her head and an oblong box scaled toward the curb. It brushed Jefferson's coat and fell on the grass beside him. It was a very ornate box, Jefferson observed in that second before the protecting shadow of his foot slid over it.

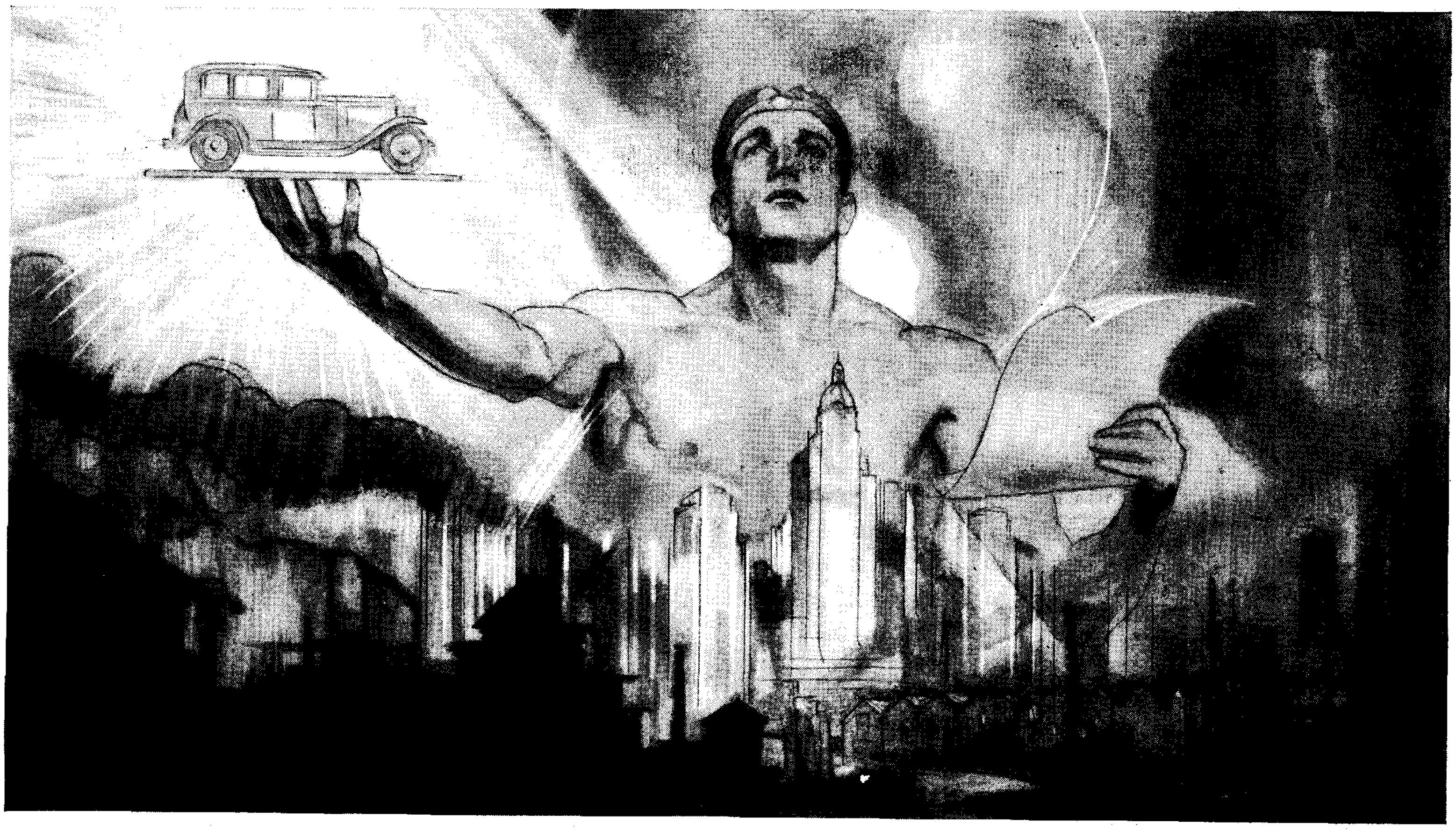
The lights changed again. The cars moved on. Jefferson made a great to-do of brushing soil, real and fancied, from his trouser legs. When he straightened up the box was in his hand. He lifted the lid. A small shower of silver coins tinkled down upon the white cylinders in the bottom.

He counted both.

"Thirteen smokes," he said exultantly, "and eighty cents!"

UNDER the meliorating influence of a second cigarette and a second cup of coffee his breakfast became a rite. It was, Jefferson decided, something of a gay world after all—if one had the proper perspective. With the thought, *he stifled an urge to dip his cruller into* the creamy coffee. He'd been given to gedunking

(*Continued on page 24*)



AS LONG AS MANKIND USES MOTOR CARS THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A BUICK

The motoring public itself has given to Buick the sinews of leadership in the shape of overwhelming demand. A quarter-century of buyer preference has brought to Buick the men, the plants and the resources that spell permanence.

So deeply has Buick woven itself into the life of America that people everywhere regard its very name as a symbol of reliability.

The builders of Buick wish to preserve this good name always. And public good will makes the task at once a duty and a pleasure.

It is a duty because demand so great that more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other car priced above $1200 literally inspires Buick to keep everlasting faith with owners.

It is a pleasure because this is Buick's *fondest desire*, and because public favor throughout a quarter of a century has given Buick unrivaled facilities for continued service and advancement.

The fine craftsmen of the industry — leaders in every phase of motor car manufacture — have brought their talents to Buick. Huge plants of the most modern type have risen to perpetuate Buick quality. Tremendous financial resources have followed as a matter of course.

These advantages spell stability. They attest Buick permanence. They make it possible to say that *Buick leadership is leadership that lasts.*

These are wonderful statements to be able to make about any product. Buick makes them, not boastfully, but as a definite assurance to Buick owners that they can count upon Buick always.

As long as mankind uses motor cars, there will always be a Buick. And as long as Buick builds motor cars, it will always build superlatively well.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factory: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, Oshawa, Ontario

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM doughnuts for some years—when he could get them. But he couldn't do it this morning. A gentleman (who smoked very excellent and expensive Egyptian cigarettes) didn't do that sort of thing.

His eyes centered upon the wall clock above the cashier's cage and he smiled. If was after eight o'clock and the police had changed shifts. "Time for a bit of a stroll on the Drive," he murmured to himself in his grandest manner as he swung out of the lunch-room door and turned toward the river.

At the corner facing the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument he paused to reexamine his treasure. The box, as he had noted earlier, was indicative of elegance and well-being. The top was of thickly padded silk and a faint, aromatic perfume exuded from the cloth.

HE RAISED the top and audited his resources. "Eleven smokes and sixty cents," he smiled. "Ah!" He threw back his lean shoulders and faced south with the crisp breeze from the Hudson in his face.

Half a block ahead a taxicab swooped to the curb, and after a pause, a slenderly built young man in evening dress alighted. The cab drove off but the fare swayed uncertainly upon the square of pavement where he had first reached terra firma. He was examining something in his right hand with obvious perplexity.

As Jefferson approached he saw the something was a bunch of keys. "A situation requiring deepest concentration," he said, stopping at the young man's elbow. The voice was Jefferson Davis Bard at his best; rich, smooth, amiably comforting.

The wayfarer felt its warm sympathy. He shook his head sadly.

"Losht," he muttered. He waved the assortment of keys. "One of these key fish one thoze houze. Who can tell?"

Jefferson looked up. They were standing before two gray stone houses of identical architectural mold.

"Think hard," he adjured, "which way do you turn when you go in your door?"

The other blinked rapidly for a moment. Then he shut his eyes and tiptoed forward, making ineffectual paddling motions with his hands. Suddenly he poised on the balls of both feet and swung about.

"Right," he shouted.

"Quite right," agreed Jefferson. "You live in the house to the south because the doorways are so arranged that you couldn't possibly turn to the right in the other one, without bumping into solid wall."

He slipped a hand under the other's elbow and steered toward the southernmost porch. "Now if you will hand me your keys!" he suggested.

The homing person faced about in ready acquiescence, and then checked himself so suddenly that he balanced precariously at the edge of the steps. He appeared to have seen his rescuer for the first time and his eyes popped in amazement.

His clothes, Jefferson realized suddenly, did not fit his voice. He smiled whimsically.

"Just getting in myself," he said offhand. "Masquerade, y'know."

The keys cascaded into Jefferson's palm. "S'perfect," the other assured him gravely, "y' look like a bum." He leaned against a stone porch pillar and gazed into space while Jefferson found the right key by elimination.

"Life's like that—jus' a mazerade," he soliloquized as the door swung open.

THE young man's room was on the third floor. It was apparent from the shrouded furniture and drawn shades of the lower strata that he was the only occupant. Jefferson supported him with a deftness born of experience, until they achieved the bedroom door. The cool white coverlet and downy pillow seemed to lure the stiff-shirted host irresistibly. He loosened his hold upon the Bardian *neck and weaved to the bed.*

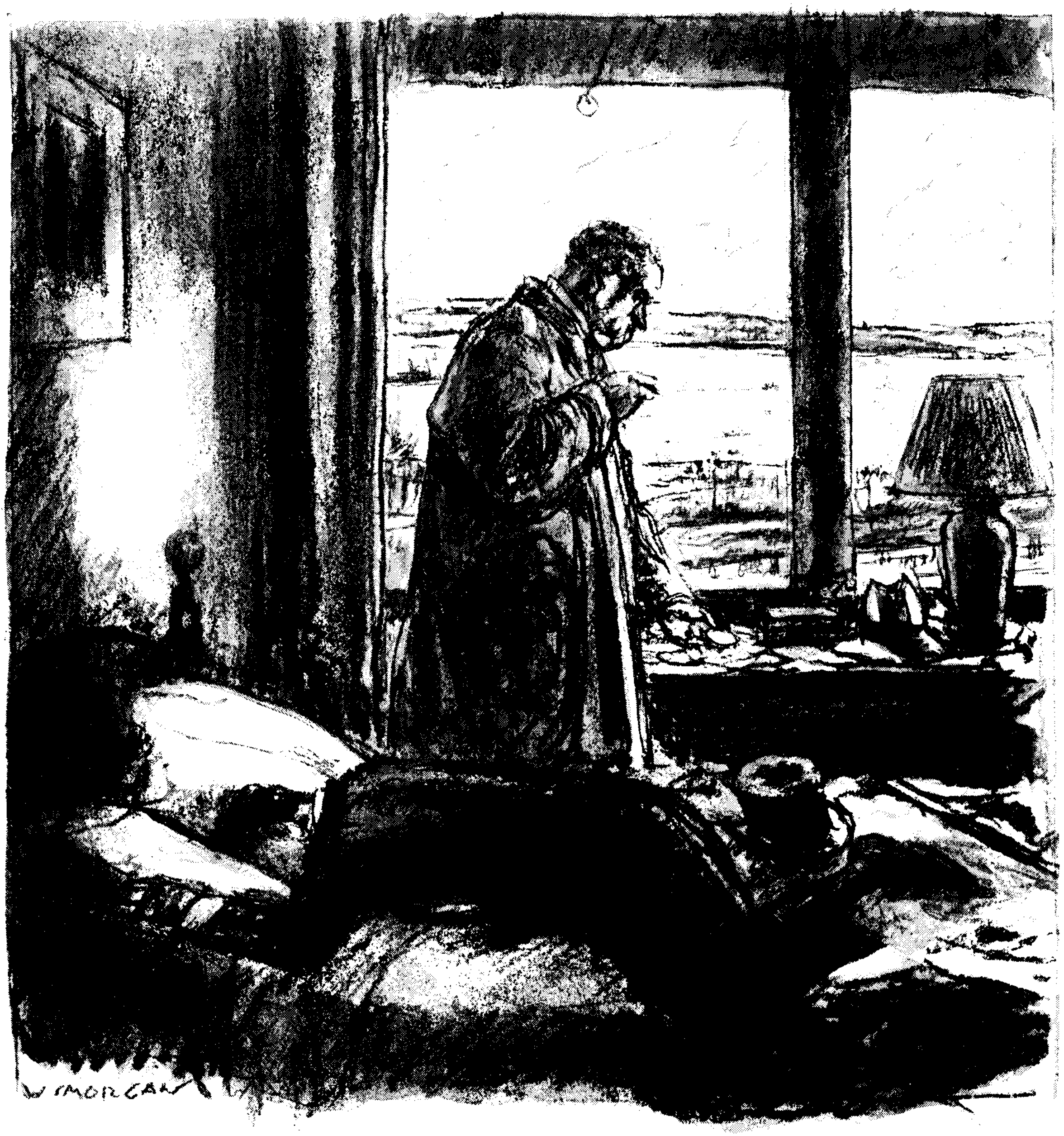
"Frien' o' m' youth," he whispered, "he'p y'se'f to any li'l' thing y' wan'." He flung his arm about in a grand gesture and fell on his face on the pillow. A moment later a gentle snore rose in benediction over his recumbent frame.

Jefferson sighed and pulled open the warm blue hangings of the great triple window that overlooked the water-front. He could see the bush and a corner of its canopied bench where he had passed the night. What had the boy said?—"Life was a masquerade?"

He shook himself abruptly and felt for a cigarette. There were some on the table where he had put his battered Homburg. Good ones, he saw by the familiar brand name. But he disdained them. He wanted one of his own.

He drew the satisfying smoke deep. It was pleasant here. He could pass the day at his ease. Sleep, if he felt so inclined. And perhaps there was food below stairs.

His eyes traveled back to the table. A confusion of things was scattered about. At one end lay a heap of impedimenta such as a hurrying man dumps from his pockets in the course of a quick change of clothing. He moved closer and catalogued it abstractedly. A letter or two, a black-and-gold pencil, some crumpled bills and silver and a die-cut oval of pasteboard with several sheets of paper padded to it and a gay-colored string looped through an eyelet at the top. It looked familiar.



Jefferson's eyes traveled back to the table. A confusion of things was scattered about

Jefferson poked at the thing until it turned over, face up. "Belmont Park," he read in bold lettering, and below that, "Clubhouse." He smiled reminiscently. *As he had thought, it was a season* badge to the races.

Jefferson's mind leaped back to the association with the last words he had heard: "Help yourself to anything you want." He shook his head. "Not to be taken literally. But a bit of a loan?" He exhaled sharply and crunched out the dying embers of his cigarette. "Why not?"

At twelve o'clock Jefferson Davis Bard emerged from the adjoining dressing-room, bathed, shaved and immaculate in clean linen and proper apparel. Things in general, he found, fitted exceptionally well, although the shoes were a bit large, and the hat required an extra roll of newspaper beneath the band to preserve its properly jaunty tilt upon his head.

Returning to the table he wrote carefully for a moment. Then he propped the note against the lamp and pocketed the badge and the four one-dollar bills.

"Circumstances," he had written, "over which I have no control make it imperative that I dash off to a business conference without the delay necessary were I to return to my own establishment to change. I have imposed upon your hospitality to the extent of borrowing the requisite wardrobe but hope to return before your evening dinner hour to make restitution."

The note was unsigned but in a space below the last line he added:

"I have just discovered that my wallet has disappeared in some mysterious fashion and have further intruded upon your kindness by availing myself of four dollars in bills which were on the table. I am eternally in your debt, believe me—J. D. B."

Jefferson let himself out of the house. A cab cruised speculatively close to the curb. He raised his arm.

"Pennsylvania Station, m'lad," he murmured.

THE Belmont paddock, tree-shaded and spacious as ever the lawns of Bardstown Manor, bathed Jefferson in a rehabilitating aura of old memories and present joys. The pungent smell of sweating horses, oiled leather, spring earth and crushed grass was sharp in his nostrils, redolent of that other day. Tomorrow he might be back on a park bench. Today he was Jefferson Davis Bard, Esq.

He sat in the sun, watching the crowds and the horses—and the trooping years passed in review before him. He had been a very great fool, but by the same token he had always been a gentleman. That was consolation, this was recompense.

He couldn't bet without money. But surprisingly, that made no difference, he discovered when the colt he fancied came home a galloping winner of the second race. All of the old thrill was there.

He was standing in the midst of a throng that hemmed in a group of two-year-olds when he became conscious that someone was speaking to him.

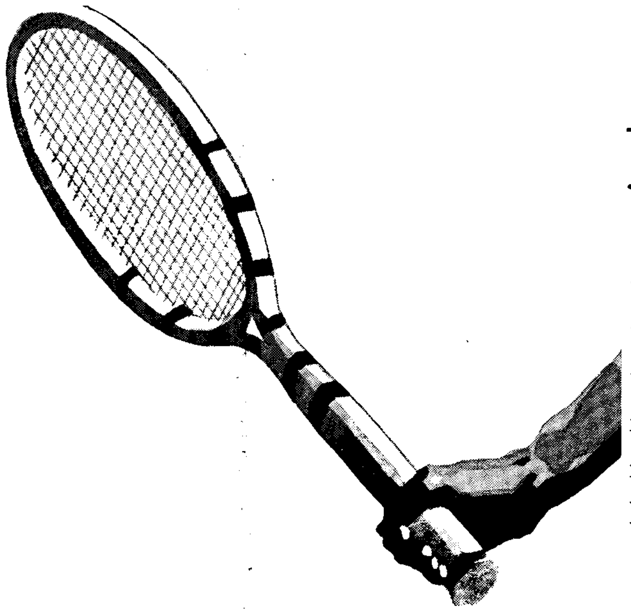
"Know

(*Continued on page 46*)

If there's a split-second advantage in a tennis racket

you want it!

and you get it in the Top-Flite!

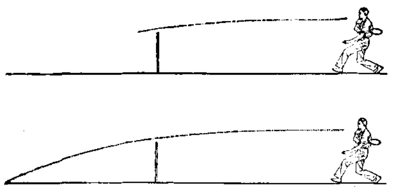


WHEN you can get a tennis racket that will steam up your drives—that will add zip to your back-hand—that will give you a split-second jump on the other fellow with every smash you make—you want that racket! And that racket is the Wright & Ditson Top-Flite!

Fast as a streak of chain-lightning, this great bat has flashed its way to fame and half a hundred major championships throughout the world—in just three years! No other tennis racket in the history of the game has ever hung up such an amazing record of wins! It is called "The world's fastest bat"—and it was deliberately built to be just that. Built differently from any other tennis racket ever created! Built to be faster than any bat the game had ever before known!

Head—smaller and lighter. Stringing—tighter, more responsive. Shoulder—constructed to provide the strength for many restringings. And—best of all—an open throat. That's what gives the Top-Flite its delightful whip! A whip and flexibility never before attained in a tennis racket!

Play this faster bat. Thrill to its marvelous speed, its sweet-handling balance, its amazing get-up-and-go! Get yours today. There's a Top-Flite that's labeled "you" at your favorite department store or sporting goods dealer's — a Top-Flite with just the weight, the balance, the feel you like. And it's only $15.00.



Gets the ball there a split-second quicker

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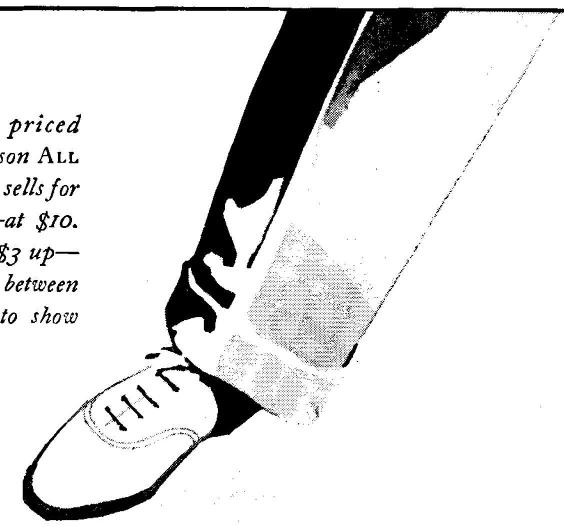
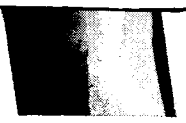
THE GOLD STAR *Here's another great bat, the Wright & Ditson Gold Star—a bat that is used by National and Davis Cup players the world over. $15.00 at your dealer's*





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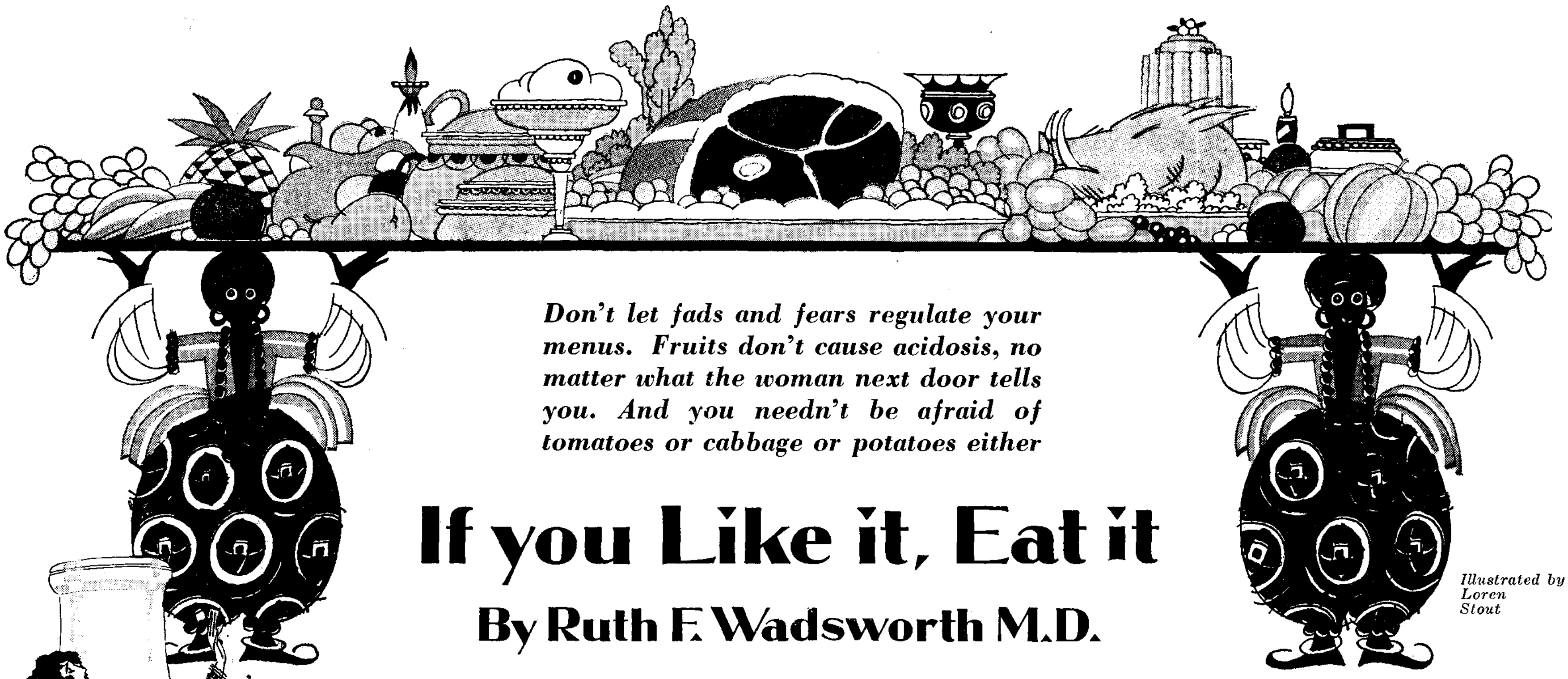
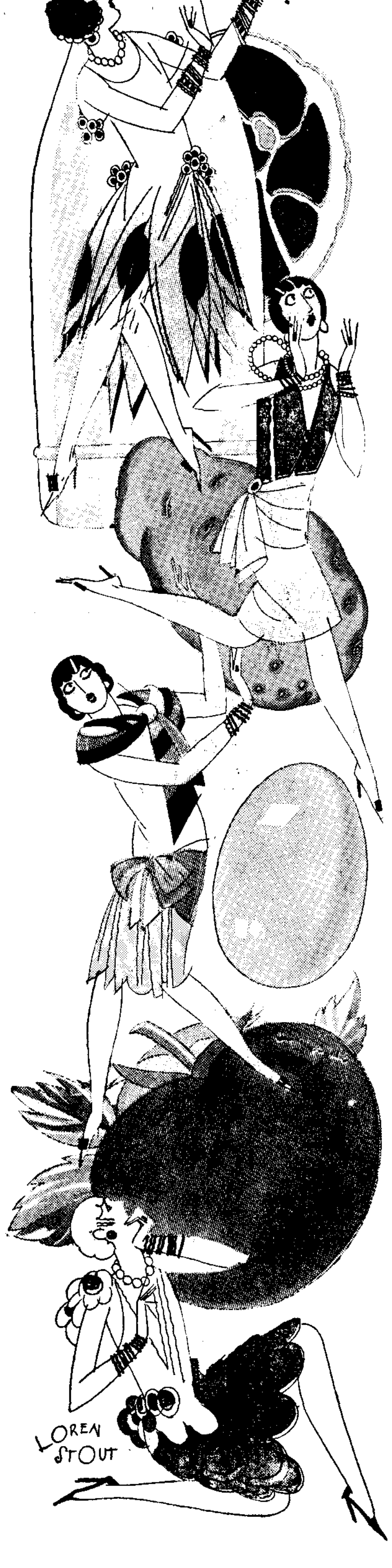


Don't let fads and fears regulate your menus. Fruits don't cause acidosis, no matter what the woman next door tells you. And you needn't be afraid of tomatoes or cabbage or potatoes either

If you Like it, Eat it

By Ruth F. Wadsworth M.D.

Illustrated by Loren Stout



I STOOD beside a stranger one day at a big tea. The table near us was laden with more than the usual array of delicious-looking sandwiches and little cakes.

"Pretty tempting," I ventured to my neighbor.

She inspected the table sourly. "Not to me," she said. "I can't eat sandwiches."

"You can't eat *what?*" I asked, thinking I had not heard her aright.

"Sandwiches," she repeated. "They always have such indigestible things in them. Fish, and nuts, and lettuce, and tomato and caviar and mayonnaise. I can't eat any of them."

"What do they do to you?" I inquired, trying to conceal a professional interest.

"Well," she began, and I knew we were off for the afternoon, "nuts give me gas, and fish gives me a rash, and tomato and pickles and lettuce give me acidosis—" I very nearly screamed at this point—"and mayonnaise makes me bilious. . . ."

I hated to leave her but I knew I should be rude in a minute and then I was afraid she would inquire who I was and ruin my practice. An Englishwoman standing nearby followed me with an amused smile on her face.

"You Americans!" she said. "What a bother you make about food! Why can't you eat what Heaven provides and be thankful?"

"Why indeed?" I agreed.

Widespread Worry About Foods

Of course, before we allow ourselves to be irritated by the food fads of our friends, we should consider seriously whether preoccupation with the dire possibilities of innocent foods is not their major amusement in life. Anybody who *wants* and enjoys food prejudices should be allowed their harmless pastime. But sometimes I think there should be a law to prevent their making such pastimes subjects of social conversation.

Whether Americans are more prone to worry needlessly about the effects of various foods on their insides than are other nationals, I don't pretend to know; but I do know that they are subject enough to such worry to make one wonder whether they really have enough important matters to occupy their minds. Certainly the worry about food is more common among the rich than among the poor; among the leisurely than among the occupied.

When food fads are handed down from parents to their children it does seem unfair; no child should be started out in life with such a handicap to a care-free existence. And if the parents are seriously afflicted with prejudice it is almost impossible to avoid contaminating their children's minds with it.

With most people, in fact, prejudice against any one article of food is rooted in early childhood, and is extremely difficult to eradicate. They may be reasonable and in most ways sensible individuals, but they do not want to be convinced that they have been wasting years of their life in useless care.

Our Favorite Food Bugaboos

Like the drunkard who was cured of his habit by psychoanalysis, who wandered into the nearest speakeasy one day after he was completely cured, and got roaring drunk because, as he explained to his analyst afterward, he found he "missed the habit"—they do not want to be freed of their prejudices: they would miss them as a neurotic misses an exploded symptom.

At the risk of being accused of trying to be funny I will list some of the commoner food prejudices. There is scarcely a person living who has not one of them, much as he may laugh at the ones from which he is free.

Of the *fruits:*

There is hardly one which does not inspire fear in someone.

The heaviest charge against fruit is that it "causes acid" or an "acid condition," or even acidosis, a term which people use grandly without understanding its meaning at all. (Acidosis is a disturbance in the acid-alkali balance of the blood.)

Fruit is also supposed to cause intestinal disturbance, chiefly diarrhea. And lastly, many fruits, particularly apples and pineapples, are supposed to be "indigestible," by which is meant that they "repeat" or are regurgitated in particles after they have been swallowed.

Pears are thought by some to have a particularly noxious effect on the intestines, especially in the very young. Bananas come in for a lot of prejudice, chiefly of an occult, undefined nature. They are just anathema—useless to define their evil character. I have even heard people say that you must not eat fruit and bread in the same meal; nor fruit and milk; nor fruit and fish.

All berries are thought to be constipating, "because of their seeds."

Let us exonerate the poor fruits before we go further.

On the charge of causing acid condition: we have only to read the modern authenticated fruit advertisements to know that this charge is false. While the raw fruit, before it is eaten, is acid in reaction, when it is digested and gets into the blood stream its product is alkaline; therefore fruit is what we call "potentially alkaline."

Ask any diabetic, whose chief danger in life is the onset of true acidosis, what he does when he feels the first dreaded symptoms. He will tell you that he rushes to the nearest soda fountain and drinks orange juice. Acidosis, by the way, is not caused by consuming acid, but by eating too much fat in proportion to the sugar consumed.

As to the intestinal effect of fruit: it has a very real one, but very rarely does it take the form of diarrhea. Fruit is our chief source of Vitamin B, that substance which regulates the activity of the intestine by keeping up its tone and general good condition. But when we say fruit regulates the activity of the intestine we do not imply that it is laxative by irritation. On the contrary. People who eat great quantities of fruit have generally just normal intestinal evacuations.

One of the greatest blows to the fruit fearers is the very modern treatment (and a highly successful one) for chronic colitis with diarrhea, of giving large amounts of green vegetables and fruits, raw or cooked.

As to their indigestibility: what do we mean by indigestibility, anyway? In the very nature of their composition, it is impossible for fruits to be entirely digested: they all contain large amounts of cellulose, which is an indigestible material. But that does not mean that they cause "indigestion."

Fruit Also Has Its Faults

Any food which is of low specific gravity is likely—when it is chewed and enters the stomach with a certain amount of free fluid—to float on top of the stomach contents. In the person of nervous temperament such floating material is often regurgitated, but this is not indigestion.

As I once heard a famous neurologist say to a patient complaining of regurgitation: "When you feel that something is about to be regurgitated—just refuse to accept it. Swallow it again, and you will soon get over the habit." In other words, (*Continued on page 58*)

OWNER LOYALTY

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The Durant Six-Sixty is daily winning new hosts of friends to the ranks of Durant users—re-emphasizing Durant *owner-loyalty.*

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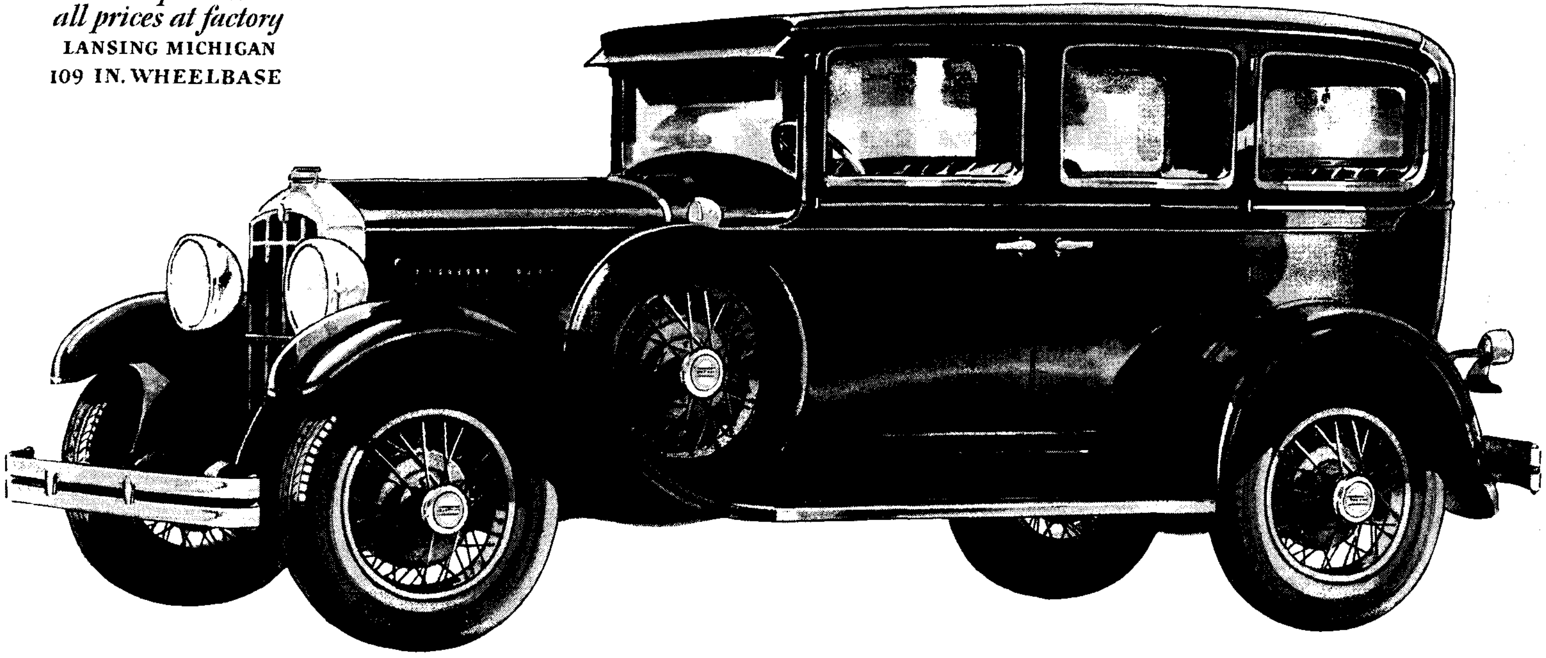
SIX-SIXTY
$685
and upwards
all prices at factory
LANSING MICHIGAN
109 IN. WHEELBASE



The Six-Sixty De Luxe Sedan $875

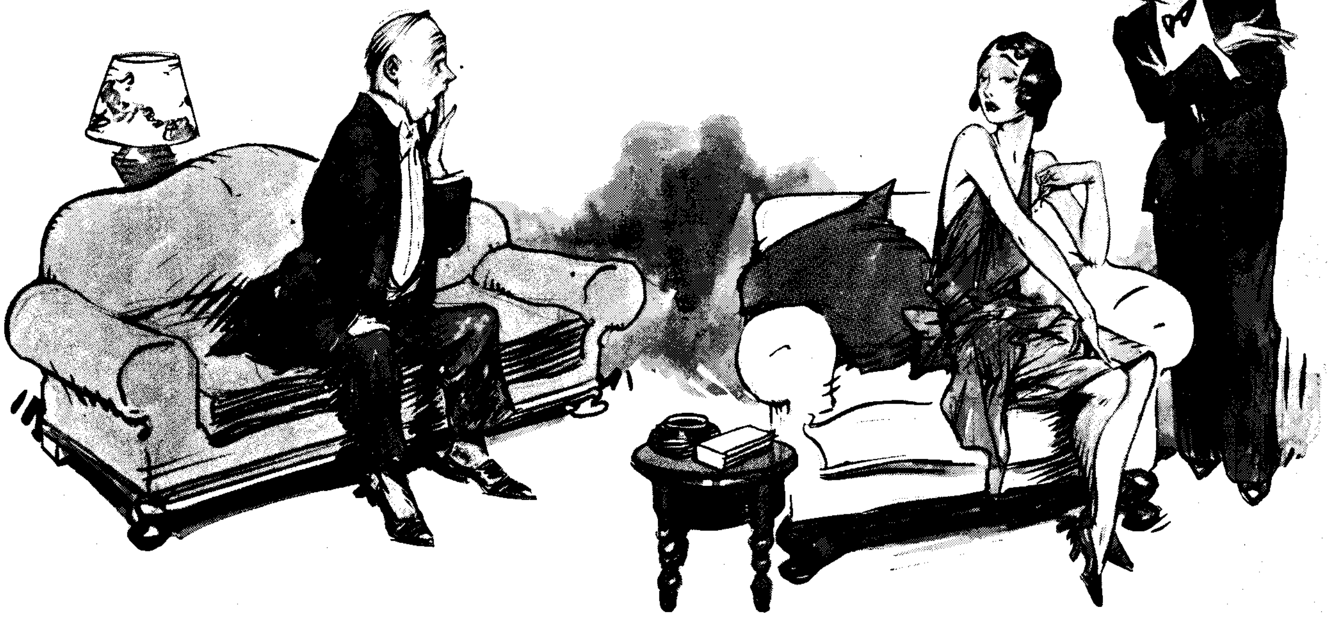
DURANT

A GOOD CAR

The Shock Market

My cook left yesterday because I wouldn't put a ticker in the kitchen, and my chauffeur doesn't report for duty until the market closes. Street cleaners refuse to pick up anything but financial papers an' only last week a performance at the Metropolitan was busted up by the tenor seein' the man that told him to go short on Montgomery Ward

Uncle Henry



"If you happen to mention Art or Literature, people give you a dirty look"

"WHY is America what it is today?" Uncle Henry demanded rhetorically. "Because we're a *thorough* people. What do we *do*. For instance, when we set out to make fools out of ourselves it's not in the careless, casual Latin way, but passionately, industriously an' indefatigably.

"You remember prohibition, of course. It was hard on the stomach, to be sure, but even harder on the ear. For four or five years, absolutely nothin' else was talked about. It got so I dreaded goin' out, for all you heard was how to dress the burns when you spilled a cocktail on your hands, what a joke it was to call America a free country, the best antidote for wood alcohol, cures for blindness, an' Italian places where you could get it if they didn't know you.

"An' now we've gone crazy over Wall Street gamblin'. No matter where you go, the one subject of conversation is melons, mergers, margins an' millions, with a low, moanin' undertone about how everythin' goes up the minute you sell it. If you happen to mention Art or Literature, people give you a dirty look, or want to know if they're on the Big Board or the Curb, where you got the tip, an' what ought you to hold for.

"Stocks, stocks, stocks!

"The hookworm was never half so deadly in its ravages as the tapeworm. My cook left yesterday because I wouldn't put a ticker in the kitchen, my chauffeur doesn't report for duty until the market closes, I have to read quotations to the garbage man, an' the grocer boy came into my room at five o'clock this mornin', wantin' to know if the recent slump meant the end of the bull market or was it only a technical readjustment an' corrective reaction.

"Everybody's doin' it. They've had to cut out mile races because the jockeys won't go that far from the ticker; street cleaners refuse to pick up anything but financial papers, an' only last week a performance at the Metropolitan was busted up by the tenor seein' the man that told him to go short on Montgomery Ward.

Somethin' for Nothin'

"Do you see these loathsome stains on my coat? I got 'em at luncheon. Jes' as the waiter was servin' me my soup, a man at the next table happened to mention that Celery Consolidated had gone off ten points from the openin'. Until waiters get out of the market, a man's a fool to order anything more liquid than a hard-boiled egg, for it's as much as your clothes are worth to have 'em bring you creamed spinach, asparagus or Irish stew.

"The Lord only knows when I'm ever goin' to get a shave. What with all the barbers up to their necks in Bank of Italy, their hands are about as steady as those of a xylophone player.

"Women are gamblin' jes' as insanely as the men. All the big brokerage houses now provide parkin' space for baby carriages, an' throw in a bottle of soothin' syrup with every ten-share order.

"Unfortunately, 'Lonzo, nothin' can be done about it. From the dawn of time, humanity has deluded itself with the fond hope that some day, somehow, a scheme can be worked out that will give somethin' for nothin'. Through the slow, painful centuries we have been trimmed by a bewilderin' variety of brace games, but not all the bitter experience of the past has been able to abate our gluttony for punishment. As soon as we save up, we're back at it again.

"Back in the days of my godless youth, I'm ashamed to confess that it was my sinful habit to frequent a faro lay-out presided over by a frock-coated gentleman with a magenta mustache an' fish-belly complexion. One night, however, I got there to find the place dark, but on the door hung this sign: 'Closed for repairs. Put your money under the door.' I don't know how it affected others, but that little outburst of frankness saved me.

"Where the great moral teachers make their mistake is in figurin' work as an instinct. Nine tenths of mankind look on it as an affliction. Easy money comes close to bein' the universal dream, an' if you pushed by the adenoids of the average man, an' got a look at his mental processes, you'd find that he wasn't thinkin' of the factory whistle, but about stumblin' on buried treasure, discoverin' a gold mine or pullin' off a killin' in Wall Steet.

"Aside from a cold-boiled potato, there's nothin' that possesses less emotional appeal than thrift. When our millionaires, grown garrulous, insist on tellin' the world how they got their start by savin' pennies, no doubt they think they're makin' an impression, but if the truth were told, what everybody is sayin' to himself is somethin' like 'The poor simp.'

"Of all the systems devised to part a fool from his money, the stock market is by far an' away the most effective. In a land boom, for instance, you do get a corner lot, even if it is under water or up by the Arctic Circle. In bridge, too, there is the possibility of a break, for it is sometimes the case that a wife forgets to revoke, an' when you bet on a horse there is always the chance that the other entries may break their legs or drop dead.

"But after the Wall Street crowd gets through with one of the Easy Money boys, he can't leave the broker's office until his wife or one of the children comes down with a loin cloth an' a shawl.

Nothin's Too Crazy

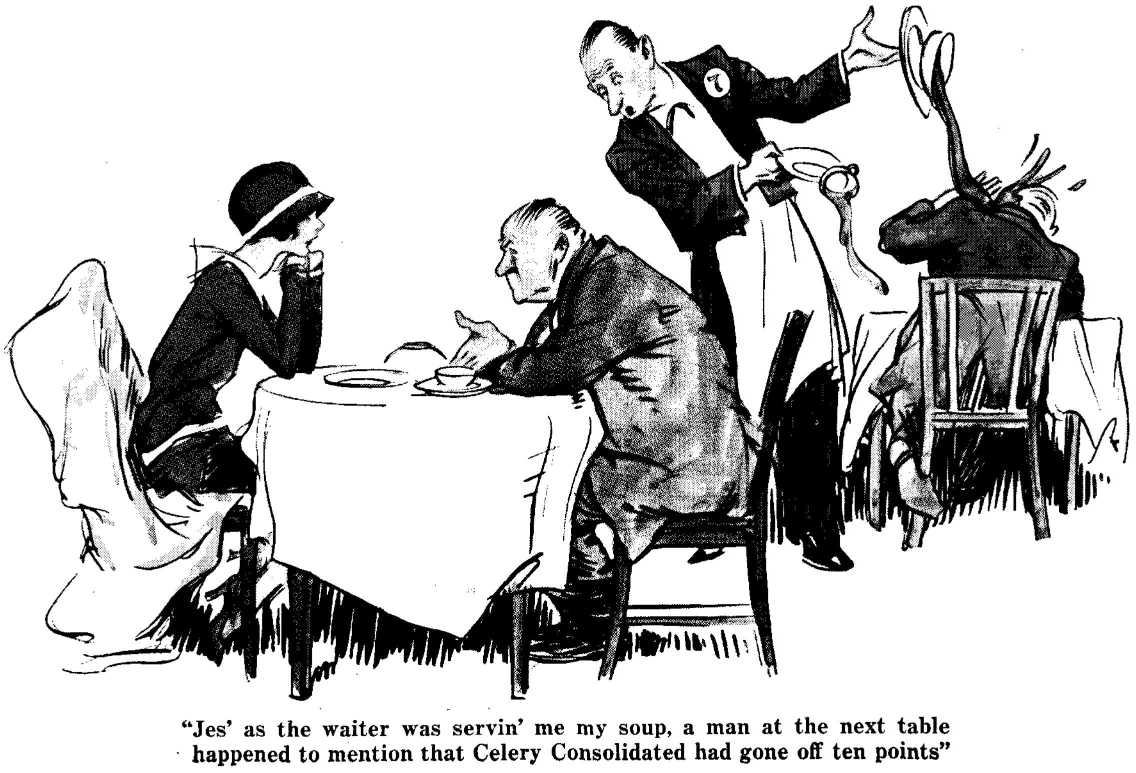
"Heaven knows we try to make it easy for 'em. Even the biggest fool in the world wouldn't play cards for money unless he had some elementary knowledge of the game, but I know people who've bet the savin' of a lifetime in Wall Street on no larger amount of information than a tip from a man who claimed to know a man who knew the cousin of the elevator boy in Arthur Cutten's office buildin'.

"I was talkin' only yesterday with a clerk who's seriously considerin' givin' up his job so as to devote his entire time to the stock market, an' before we finished our conversation he was explainin' to me that he meant to buy jes' a few margins at a time, when, if an' as issued, sellin' out when the quarterly deficits showed a handsome increase, an' buyin' back every time the Federal Reserve Board reported an improvement in the King of England's health.

"Nothin' is too crazy for the Wall Street nut to bet on. He'll buy stock on the rumor that Scarface Al Capone has given the Hoosatonic Machine Gun Co. a million-dollar order; that the Boulder Dam an' Mississippi flood work is goin' to make a brisk demand for rubber boots; that International Candy has opened up a new butterscotch field in Siberia, or that a newsboy heard Jesse Livermore say 'Humph.'"

"I reckon it's true," said Mr. Stubbs, "that there's a sucker born every minute."

"Wall Street," said Uncle Henry, "has worked it up to triplets."



"Jes' as the waiter was servin' me my soup, a man at the next table happened to mention that Celery Consolidated had gone off ten points"

Watch Your Home Town Paper

DO YOU GO ROUND IN 90?
DO YOU GO ROUND IN 75?
DO YOU GO ROUND IN 100?
DO YOU GO ROUND IN 70?
DO YOU GO ROUND IN 80?
DO YOU GO ROUND IN 95?

Most Sensational Trophy for Which Amateur Golfers Have Ever Competed

Amazing Contest Inaugurates Hol-Hi Week—May 11th to 18th, inclusive.....YOU have as much chance of winning as the world's greatest amateurs—maybe more!

IT'S a long lane that has no turning! And oh Boy, what an opportunity this is going to be for Mr. Average Golfer to get even with the big fellows who usually steal all the limelight!

Gather round, you golfers with the mighty wallop. Fame, celebrity, press clippings, newspaper photographs and fun galore are in store for some unknown and his club. Start practicing now for Hol-Hi Week—May 11th-18th, inclusive. Your fellow golfers, Pro, Sporting Goods Dealer, home town newspaper and Collier's will be giving you full details of this Wow of a Contest within a few days or a week—but *now* is the time to start practicing the longest drive you ever smacked from a tee. Never before in history have golfers been able to compete for such a trophy—*and you don't have to travel or spend a nickel to enter the competition!*

Ask Your Pro or Sporting Goods Dealer

HOL-HI WEEK *May 11th to 18th*

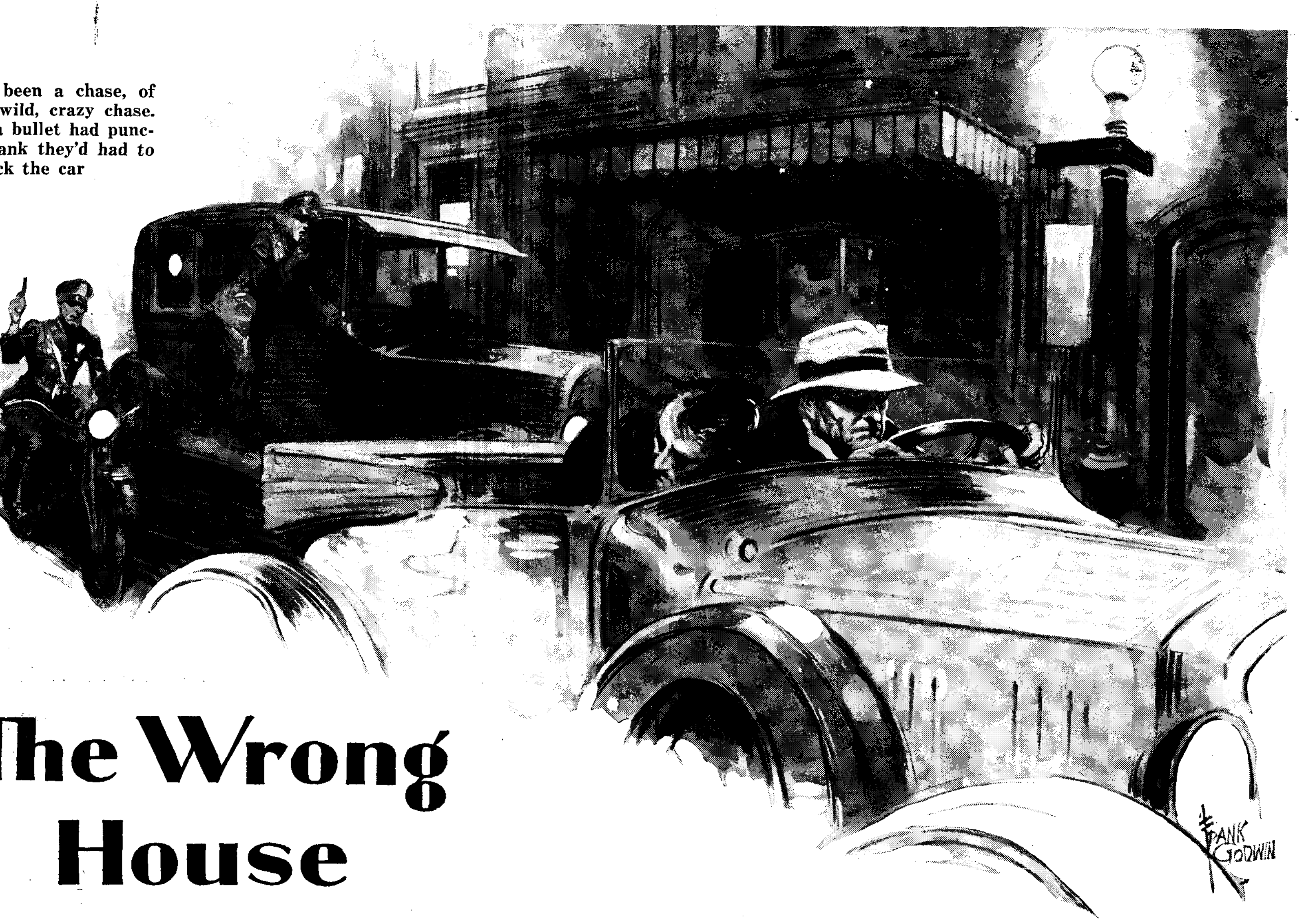
Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

There had been a chase, of course. A wild, crazy chase. And when a bullet had punctured the tank they'd had to chuck the car



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

The Wrong House

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By James N. Young

THE night was dark. And the house was dark. Dark—and silent. The two men raced toward it furtively. Slipped swiftly through the black shrubbery. Reached the porch. Leaped up the steps. Crouched, sobbing for breath, in the sheltering shadows. Waited—listening.

Silence. Perfect silence. Then—out of the blackness—a whisper: "We can't stay out here. . . . Grab this suitcase. . . . Lemme try them keys. We got to get in!"

Ten—twenty—thirty seconds. The door opened. The two men glided through it. Closed it. Locked it.

Whispering, they discussed the situation. Wondered if they'd awakened anyone in the house.

After a time: "Let's have a look at this joint." "Careful, Hasty!" "Oh, they ain't nobody awake! Let's shoot—" And the soft rays of a flashlight swept the room.

It was a large room. A living-room. Rugs, carefully rolled, lay piled on one side. The furniture—chairs, tables, couches—was swathed in sheets. Dust lay like a light snow over everything.

The man who held the flashlight spoke first. "Well, Blackie," he chuckled, "we're in luck. Looks like the family's away."

"Yep. Gone for the summer, I guess. Better make sure, though. Huh?"

Together they searched the house. Tiptoed through every room. There could be no doubt about it. The family *was* away. Had been away for weeks.

Yes, Hasty Hogan and Blackie Burns were in luck. Only once in the past ten days had their luck failed them. It had been with them when they made their big haul—their truly magnificent haul—on the Coast. It had been with them during their 2,000-mile dash eastward, in their little roadster. It had been with them every moment—but one.

That moment had come just one hour before. It came when Blackie, driving the car, ran over a cop. And Blackie, thinking of the suitcase at Hasty's feet, had driven away. Swiftly.

There had been a chase, of course. A wild, crazy chase. And when a bullet had punctured the tank they'd had to chuck the car. But, luck or no luck, here they were. Alone, and carless, in an utterly strange town. But safe and sound—with the *suitcase!*

The suitcase, securely strapped, lay in the center of the table, in the center of the room. In it, neat little bundle on neat little bundle, lay nearly three hundred thousand dollars!

"Listen," said Mr. Hogan. "We got to get a car. Quick, too. And we can't cop one—and use it. Too risky. We got to buy one. That means we got to wait until the dealers open. That'll be about eight in this burg."

"BUT what're we going to do with that?" And Mr. Burns pointed to the suitcase.

"Hide it right here. Sure! Why not? It's a darned sight safer here than with us—until we get that car."

And so they hid the suitcase. Carried it down to the cellar. Buried it deep in the coal bin. After which, just before dawn, they slipped out.

"Say, Blackie," Mr. Hogan remarked as they shuffled down the street, "the name of the gent we're visiting is Mr. Samuel W. Rogers."

"How you know?"

"Saw it on some of them books. He's sure got a swell library, ain't he?"

The motor salesrooms opened at eight, as Mr. Hogan had surmised. Shortly before nine, Mr. Hogan and Mr. Burns had a car. A neat little roadster. Very quiet. Very inconspicuous. And very speedy. The dealer lent them his license plates—and away they rode.

Three blocks from the house, they stopped. Mr. Hogan got out. Walked toward the house. He'd just steal around to the rear, he thought, and creep in.

Fifty yards from the house he stopped. Stared. Swore softly. The front door was open. The shades were up. The family had returned!

Well, what a rotten break! And what could they do? Break into the cellar, that night, and grab the suitcase? No—too risky. Mr. Hogan would have to think of something.

"Leave it to me, kid," he told the appalled Mr. Burns. "You handle that wheel. I'll do the fancy brain-work. . . . Let's find a phone booth. Quick!"

Ten minutes later, Mr. Hogan was consulting a telephone directory. Yes, there it was—Samuel W. Rogers, Plainview 6329. A moment later he was talking to the startled Mr. Rogers.

"Hello," he began, "is this Mr. Rogers—Mr. Samuel W. Rogers?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Rogers."

Mr. Hogan cleared his throat. "Mr. Rogers," he said—and his tone was sharp; official; impressive—"this is Headquarters—Police Headquarters—talking. I am Simpson. Sergeant Simpson, of the Detective Division—"

"Yes, yes!" came over the wire.

"The Chief—the Chief of Police, you know,"—here Mr. Hogan lowered his voice a bit—"has ordered me to get in touch with you. He's sending me out with one of our men to see you."

"Am I in trouble of some sort?" queried Mr. Rogers.

"No, no, no. Nothing like that. But I have something of great importance to talk to you about."

"Very well," came the voice of Mr. Rogers, "I'll wait for you."

"And, Mr. Rogers," Mr. Hogan cautioned, "please keep mum about this. Don't say anything to anybody. You'll understand why when I see you."

ON THE way out Mr. Hogan explained his idea to Mr. Burns.

Within ten minutes "Sergeant Simpson" and "Plainclothesman Johnson" were conversing with the amazed Mr. Rogers. Mr. Rogers was a small man. Rather insignificant. He had pale blue eyes. Not much of a chin. A funny, wrinkled little face. He was very nervous—a badly frightened little man.

Mr. Hogan told the whole story. Somewhat altered. *Decidedly* altered. And Mr. Rogers was thrilled, shocked, delighted.

He accompanied Mr. Hogan to the cellar. And together they dug up the suitcase. Took it to the living-room. Opened it. Saw that it had not been tampered with—that it really did hold a small fortune. Bills, bills, bills!

Mr. Hogan closed the suitcase.

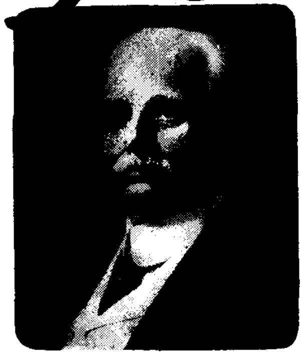
"And now, Mr. Rogers," he announced, in his best official manner, "Johnson and I must run along. The Chief wants a report—quick. We've got to catch the rest of the gang. I'll keep in touch with you."

He picked up the suitcase and rose. Mr. Burns, also, rose. Mr. Rogers, also, rose. The trio walked to the door. Mr. Rogers opened it. "Come on in, boys," he said gently—and in walked three men. Large men. Strong men. Men who stared impudently at Mr. Hasty Hogan and Mr. Blackie Burns.

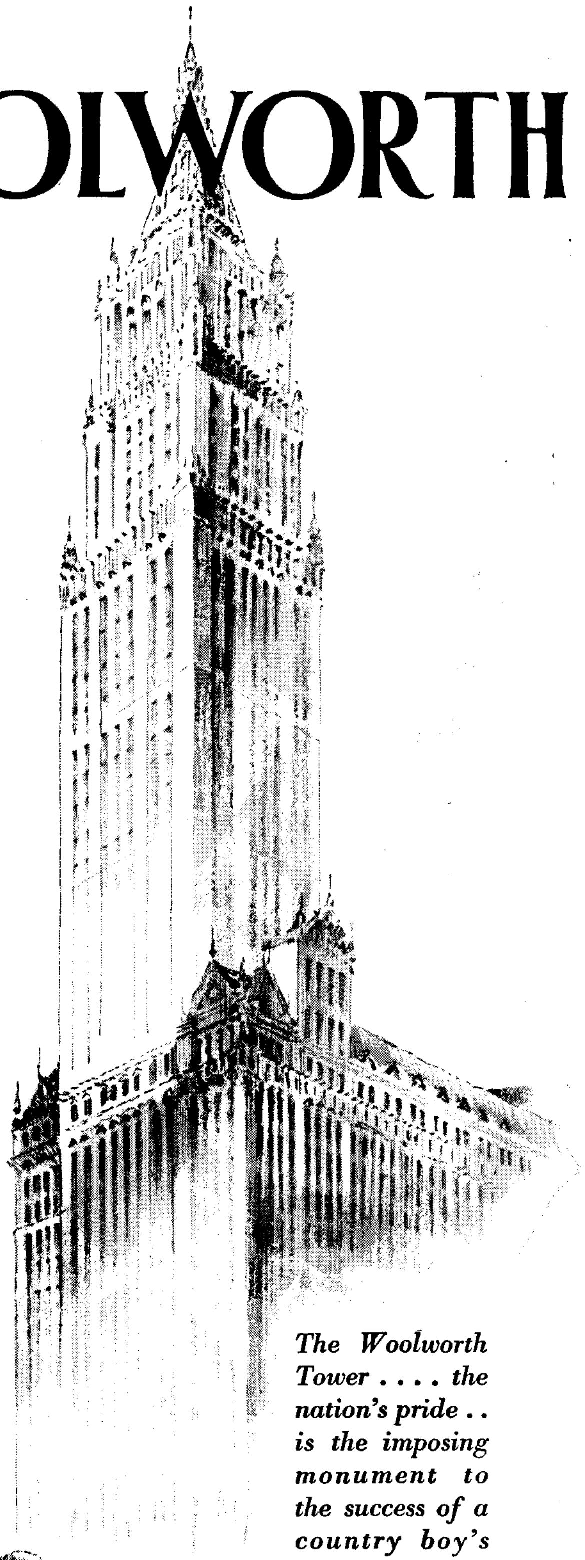
"What does *this* mean, Mr. Rogers?" gasped Mr. Hogan.

"Elementary," said Mr. Rogers, "I am the Chief of Police."

50 YEARS OF WOOLWORTH



brings increased buying power to the small coins of the world



FIFTY years ago Frank W. Woolworth opened his first store. He was a country boy from upstate New York, with three hundred dollars of borrowed capital and a new merchandising idea. That idea was destined to affect more millions of people more intimately than any other in the history of retail merchandising. Today the more than twenty-one hundred F. W. Woolworth Co five and ten cent stores span five countries in two hemispheres . . . and serve more than ten million customers daily.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY SALES

To Interest a Continent

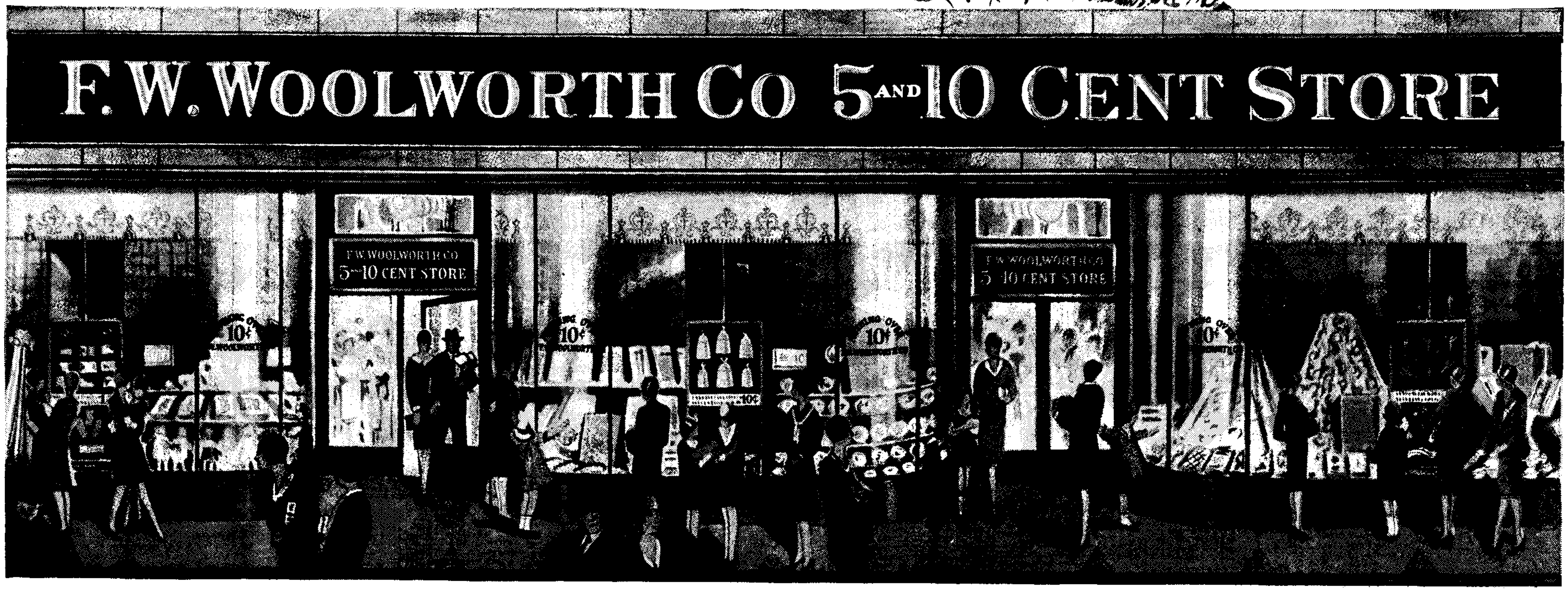
EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY DURING MAY

To give fitting emphasis to its 50th Anniversary the F. W. Woolworth Co has arranged for the month of May a series of special sales . . . with values to emphasize the remarkable buying power of nickels and dimes at Woolworths. These sales will begin in every Woolworth store throughout the United States, Canada and Cuba, on Wednesday, May 1, and will continue each Wednesday and Saturday during the month. See the windows of all Woolworth stores for special sales announcements and displays.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY SOUVENIRS
An interesting Golden Anniversary Book and a Home Shopping Guide of service to every home. Secure copies at any Woolworth Store.

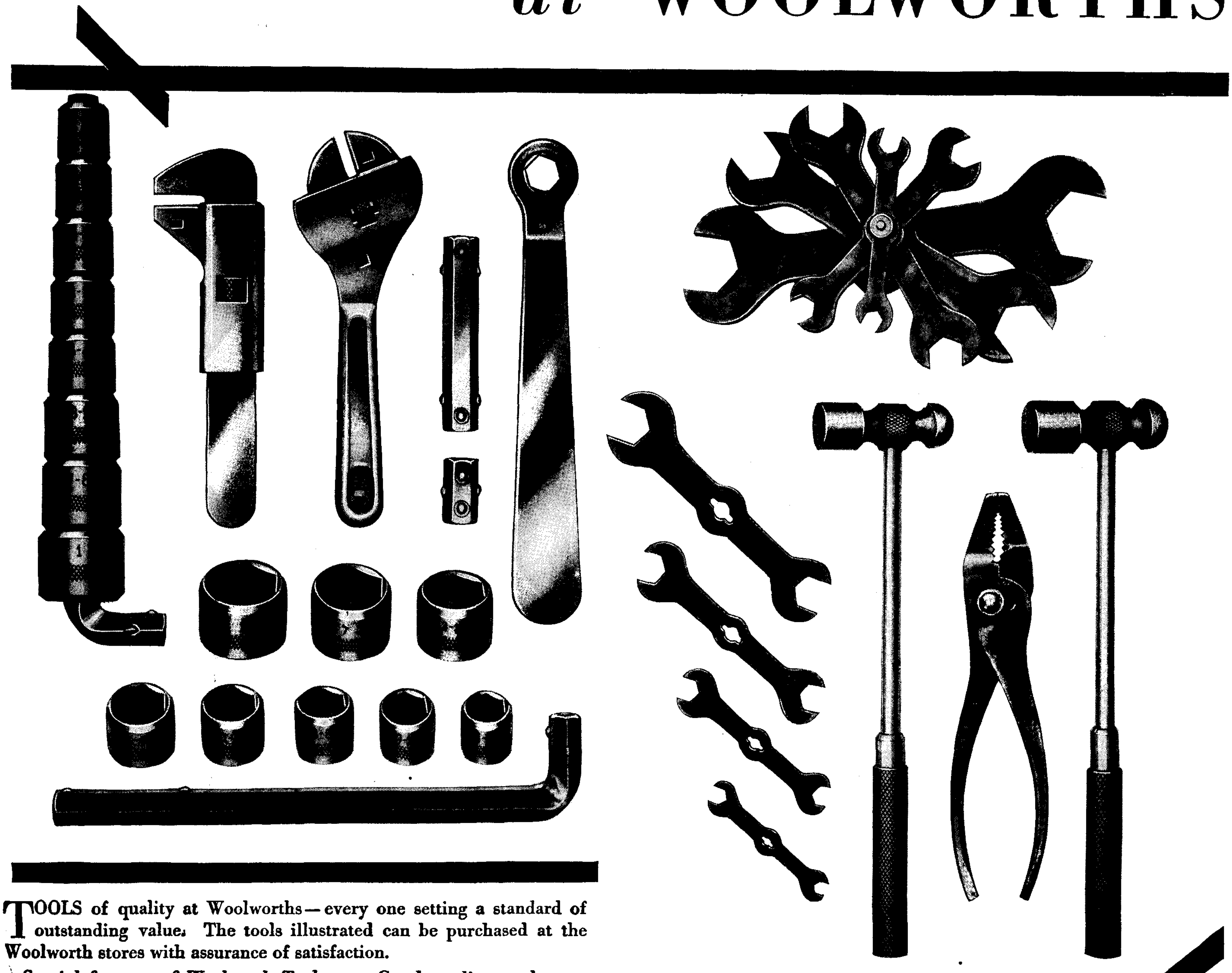
READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES ***for some of the unusual values to be found at all times in Woolworth stores.***

The Woolworth Tower . . . . the nation's pride . . is the imposing monument to the success of a country boy's great merchandising dream.


F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 10 CENT STORE
10¢

ORIGINATOR OF THE 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

TOOLS FOR AUTO OR HOME *at* WOOLWORTHS

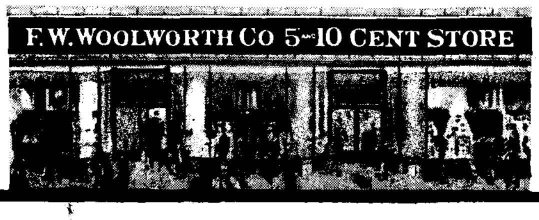


TOOLS of quality at Woolworths — every one setting a standard of outstanding value. The tools illustrated can be purchased at the Woolworth stores with assurance of satisfaction.

Special features of Woolworth Tools are: Good quality steel . . . Proper hardening and tempering . . . Accurate fit . . . Excellent finish and . . . Convenient units of purchase.

All Socket Wrenches are marked with size, and fit all size nuts easily without slipping; Monkey Wrench and Angle Wrench adjust smoothly; Ratchet Handle has positive Ratchet, and is extra sturdy; Steel Hammers have knurled handles for positive grip, while heads are especially tempered to stand real use; Slip Joint Pliers are made with both gripping and cutting jaws; Flat Wrenches, in addition to their use for tightening nuts, are equipped with dies for cleaning and straightening threads or both.

You are sure to find at Woolworths tools of quality for many uses, that will give entire satisfaction and save many times their cost.



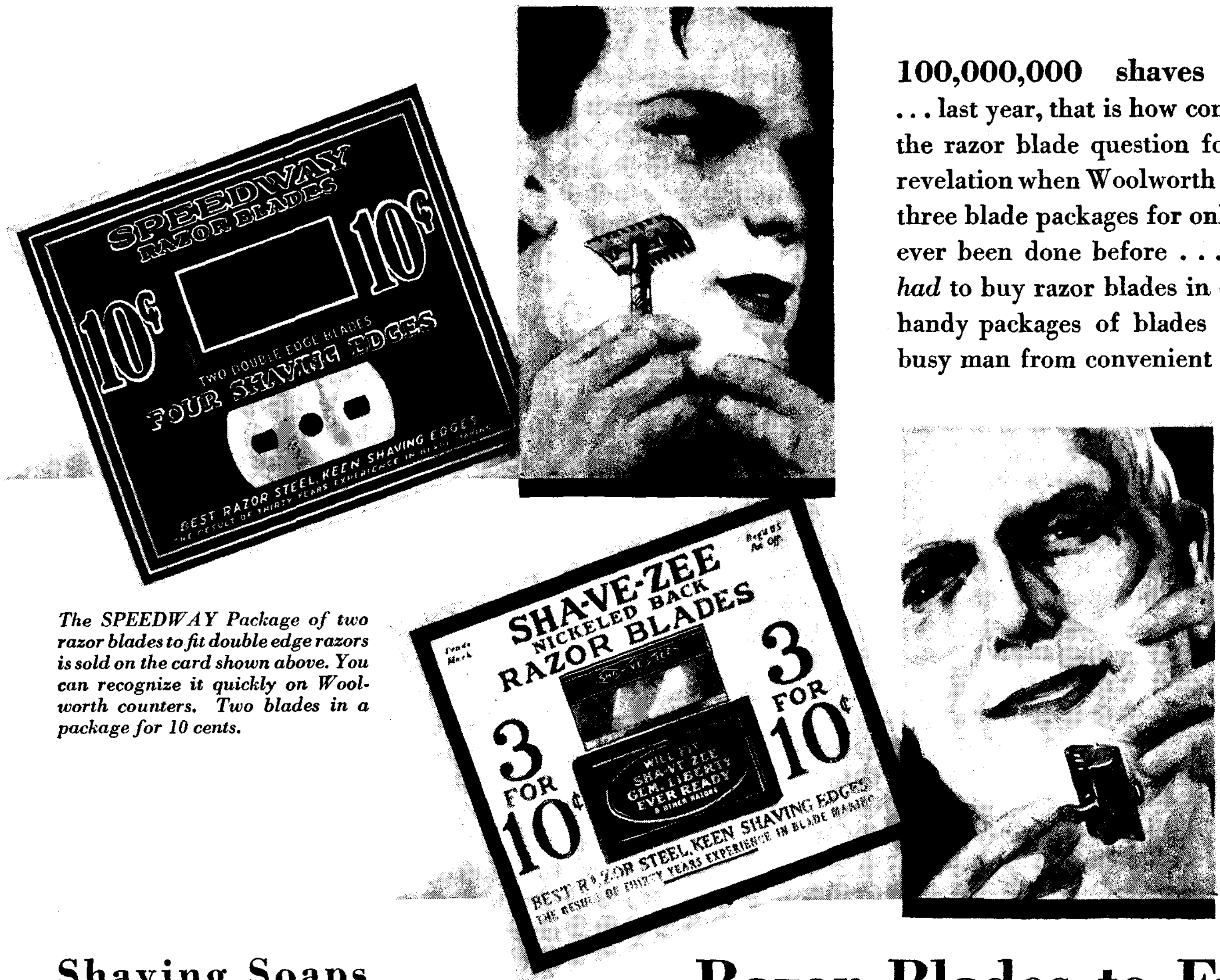
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

RAZOR BLADES IN 10¢ PACKAGES *at* WOOLWORTHS

100,000,000 shaves with Woolworth blades . . . last year, that is how convincingly Woolworth answered the razor blade question for men. It was something of a revelation when Woolworth offered two blade packages and three blade packages for only a dime . . . nothing like it had ever been done before . . . men had always thought they *had* to buy razor blades in expensive packages. Now these handy packages of blades can always be secured by the busy man from convenient Woolworth counters.


SPEEDWAY
RAZOR BLADES
10¢
10¢
TWO DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
FOUR SHAVING EDGES
BEST RAZOR STEEL, KEEN SHAVING EDGES
SHA-VE-ZEE
NICKELED BACK
RAZOR BLADES
3 FOR 10¢
3 FOR 10¢
WILL FIT
SHA-VE-ZEE
GEM, LIBERTY
EVER READY
BEST RAZOR STEEL, KEEN SHAVING EDGES
THE RESULT OF THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN BLADE MAKING

The SPEEDWAY Package of two razor blades to fit double edge razors is sold on the card shown above. You can recognize it quickly on Woolworth counters. Two blades in a package for 10 cents.

The SHA-VE-ZEE Package offering three razor blades for single edge razors for only ten cents can be recognized by the card shown here.

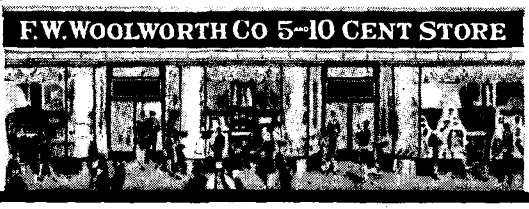
Shaving Soaps
Shaving Creams
Shaving Brushes

—toilet waters, cooling lotions, talcum powders, and other things a man needs for a smooth, clean, comfortable shave are always on sale at all Woolworth stores.

These are all procurable in the convenient size packages which have become so popular at Woolworths.

Razor Blades to Fit Popular Makes of Safety Razors

"Speedway" Blades for double edge razors . . .
"Sha-ve-zee" Blades for single edge razors . . .
all with smooth cutting edges guaranteed to hold up against the toughest beard . . . quick, clean, easy shaves. If you have not already used the Woolworth blades, you can easily and quickly get a package at your nearest Woolworth store. Many men buy several months' supply at once.


F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . .
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

HIGH STANDARDS OF PURITY *always at* WOOLWORTHS

PURE CANDIES

THE F. W. Woolworth Co and the candy manufacturers whose names appear on this page feel a definite responsibility to the public to supply good candy. Woolworth candy not only must taste good—and millions know how good—it must *be* good. The manufacturers who make Woolworth candy are prouder of the purity of their products than of the low prices at which these candies are sold. The purity has been made possible by modern sanitary production and strict adherence to all Pure Food Laws. The low prices have been made possible by the huge buying demand of Woolworth customers . . . a demand built upon real enjoyment of delicious, wholesome candy.

Woolworth candies are made under strict sanitary conditions in modern factories by candy makers in all parts of the United States and Canada.

BALTIMORE, MD.
Chocolate Products Company
Josselyn's

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Binghamton Candy Co., Incorporated

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Wm. Derrenbacher, Incorporated
Euclid Candy Company
National Licorice Company
Novia Candy Company, Incorporated
Pecheur Lozenge Company, Inc.
Rigney & Company
Rockwood & Company

BOSTON, MASS.
Geo. C. Miller & Company, Inc.
Shaghalian's, Incorporated
The Touraine Company

BUFFALO, N. Y.
The Emerick Candy Company, Inc.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
New England Confectionery Company

CHICAGO, ILL.
Fred W. Amend Company
Walter Birk Candy Company
E. H. Edwards Company
Farley Candy Company
Haberkorn Candy Company
W. E. Jacobs Candy Company
Walter H. Johnson Candy Company
Peanut Specialty Company
Peerless Confection Company
S. Pooley Company
Thinshell Candies, Incorporated

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Wm. C. Johnson Candy Company
The Nuss Confectionery Company

CLEVELAND, OHIO
The Wm. M. Hardie Company
The Robt. F. Mackenzie Company
The Wuest Factory

CLINTON, IOWA
Schall's, Incorporated

COLUMBUS, OHIO
P. S. Truesdell Company

CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.
A. Bonomo

DALLAS, TEXAS
Brown Cracker & Candy Company

DAVENPORT, IOWA
Davenport Candy Company
The Halligan Corporation

ELIZABETHTOWN, PA.
Klein Chocolate Company, Inc.

HAMMOND, INDIANA
Queen Anne Candy Company

HOBOKEN, N. J.
S. Fisher & Company, Incorporated

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Dye Candy Company

LANCASTER, PA.
American Caramel Company
Frantz Candies, Incorporated
R. E. Rodda Candy Company

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.
Repetti, Incorporated

LOUISVILLE, KY.
Bradas & Gheens

MCKEESPORT, PA.
Crown Chocolate Company

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
George Zeigler Company

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Cunningham Le Baron Company

MOUNT JOY, PA.
Bachman Chocolate Manufact'g Co.

NEWARK, N. J.
Charms Company
Schwarz & Son

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
The Bradley Smith Company

NEW YORK CITY
American Mint Corporation
Henry Heide, Incorporated
Park & Tilford
Runkel Bros., Incorporated
Up-To-Date Candy Manufact'g Co.

NORTH CHICAGO, ILL.
Goelitz Confectionery Company

OSWEGO, N. Y.
Oswego Candy Works, Incorporated

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Brandle & Smith Company
Browns Confectionery Company
F. M. Paist Company
Thos. D. Richardson Company
Youngs

PITTSBURGH, PA.
The D. L. Clark Company
Eatmor Chocolate Company
Hardie Brothers Company

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.
Life Savers, Incorporated

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
M. G. Shaghalian & Company

READING, PA.
Luden's, Incorporated

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Mueller Keller Candy Company

ST. LOUIS, MO.
National Candy Company, Inc.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
Sweet Candy Company

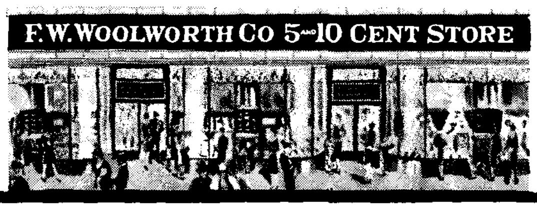
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Golden Nugget Sweets
Pacific Coast Candy Company

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Kibbe Brothers Company

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Coughlin Bros. Company, Inc.

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.
Hub Confectionery Company

WINONA, MINN.
Schuler Chocolate Factory



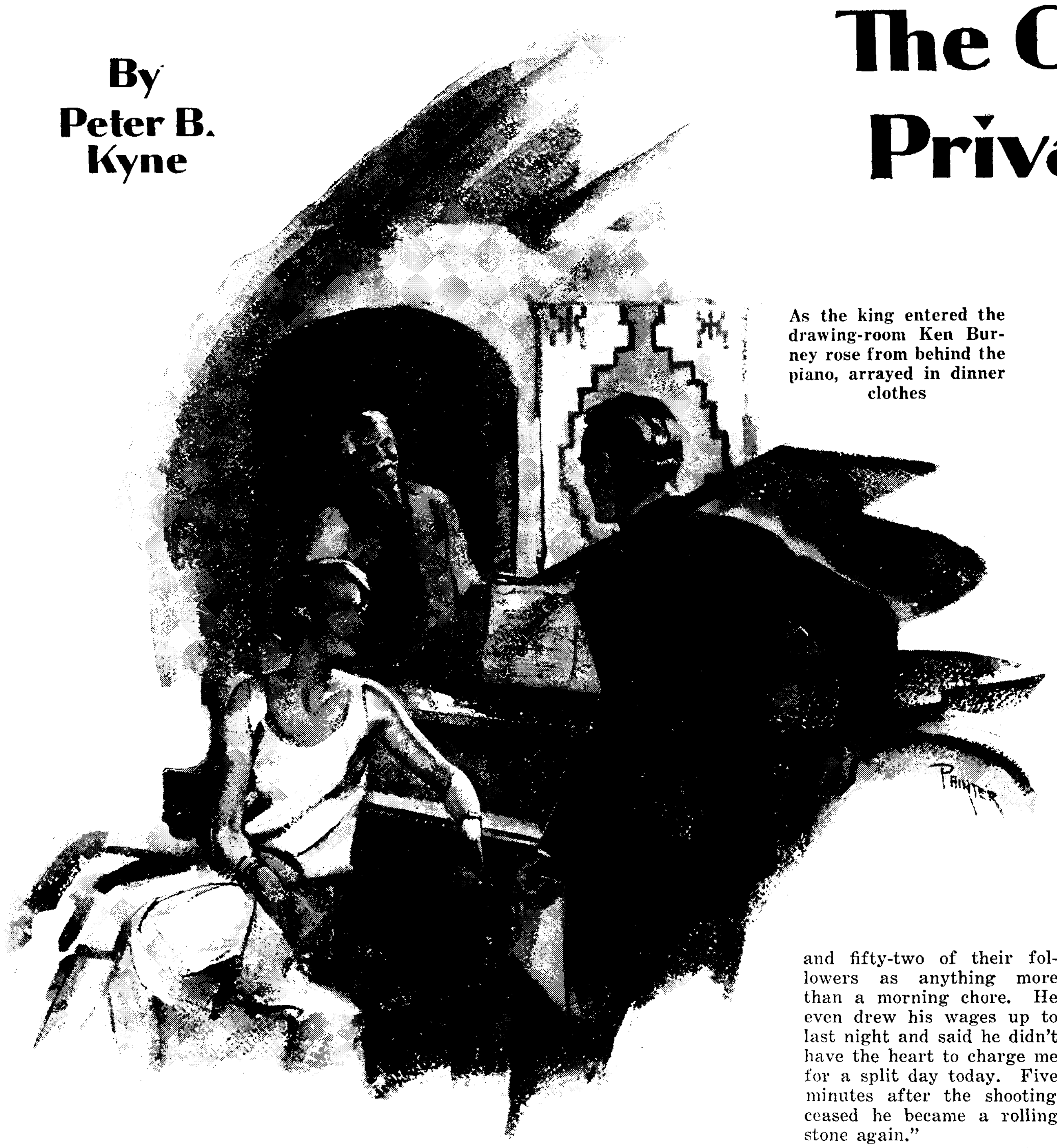
F.W.WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

The Gringo Privateer

By
Peter B.
Kyne



As the king entered the drawing-room Ken Burney rose from behind the piano, arrayed in dinner clothes

The Story Thus Far:

BRADLEY BARDIN, the Cattle King, owning many ranches, is visiting his favorite, El Ranchito, in New Mexico.

Young Ken Burney, the son of a once wealthy California ranch owner, whose cattle had been taken over by Bardin, arrives straight from two months of work for Martin Bruce, who with the help of Miguel Gallegos had been stealing Bardin's cattle. Burney has a fight with Bruce, who threatens to kill him when next they meet, and Burney leaves and asks Bardin for a job so that he can rid him of Bruce and Gallegos.

Bardin is greatly attracted to this boy and when he has proved himself a cowman he makes him manager of El Ranchito, promotes the present manager, Graydon, to be his own assistant, and requests that Burney be kind to Tom Bledsoe, who had been next in line to Graydon. Bardin then agrees to stock up Ken's father's ranch for him at a fair rate of pay if Ken succeeds in his undertaking. Muriel, the king's lovely daughter, falls in love with Ken. This worries her father because Ken has told him that he wants to settle down and marry a girl he picked out a year ago.

After careful planning the great battle is held between Gallegos, Bruce and their men and Ken and Bardin's men at El Cajon Bonita, the range where the cattle stealing has been going on. Ken scores a tremendous victory and immediately leaves Bardin's employ, taking a train West to see his father.

Conclusion

THE princess realized, after one glance at the king's face on that unhappy wretch's return to El Ranchito, that he was the bearer of doleful tidings. "Oh, Dad," she quavered, "is Ken Burney gone?"

"He is," His Majesty replied acidulously. "Damn his hide, he certainly is."

Without a single preliminary warning the princess crumpled up on the rug. "Oh, jackass that I am," wailed the king and fled for smelling salts. He was ten minutes restoring his daughter to consciousness—and even then she looked at him so wildly and accusingly he was not quite certain she had not lost her mind. "Buck, up, honey," he pleaded, "the boy's gone but he isn't dead. He wasn't even hurt."

"Then where has he gone?" the princess glared at her parent. "Why didn't you bring him home with you?"

"He wouldn't come. He's left the country—quit me—passed me up like a white chip on the floor of a raided gambling house. I offered him the presidency of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company and a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year to stay on the payroll and he just laughed at me. He's earned about five hundred dollars in salary and he's sold his horse for a thousand—so he's rich and independent. He left Huachita for points west at three forty-seven this afternoon."

"WELL, that's not such bad news." The hand of the princess strayed out and caressed his grizzled cheek. "At least you forced him to abandon his contract."

"I didn't. He fulfilled it—to overflowing—without a single casualty, for evidently he didn't regard the killing of Bruce and Gallegos and a hundred and fifty-two of their followers as anything more than a morning chore. He even drew his wages up to last night and said he didn't have the heart to charge me for a split day today. Five minutes after the shooting ceased he became a rolling stone again."

"Did he name the destination toward which he is now rolling?" The princess had so far recovered her accustomed mental and physical well-being as to become instantly practical.

"He did not, and I didn't ask him. I was too upset."

"Did you take note of the number of the car he entered."

"I didn't. I tell you my brain was numb. I was so sore at him I didn't care if I never saw him again."

"It's about time you retired, Pop. You're losing the old wallop. I'll mix you a drink—two of them—and when you're soothed and comforted tell me the sad story of the wicked knight."

So presently the king told her; and as he proceeded with his meticulous recital the eyes of the princess grew big and bright with pride and admiration, although she made no comment. As for the king, her sympathetic presence and the sound of his own voice appeared to soothe him—or perhaps it was the two old-fashioned cocktails his daughter had mixed him, for at any rate his rage presently gave way to self-pity and vain regret.

"I'll never get over losing that boy," he declared. "I'll grieve over his loss from now until I find myself six feet from flowers I can't smell. He has everything."

"I recall that you required a man with the intestinal investiture of a bear and the super-intelligence of a coyote."

His Majesty nodded wretchedly. "He has more than that. He's a psychologist. He has, too, another quality that is getting to be as rare as the word that expresses it. He is prudent. He makes certain he is right; then he goes ahead. He's a leader of men. Tom Bledsoe choked up when he said good-by to the boy—whereas you'd think the danged old Quaker would have whooped with delight to see the last of him—seeing as how Tom is my new general manager. 'If thee should ever want the job back again, Mr. Burney,' says Tom, 'it is thine. Gladly will I step aside for thee and go back to being riding boss.' "

"Be comforted, Dad. You have lost one fine general manager but you have gained another. Now then, to business. Have you made any plans for reducing Ken Burney to such a state of economic helplessness that eventually he will be very glad to reconsider the offer you made him?"

The king replied that he was incapable of coherent thought, that he could only suffer. And (he added) it was a matter of surprise to him that she accepted the situation so philosophically; that the rising generation certainly had his time beaten a mile; wherefore he presumed she was just bursting with bright ideas and if so, to please drive up and unload them.

"It seems to me you're not quite a good sport," Muriel assured her sire. "You agreed to make it possible for him to be his own man and now you're wilder than a wildcat because he will not abandon that bright prospect and be your man."

"I WAS a fool to do it, my dear. I could have traded with him on a cash basis; he would have been satisfied with five thousand dollars, and that wouldn't get him to first base in any kind of business."

"Well, I'll tell you how to nullify the deal with honor. Call up your general counsel and the other moguls that attend to your business when you're away and instruct them to start for Tres Pinos by automobile tonight, see Ken Burney's father *and buy his* ranch. You know what it's worth and you can buy it in the name of a dummy. Old Mr. Burney is doubtless very much discouraged; he is in ill health; he has no cattle and his ranch is mortgaged—in all probability at seven per cent. He must pay his interest out of the lease money and I daresay that leaves him little to live on. He must always be troubled by the thought that, if and when the lease expired and you do not renew it, he may not be able to lease it to others, in which event he will be horribly embarrassed to meet his interest payments; eventually he may lose the ranch on mortgage foreclosure.

"I understand cattle ranches are very hard to dispose of now, and if you offer him a good price there is a very strong probability that he will sell to you. With the ranch sold, Ken Burney will have no place to put the three thousand head of cattle you have agreed to sell him on such easy terms."

"Oh, he could lease another ranch cheap enough."

"But you didn't promise to stock any other ranch for him, Dad. You can point out to him that few ranches he may be able to lease will be as good as the one his (*Continued on page 69*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

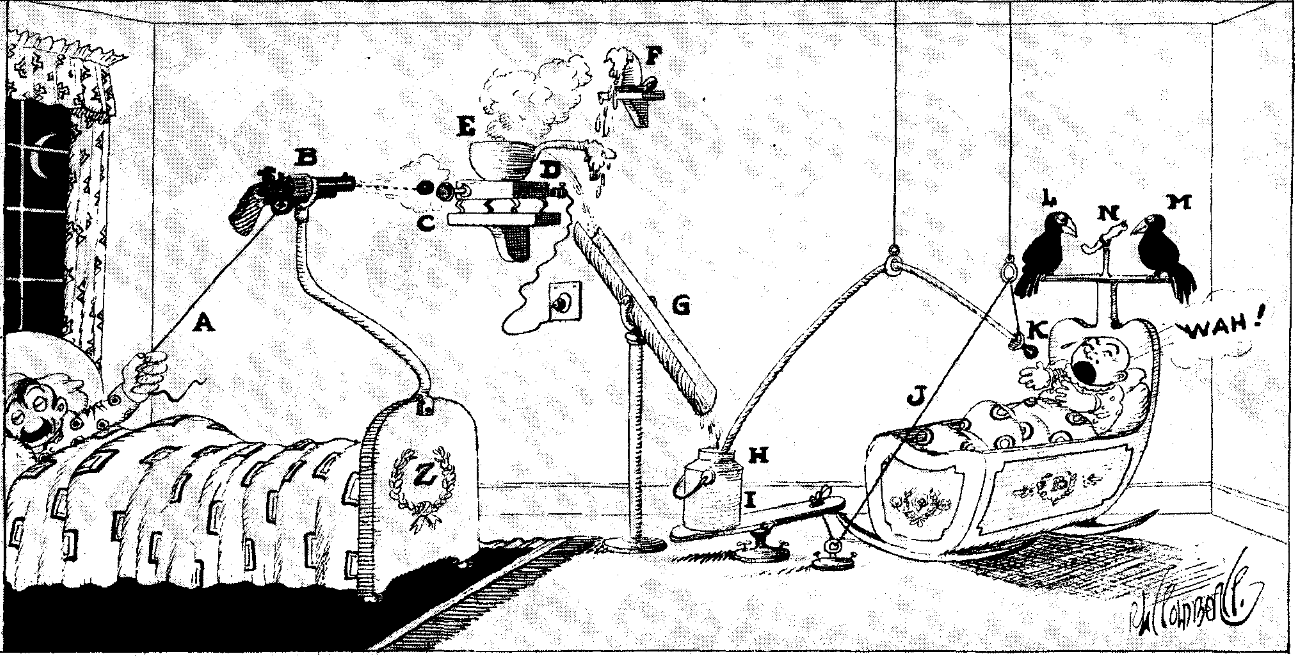
By Rube Goldberg

THE PROFESSOR'S BRAIN TOSSES OFF HIS LATEST ANTI-FLOOR WALKING PARAPHERNALIA ——

PULL STRING (A) WHICH DISCHARGES PISTOL (B) AND BULLET (C) HITS SWITCH ON ELECTRIC STOVE (D), WARMING POT OF MILK (E). VAPOR FROM MILK MELTS CANDLE (F) WHICH DRIPS ON HANDLE OF POT CAUSING IT TO UPSET AND SPILL MILK DOWN TROUGH (G) AND INTO CAN (H). WEIGHT BEARS DOWN ON LEVER (I) PULLING STRING (J) WHICH BRINGS NURSING NIPPLE (K) WITHIN BABY'S REACH.

IN THE MEANTIME BABY'S YELLING HAS AWAKENED TWO PET CROWS (L & M) AND THEY DISCOVER RUBBER WORM (N) WHICH THEY PROCEED TO EAT. UNABLE TO MASTICATE IT, THEY PULL IT BACK AND FORTH CAUSING CRADLE TO ROCK AND PUT BABY TO SLEEP.

PUT COTTON IN YOUR EARS SO YOU WILL NOT BE BOTHERED IF BABY WAKES AGAIN ——



Here's How in New Mexico

Continued from page 9

like geologists and archæologists and never bother them, but if either Señor Capone or the bird who wrote that fool piece about him should ever happen to drift out into these hills around here, and get recognized, they'd derned soon find out exactly what I mean by straight shooting."

I interviewed a man who is *prosecuting attorney* in one of the populous northern counties, and my first question was: "Where do you get your liquor and is it any good?"

"I buy it from a local manufacturer and it is excellent rye whisky."

"Rye?"

No Speakeasies

"Certainly. Made from grain shipped in for the purpose. I pay seven dollars a gallon for it, and if you'll step up to the house with me I'll give you a few drinks of as smooth whisky as you ever flopped your lip over. Better stuff than you ever bought over the bars in Santa Fé."

I didn't go. Instead I remained in the attorney's office, visited with him for an hour, and elicited much valuable information which can be summed up as follows:

About fifty per cent of New Mexico's liquor supply is made at home, while the balance of it (except for a negligible quantity of cactus "pizen" and *tezuino*, which the Indians make for their personal intoxication) is brought in either from Old Mexico, via El Paso, or from Los Angeles. The home-made whisky, according to its age and the affluence of the customer, sells for from six to twelve dollars a gallon, while the imported stuff, of which we will speak in detail later on, brings from sixty to seventy dollars a case. Bootleggers, as already intimated, are looked upon as much better citizens than the old-time saloon keepers. CRIME IN NEW MEXICO IS STEADILY DECREASING AND SO IS DRINKING. This lawyer assured me that there is not one fourth as much liquor consumed in the state as prior to prohibition; that the general morale of the people has not gone into a decline, as in the rest of the United States, and that in his county he did not prosecute one tenth as many men for criminal offenses as in the old days.

Contrast the facts set out in the last few lines of the above paragraph with conditions elsewhere in this country, take into consideration that the large majority of the people of New Mexico are of alien blood, many of them not able to speak English, and account for the difference. By summarizing the opinions of a good many leading citizens with whom I talked, men who have been in the state since far back in the old territorial days, I accounted for the difference in this way.

Ninety per cent of the people of New Mexico are Catholics, and the Catholic church has never favored prohibition. On the other hand, the Catholic clergy and the devout men and women of the church, who have always warred against the rum-engendered vices which flourished everywhere in the Southwest, welcomed the opportunity afforded them by national prohibition to purify their state. They did purify it, and it is *because of their determination* to keep it that way that the voters of New Mexico, overwhelmingly Catholic, returned an overwhelming majority against a Catholic candidate in the last national election.

In other words the people of New Mexico valiantly refused to mix their religion with their liquor. They were told—it was political skullduggery of course—that if Al Smith went into the White House the open saloon would come back to New Mexico and they at once made their choice. New Mexicans are heartily in favor of their own method of handling the liquor situation.

So far as the federal government is concerned it doesn't bother them much. At the present writing there are only ten federal officers assigned to the job of drying up thirty-one counties. *According to my observation*, they are having no luck. Nobody seems to pay any attention to them, but with the state or county officials it is different. Everyone seems to know what these men are out for and behaves accordingly. That's why there are no speakeasies and rum dives in New Mexico.

And now, in addition to the foregoing, which has dealt largely with New Mexico's efforts to make the federal prohibition laws conform to its own personal drinking habits, there is one other important element to be discussed. That element is foreign competition. While I was snooping around the state I was frequently informed that "American whisky" made in Juarez, Mexico, was the *very best* liquor obtainable. In fact "American" was so loudly touted as a REAL whisky—and was apparently so plentiful—that I suddenly decided to investigate the source of it.

Aged in Haste

Twenty-four hours later, having crossed the Rio Grande—which by the way is a river that claims the distinction of being wet on one side and dry on the other—I stood uncovered and awe-stricken in the impressive presence of at least TWO THOUSAND BARRELS OF HONEST BOURBON!

One thousand barrels of this whisky was lying out on skids in the open sunshine where in the first three weeks of its life it takes on as much age as it would in a year in a bonded warehouse. The other thousand was in a corrugated iron shed, where it also was aging at a high rate of speed so that in three years down there they turn out what would be an eight-year-old product under governmental control in the United States.

The distillery has been running for about eight years, so you can figure for yourself how old some of their liquor would be (according to age in the U. S.) if they could only keep it that long. But they can't. New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, Colorado and even California are too thirsty to wait more than two years for what is four-year-old liquor and so that is about the average age at which the stuff goes out. So far as I could judge, though—and in my investigation I had the unselfish assistance of a couple of qualified El Paso experts—the Juarez product is all that its New Mexico admirers claim for it.

This "American" whisky is made in a well-equipped distillery, located but ten minutes' auto ride from the United States boundary, and one of its interesting features is that it is all distilled from American grain shipped from Omaha, Nebraska. Of course, Mexico produces vast quantities of corn which would serve just as well as the corn from this country, but as it is AGAINST THE MEXICAN LAW TO TURN MEXICAN GRAIN INTO LIQUOR, the owners of the distillery, who are law-abiding citizens, don't do it. Instead they buy the raw materials, in sacks, from us; bottle it up and send it back.

Now HOW do they send it back? I don't know. That is, I don't know how they send the bulk of it back but I think the prohibition officers do. At any rate when I inquired in New Mexico as to how the "American whisky" crossed the Rio Grande, I was told that it came in truck loads right over the International Bridge at El Paso.

"You can remember, can't you?"—said my informant—"that there used to be a lot of killings, both of prohibition agents and rum-runners, around El Paso in connection with the passing in of this whisky?"

"Yes," I replied, "I can remember it. I can remember that one federal officer is said to have killed seven men in one year."

"Well," went on the New Mexican, "the fighting down there has about stopped, but the whisky hasn't. It comes right along just as it always did, and so I reckon that the officers and the bootleggers must have come to some sort of an understanding."

And personally, although I know nothing about it, I reckon they have come to some agreement because when I spoke about it to a man who sells whisky IN MEXICO, and lets his customers get it across the line the best way they can, and asked him if he thought it was possible for them to load it on trucks and take it over the bridge, he wasn't even evasive in his reply. "I don't see why they couldn't do it," he said. "All they have to do is wait until the right men are on duty and then shoot it across."

Sitting Pretty

Thus is New Mexico, even should its own distillers go on a strike, which is unlikely, or a wave of puritanism sweep over the state, which is even more unlikely, assured of a bountiful supply of really good liquor. It is a case, you might say, of a mother-country looking out for the welfare of a child in a foreign land, not only by supplying it with that which it needs for its happiness, but also by placing in its hands an efficient and pleasant weapon with which it can curb evil-doers and effect its own reforms.

Spur Tie

ALL TIED FOR YOU...50¢ · 75¢ · $1.00

EYES first focus on your tie. It holds the spotlight. The ensemble from chin to lapel dominates your whole get-up. Why is it that millions, whose bread and butter depend on snapping across their personality, wear Spur Ties? It's because a Spur Tie always clicks. It has a dashing, informal correctness—a breeziness and vigor, tempered by good taste, which never fail to register.

Glance at the "New Point" below. Note the springtime pep of pointed ends. This model has caught the fancy of advanced stylists—the fellows who like to be a few weeks ahead of the mob. It is shown in the new silks—brilliant color harmonies in modernistic design.

The unique superiority of a Spur Tie is its patented H-shape Innerform—a flexible chassis which can be fluffed and patted into any shape you like, and holds it all day.

A Spur Tie is so much smarter and better than any bow you ever wore that one try-on will convince.

Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-A Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.
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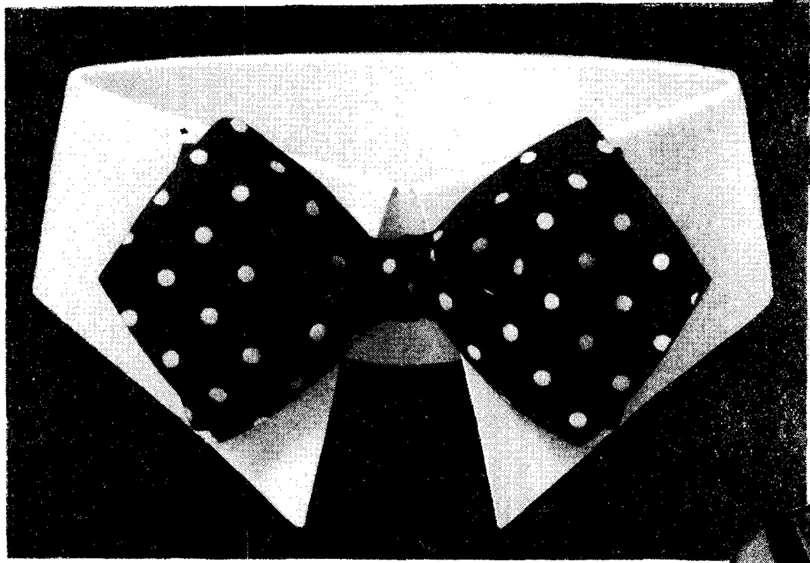
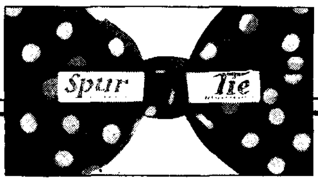


"New Point" is the newest Spur spring model—jaunty tapered ends, spirited flare, peppy from point to point. A wide range of smart colors and patterns

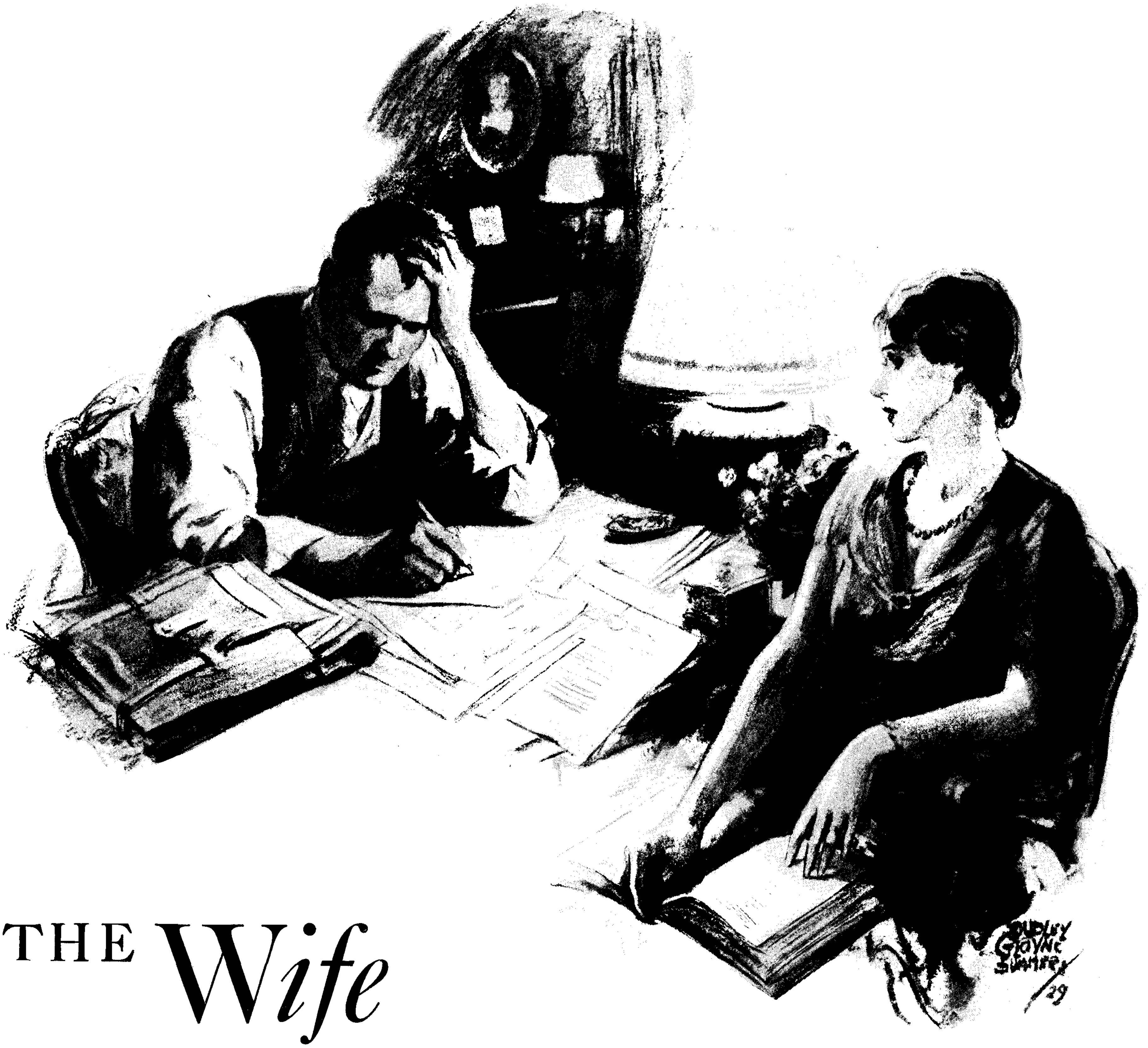
You can shape a Spur Tie in any way you like—fluffy or flat, severe or sportive—and the patented H-shape Innerform holds it that way. A genuine Spur Tie has this red label in back of knot.



FREE

Read about the interesting folks of movieland stardom in this big fascinating book, "Off the Lot." Profusely illustrated with charming photos. For your copy, write Hewes & Potter, 65-A Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN



THE *Wife* of an ex-tired business man *writes to* REMINGTON RAND:

I'm assuming that you'll have time to read this letter from a grateful woman. For surely you have freed yourselves as you have freed other business men.

A mystery has been cleared up for me. I've discovered the thing that transformed my husband from the tired, haggard, desk-ridden grub he was two years ago into the normal male he is now.

Many a comic strip has sported with the phrase "detained at the office, dear" . . . but it held no comedy for me. It happened too often, for that.

My social life was to all practical purposes a "solo act." For although my husband was with me, his mind was at his overloaded desk. He gained a charming reputation as a bore . . . a man whose interests stopped at 6% . . . whose mental horizon was his office wall.

His general disposition was all too reminiscent of a bear with a thorn in his foot. And a woman's disposition was never made for a long siege of that!

I don't want to become too serious or dramatic . . . and I could, on this subject, easily enough . . . but I honestly want to extend my gratitude for the work you are doing in freeing business men from smothering detail and routine. My husband has told me the story. As one outstanding beneficiary, I simply wanted to tell you . . . and thank you.

The gradual but startling change of my husband from a typical "tired business man" to a business man, no less successful (frankly even more so) with a range of interests in people and sports and even travel, makes me think that your advertising (which prompted this letter) isn't half strong enough.

Thank you is a feeble phrase to express my gratitude . . . but I'm sure you'll understand.

Truly yours,
L. P. P.

And REMINGTON RAND *replies:*

Time to read it? Madame, you are modest! Not just time to read it, but two pages of space to publish it . . . that thousands of other wives may read it too . . . and bring it to the attention of their husbands . . . The clever wife won't have to be told how to do that . . . diplomatically.

For this is the story we would have husbands read:—

Many a man deludes himself about being "a hard plugger" . . . "a dynamo" . . . "a horse for work," when he may simply be unorganized.

This "after-hours" method is fading out of the picture of modern business. Nowadays men are stepping out from under the burden of petty details that kept their noses six inches above their desks. They now have leisure to *plan*, freedom to *think*, energy to *create*.

The companies consolidated to form Remington Rand are playing a major part in this achievement.

4,000 trained business analysts are at your disposal. They can come in and show you savings in time, money and perspiration . . . that you hardly dreamed existed. Because Remington Rand covers all the basic equipment needs of business these men can correlate each need, and set up a complete operating unit, with each part geared to the others . . . which no maker of any one unit can possibly do.

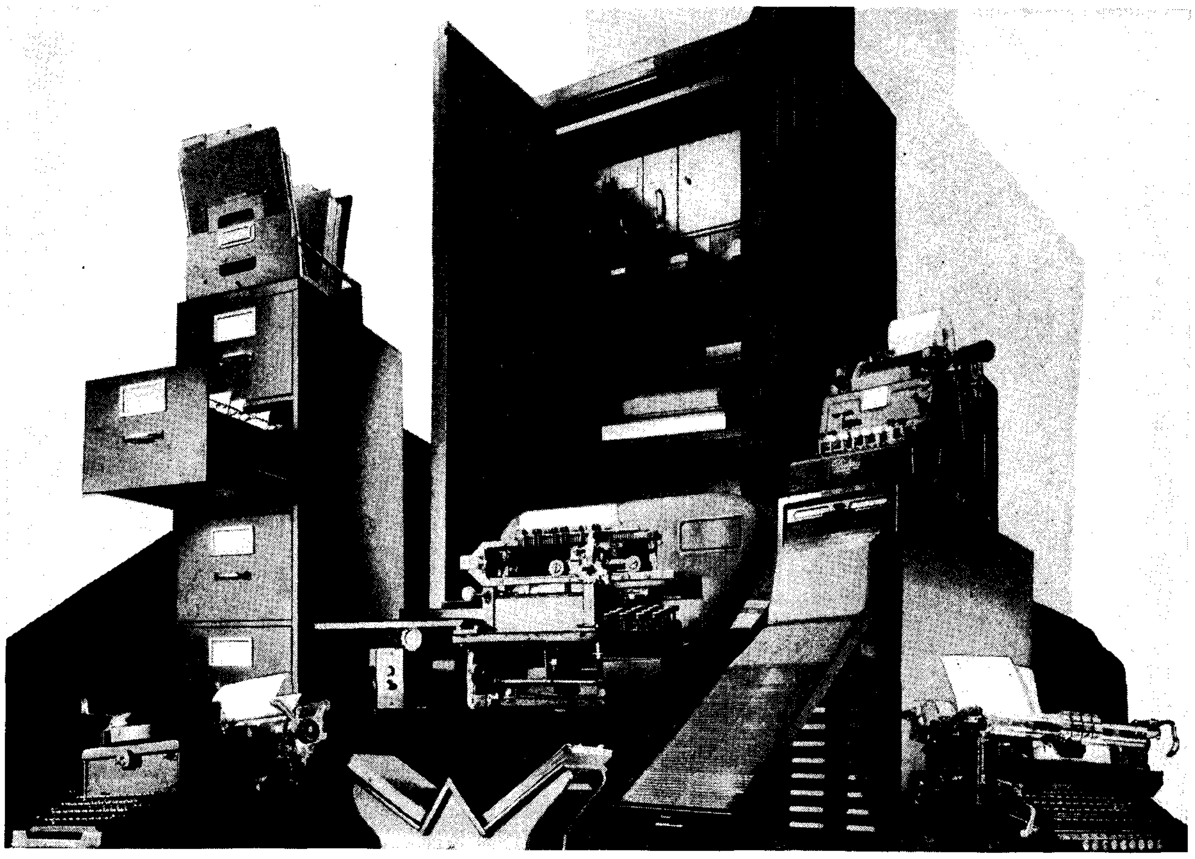
Telephone for a REMINGTON RAND *man, see what help he* CAN *offer:*

Unless your business is so perfect that you don't have an administrative worry in a week, you can profitably talk to a Remington Rand man. If any phase of your fact and figure keeping is obviously tardy you need him . . . decidedly.

For even so simple a thing as the keys of an accounting machine may unlock the doors of your office-cell. Somewhere in your business is something Remington Rand can do for you.

All recommendations are submitted, of course, without cost or obligation. Phone our nearest office . . . or write direct to Remington Rand Business Service Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



Remington Rand

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REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* . . . LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service*
RAND AND KARDEX *Visible Records*... SAFE-CABINET...INDEX VISIBLE...POWERS *Accounting Machines*
DALTON *Adding and Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO *and* BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment*
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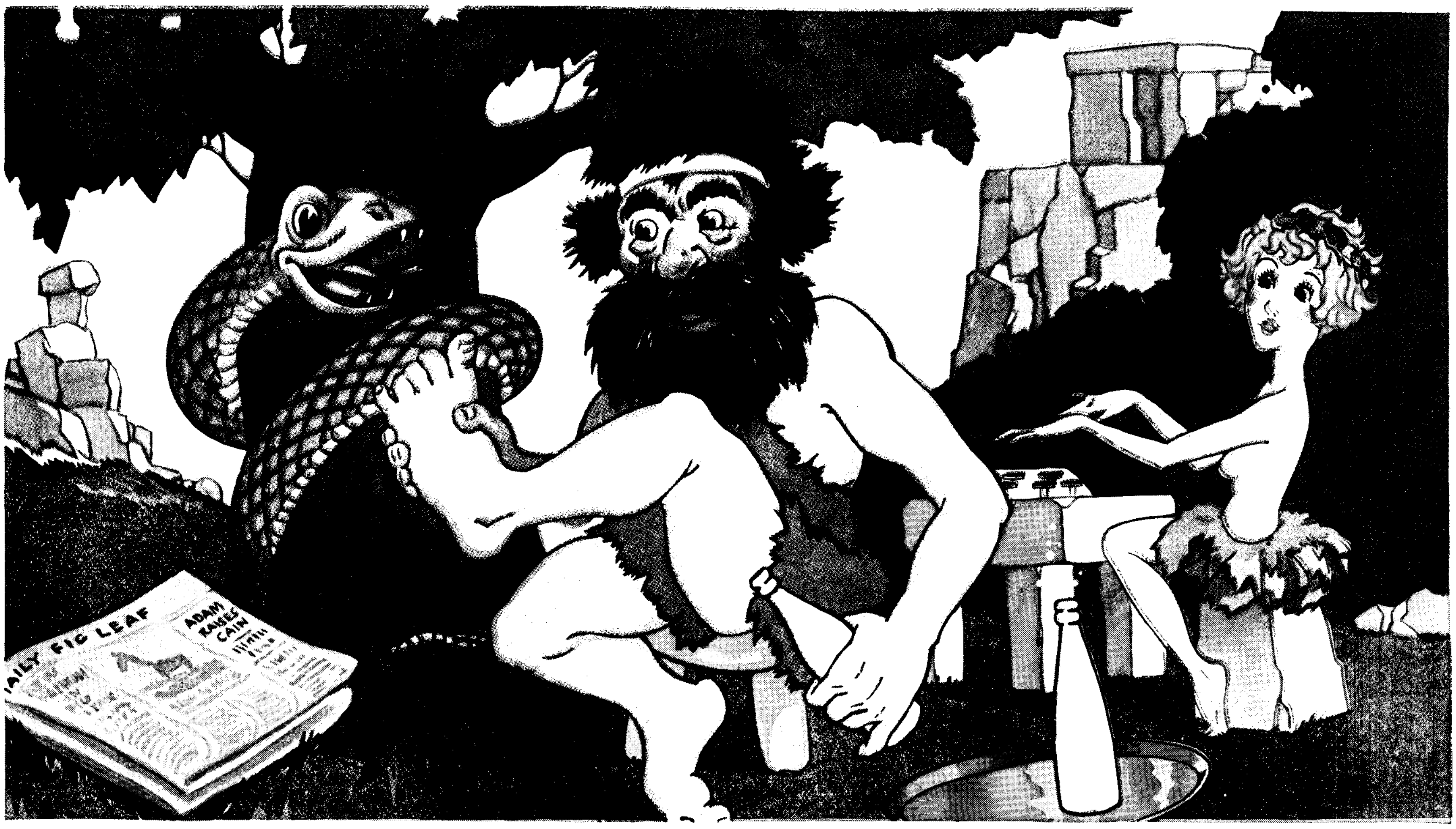
SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES



"It's that confounded snake again!" said Adam —reaching for the bottle . . . .

Adam laid aside the sports extra of the Eden Daily Fig Leaf, and sniffed contemptuously. "That's a lot of applesauce and salesmanship," he growled. "Here's a letter to the editor signed 'Lillith' recommending whale oil ointment for snake bite. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? Why don't they call on a Man of the World for some real expert testimony? I've probably been snake bitten with more regularity than anybody in the Garden and there's no remedy like bottled carbonated beverages. I've sampled every known variety and flavor and I ought to know . . . Ou-u-ch!"

Gingerly Adam lifted his foot for a rueful inspection. "It's that confounded snake again!" he exclaimed, reaching for a bottle of his favorite carbonated beverage, at the same time summoning a preferred blond stenographer, to whom he spake, saying, "Take a testimonial to American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, U. S. A., Gents: I always use Bottled Carbonated Beverages for Snake Bite and find that I get best results from same. Sign that 'Adam' and get it in the mail tonight.

"I'm going out for a little game of golf with a good customer—an animal trainer from the Consolidated Circus. And, oh yes, don't forget to order another case of bottled carbonated beverages. Tell 'em to put it on ice at the Nineteenth Hole."

Recipes
Bottled beverages Carbonated

Free! Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Bottled beverages
Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS
—OF—
CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 7

fact. Earlier inquirers simply conserved their knowledge. Today, discoveries are broadcast.

Thus, I suppose, I argued . . . fighting, fighting to defeat a white panic. I listened intently.

The breeze had dropped. There was no sound.

As the creature had descended I had seen that it possessed a pair of enormous eyes. But, more horrible, I had not failed to note that its purplish gleaming body resembled that of a human being—or of a chrysalis encasing one—or of a mummy!

Now, the silence confounded me. The stirring of a leaf set my heart leaping. At any moment I expected to hear again, a cold, merciless voice calling me by name. . . .

NINE persons out of ten would have bolted—nor should I have been the man to blame them. That *I* didn't, I count not jot or tittle to my credit. I merely knew from experience that to fly from peril, of body, mind or soul, is to invite pursuit.

Again grasping the bars of the gate, I sprang up, and climbing over the top, dropped upon the farther side.

But the first step forward from the gate in that cold moonlight demanded an effort of will I can never forget. The step taken, I proceeded with growing confidence. This is the way of things. But it's a way hard to learn and harder to follow.

What I found in the shape of a clue to explain the sight I had seen can be very briefly expressed. I found nothing.

At about the spot where I thought that incredible nocturnal thing had alighted I came upon an ancient mausoleum. Two cypresses mounted guard, one on either side of the door, and because of their dense shadows I could not make out to whom the tomb belonged.

But my left fist and my teeth were tightly clenched when I turned my back on those shadows. . . . Because I wanted to run! *How* I wanted to run!

Further on, in a new part of the burial ground, I saw a number of "new graves" as described by George. They seemed to be for the most part those of peasants and members of the working-classes.

By the time that I had completed my tour, courage was slowly returning. My exercise had achieved its object. Courage, unused, becomes flabby even quicker than muscle.

No sound had disturbed me—excepting the soft flutter of a startled owl at one point—and the resulting throb in my ears caused by a sudden acceleration of pulse. It was touch and go. My finger trembled on the trigger.

That first cold panic was conquered, however, when I climbed the gate and found myself once more in the narrow, tree-bordered road. I don't claim that I was entirely my own man; but mainly a great amazement remained.

Failing its possession of those gruesome properties ascribed to the vampire by medieval superstition, what had become of the great creature which I had watched alighting among the tombs? In my exploration, and it had been fairly thorough, I had met with no living thing, except the owl.

I tried to picture it when not on the wing. Did it go on all fours? Did it crawl? . . . Did it walk erect in ghastly parody of humanity?

And then, as I turned and set out on my homeward journey to the town, came the crowning terror of that night.

I heard footsteps in the cemetery!

Nothing in my experience had prepared me for this. The steps, which were light, suggesting a woman's, and leisurely, plainly were those of someone, or of some *thing*, coming along the path which led to the gateway. Soon, *It* would be out in the road behind me!

To take to my heels—to run for my life, for sanity, salvation—was the only thing I wanted to do. And, I wanted to do it desperately.

But I had won one victory. And it was to inquire into just these horrors that I had come to Baden.

A rough cart-track broke the bushes to left of the road. I tip-toed along it, turned right, and threw myself prone at the edge of a plum orchard where I could see through the hedge.

I was no more than in time.

As I reached my look-out I heard the sound of a grating lock. It was the lock of the cemetery gate. Moonlight flooded that part of the road visible to me. Merciful shadow draped the margin of the orchard. I was afraid to breathe. Despite the warmth of the night, I was cold—with a sort of spiritual coldness.

The gate closed. Again I heard the sound of the lock.

Came light footsteps, drawing nearer. I had thought I was prepared for anything. But for that which now appeared I was not prepared.

Gracefully indolent, the flame-colored scarf thrown carelessly over her white shoulders, *Madame Yburg walked toward me!*

Watching, all but breathlessly, as she passed my hiding place, my first feeling was one of intense relief. It was almost immediately succeeded, however, by another, by a mood of horrible doubt. Taking all the facts into consideration, what was this woman doing in such a place, at night? Where had she been hidden during my tour of inspection? Above all—why did she hold the cemetery keys?

Ghastly theories, belonging to the realm of Black Magic, flocked to my brain. Had she been to meet, in Coleridge's words, "her demon lover?" Or was she, herself. . . .

These ideas were insane. I shook my mind free of them.

WHEN the sound of Madame's footsteps was no longer audible, and I judged that she had passed a bend in the steep road which I remembered, I came out from the sheltering orchard and followed, very slowly.

By a bend in the path where a flight of steps offered a short cut to the town, there was a seat. Owing to the position of the moon and the screening trees, this seat was mantled in darkness.

But as I passed it, intent upon descending the steps:

"Good evening, Mr. Woodville," said a voice out of the shadows.

I knew the voice—nor was it unmusical. But its music turned me cold. I stopped dead in my tracks, as though Medusa's head had been thrust in front of me. I twisted about, staring—

Madame Yburg rose from the seat and came toward me!

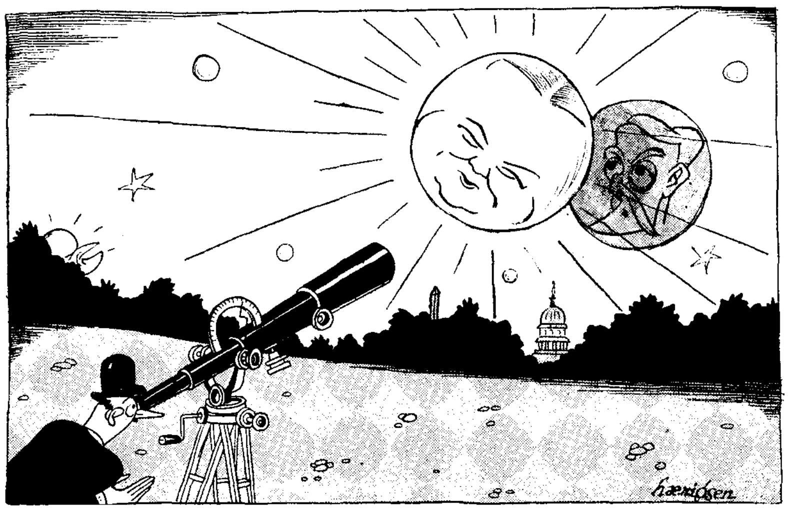
Conflicting emotions threatened to make me dumb. But I forced a remark.

"Why," said I, "this *is* a surprise! Are you, also, addicted to lonely rambles?"

"I am," she replied simply, and walked out into the moonlight.

She wore a frock of some material which appeared black except where

(*Continued on page 42*)



The Great Eclipse

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ON MARCH 3, Mr. Andrew W. Mellon was the biggest man in the cabinet. Ten days or so later President Hoover had overruled one of Mr. Mellon's policies—that of no publicity regarding the reasons for the repayment to taxpayers of what they had paid to the government in income taxes in excess of what was actually due.

To make matters more difficult for Mr. Mellon, he had only a short time before written a letter to Congress to prove that publicity of explanations of such refunds was a mistaken policy, against the law, and unwise from every standpoint. And yet Mr. Mellon, thus overruled, remained Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Mellon—"the most powerful man in the world," a shrewd observer of the processes of our government called him—had become a mere lieutenant of Mr. Hoover.

Mr. Coolidge, who came from a $32-a-month house in Northampton and was accustomed to look up to the richest man in his town or his state, looked up to Mr. Mellon. Mr. Hoover, accustomed to larger affairs, required and got subordination.

The issue—the publicity of decisions in the Treasury Department regarding income-tax refunds—is susceptible of two opinions. In a democracy the kind of secrecy Mr. Mellon insisted upon is practically intolerable. But the kind of secrecy Mr. Mellon maintained favored the prompt compromise of disputes between the government and income-tax payers. And promptness of settlements is an advantage to both the government and the income-tax payer.

Under Mr. Hoover's executive order requiring publicity, the Treasury Department will be more timorous; and more questions regarding the legal obligations of the taxpayer will go to the courts.

Mr. Mellon, under Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge, has been a benevolent despot. I say benevolent because I think Mr. Mellon has been actuated by motives of public service. But a benevolent despot must act under a system under which no one can question his decisions.

Benevolent Despotism

Mr. Hoover insists upon more publicity than any of his recent predecessors. Every day there is publicity: orders from the White House printed verbatim, interviews from the President printed in quotation marks.

Publicity and the Dictator of Pittsburgh don't go together. Out in Pittsburgh Mr. Mellon was a sort of god, whom no one saw, whose name was whispered, before whose decisions men bowed as before a Providence.

One feels a little sorry for Mr. Mellon. He has overstayed his day in Washington. In the new régime he will be a diminishing figure. Moreover the day of blessings from on high in the shape of tax reductions is over. Secretaries of the Treasury will become again what Secretaries of the Treasury have been from the days of Alexander Hamilton to Andrew W. Mellon—receiving and paying tellers for the government.

I, for my part, think that in the last few years after the war, when the income-tax law was in a state of confusion and when billions were in dispute between the government and the taxpayer, a benevolent despot in the Treasury Department was to be desired. But that could not go on forever. And Mr. Mellon's mistake was to stay on when his day had passed.

A Gay Life by Comparison

Much of the acclaim with which Mr. Mellon's name was greeted was due to his reducing of taxes. The reduction of the war taxes was inevitable and any Secretary of the Treasury coming into office when Mr. Mellon did was sure to be popular, for there is nothing so popular as cutting down taxes. But still Mr. Mellon had qualities which are rare in public life. He had courage and decision. His point of view never wavered. He shaped the purposes of two Administrations. Congress had no terrors for him. Of how many other Secretaries of the Treasury may this be said?

A shy, timid, inarticulate man, people wondered if his reputation were not largely spurious. But the shrewdest Democrat in Congress, appraising him and denying to him any great vision or surpassing wisdom, added, "He can always see what is under the chip."

He belongs rather to the Coolidge Administration than to the present one, in which he is a holdover, probably temporary. He stays on because he loves his job, because of the irresistible attractions of public life, because in Washington he has known fame for the first time in his long career.

One thinks of him in the Capital as a lonely, rather pathetic figure, but life really began for him in Washington. Here he is a diner-out, a courted figure, with friends and social acquaintances. In Pittsburgh he lived the life of a hermit, shut up in his bank by day and in his lonely house by night. In Washington young men joke with him on terms of equality. In Pittsburgh all men feared him.

And the words, "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," are sweeter to him than the ownership of all Western Pennsylvania.

What this—new Steel Shaft means in DISTANCE

CARL MUELLER

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
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BY actual test the *new* (B-19) Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shaft contains at least 20% more carbon than any other steel shaft made today. It is this extra carbon that gives this new shaft greater strength and "pep". All things being equal, this will add more distance and better control to every shot.

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124A Horton Street Bristol, Conn.

"made of Spring Steel"

"Bristol"
Steel Golf Shaft

(*Continued from page 41*)

moon rays touched it, when it displayed a serpentine sheen. Dark eyes regarded me somberly. Her slender body was grotesquely, horribly like the body of that flying thing which had alighted in the cemetery. Or so it seemed to me at this moment.

"A taste," I went on, desperately forcing conversation, "which one can't share. Were you returning, or have I broken in on the journey?"

"I'm going back," she answered, resting her hand on my arm. "Those steps are so steep."

I found myself clenching my teeth. Madame Yburg's long, psychic hand looked waxen white in the moonlight which also lent the narrow, burnished nails an unnatural purple tint. She wore a large emerald, which I had noticed before. Against the black of my sleeve it gleamed evilly—like the eye of a nocturnal thing. . . . Silently I cursed myself for a coward and a fool. There was—there *must* be—a rational explanation of her presence in the cemetery that night. And, as if she had read my thoughts:

"My lonely ramble was not without an object," she said as we went down the steps. "It may sound odd, but I had been up to the cemetery on the hill."

Her English was faultless, her poise perfect. If my ghastly theories had any foundation in fact, she was a great actress. The pressure of her thin white fingers was intensely vital.

"Good heavens! *Very* odd—at night!"

"Yes, I know it is." We were on a straight highroad, now, and Madame Yburg removed her hand and adjusted the scarf which she wore. "But someone lies there, you see—a member of my family; and in the middle of all the gayety I suddenly thought of him, and it seemed quite natural to go. . . ."

Her composure, which made me think of snow on a sleeping volcano, was more exciting than some women's hysteria. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her if she spoke of husband, father, brother, when those former, uncanny ideas came flooding back to my mind.

She had a manner of walking which must have marked her anywhere. She seemed to glide along beside me. There was a deep note in her voice, strangely like sincerity; and indeed she was undeniably a very charming companion.

PRESENTLY, we were among the trees of Lichtenthaler Allée, the little stream bubbling beside us, lights dancing over the water from the hotels and the Casino.

We walked across to the Regal. And there on the steps stood Mr. Kluster!

"Oh, dear!" Madame whispered to me—"there was a party tonight, and I had promised to go!"

Then, as we came up:

"I had such a dreadful headache and I hoped that the night air would cure it. Mr. Woodville found me wandering."

"Cured?" said Kluster.

"Quite," Madame replied—and an amused smile, which softened the line of her thin lips, was oddly fascinating.

I saw white, glittering teeth against the blood-red of her mouth . . . and I remembered.

"Here's the French boy-friend," remarked Kluster. "Now we're all set."

M. Paul came bounding down the steps. "Bounding" is the only word to describe his animated approach.

"My *dear* Madame Yburg!" he exclaimed and grasped both her hands. "Ah! but I have been inconsolable! So also"—he turned to the American—"has poor Mr. Kluster! We have cried together, Mr. Woodville"—he now included *me* in his oration—"until the bar has nearly run dry!"

Then he laughed—and we laughed with him (Kluster excepted) for he was indeed a joyous creature.

"Very true," said Kluster. "Suppose we start." He nodded to me. "I wish you good-night, sir."

The others having also bade me good-night, the party set out, M. Paul waving farewell in his gay fashion. I recalled that the M. Paul who had passed me earlier in the evening had been far from gay.

Here was the first copy-worthy material which had come to my hand. But how could I use it? To send a thousand-word report to the Daily World covering my visit to the cemetery and my sight of a giant bat was simple enough—and good copy, if editor or readers could believe it. But where the story touched upon Madame Yburg I must perforce be silent. There is a law of libel in England.

Furthermore, I did not know who Madame Yburg *was*.

I PLACED the cigarette picked up at the cemetery gate in a drawer of my table. I sat staring at a blank writing pad. And, consulting my wrist-watch, I noted that nearly twenty hours had passed since I had received "the first warning."

What were the links between that inexplicable happening and later events? Why should I obey the warning? And what would result if I ignored it?

The unknown dangers of my commission became painfully apparent. Dispatches were out of the question. A considered account—after I had left the Black Forest—was the only possible course.

I drafted a telegram, copied it on one of the forms provided in my apartment and personally took it to the hall-porter's desk for dispatch.

Equipped with two bottles of beer, for an hour and a half, perhaps two hours, I wrote. The dance band at the Casino had stopped. I had not noted the fact, consciously; I only realized it when I had finished. My notes brought up to date, I looked at the time.

Half-past one.

Of the first of my three days only an hour and a half remained!

My quarters in the Regal consisted of a long alcove on the ground floor. There was a balcony overlooking the gardens on which I usually took breakfast. Sun-shutters, with narrow oblique slats, closed the center opening. The outer room, in which were writing-table, telephone and other appurtenances, was divided from the bedroom only by a heavy curtain, which during the day was open.

In my case it was open at night as well. I like fresh air. For the same reason I had hitherto partly raised the shutters before turning in.

Tonight I left them closed, whilst I searched every foot of the apartment and also the adjoining bathroom. My tour of inspection was completed within a few minutes of two o'clock.

One hour!

As my investigations will have indicated, I had a theory touching the Voice. If it challenged me again—as I half expected—I proposed to test this theory.

Having had little more than two hours' rest in the past twenty-four, I was desperately sleepy. Nevertheless, until three o'clock had come and gone, further sleep was out of the question. I mixed a stiff peg of whisky, lighted my pipe, and settled down in an armchair with Stevenson's Treasure Island.

The silence had grown so deep when at last I took leave of the Hispaniola and glanced at my wrist-watch, that the song of the tiny stream beyond my windows was magnified to that of a considerable torrent.

Laying my book down, I stood up. My pipe had burned out. . . .

Five minutes to three.

I crossed the room, went into the lobby, and opened my outer door. Beyond, lay a sort of inner hallway, corridors branching off from it. It was empty. A lamp stood on the floor-clerk's table and afforded the only light.

Going over to this table, I stooped to the lamp and fixed my eyes on the minute finger of my watch as it crept to the hour. . . .

Three o'clock!

"BRIAN WOODVILLE!" said the Voice.

My heart was not beating quite normally. But this time I was certainly prepared for the phenomenon; and I had learned something.

The Voice was not connected with any hidden apparatus in my rooms. It had spoken at my elbow!

I crossed to a glazed swing-door and went several paces along a passage leading to deserted service quarters.

"Brian Woodville!"

The Voice had *followed* me!

Teeth hard-clenched, I returned to the open door of my apartment—and just as I gained it:

"Brian Woodville," those measured tones continued—"you have two days. This is the second warning. You have two days. . . ."

(*To be continued next week*)

THURSTON THE MAGICIAN

reaches into the silk hat of memory and, presto! extracts therefrom yards and yards of gayly colored, fascinating reminiscences of legerdemain and life—all of them thrilling.

Nothing Up My Sleeve

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SAVE YOUR TEETH
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WHITEN
IODENT
SAVE YOUR TEETH
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IODENT No. 1
In the red tube for teeth
EASY *to whiten*

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Naturally Hard to Whiten . . . therefore

IODENT No. 2

THINK TWICE before you condemn your teeth —even if they don't gleam after you brush them.

And think twice before you condemn the tooth paste you've been using.

It may be a good tooth paste—but the wrong kind for your particular teeth.

Some teeth—some of the *shapeliest* teeth—are naturally hard to whiten. In such cases, ordinary tooth pastes are inadequate.

IODENT No. 2 is especially compounded to erase stubborn stains and yellow tartar deposits from these hard-to-whiten teeth—and does so without the use of harmful grit or bleaches.

Try a tube today and note particularly how No. 2 maintains an effective body, without excessive foaming or liquefying.

Also observe how IODENT No. 2 goes to work on the teeth—gets everywhere—clings 'til it cleans—sparkles in the mouth—and produces a dazzling lustre.

Yet you can depend upon its absolute safety because it is made by a prominent Detroit dentist.

If your teeth are *easy* to whiten, IODENT No. 1 is equally effective—and IODENT is the *only* dentifrice made in two textures for these two recognized classes of teeth.

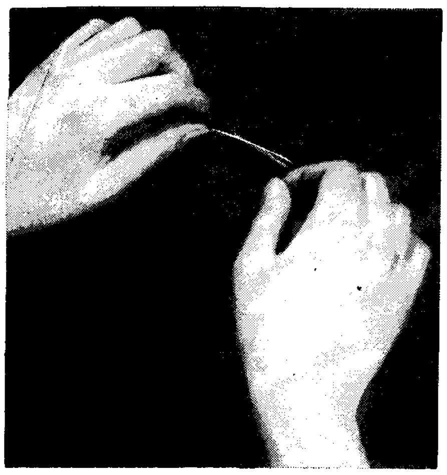
Equally important, both IODENTS contain calcium and potassium iodides in easily soluble form—the finest of professional tonics for soft, bleeding gums.

Be sure and get a tube today. Your Dentist will tell you all about the two IODENTS—probably uses one or the other himself.

No. 1 . . . *Is the Ideal Dentifrice for those whose teeth are EASY-to-whiten.*

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY, IODENT BUILDING, DETROIT

DENT *tooth paste*



...The FAMOUS Enders hair test that protects men from dull new blades . .

No Enders blade is packed and sold unless it will cut a sterilized human hair held in the fingers of one of our inspectors—cut it clean!

Thus every pack of *f-i-v-e* Enders blades contains *f-i-v-e* very keen blades.

The Enders Razor itself is so designed that it holds this sharp Enders blade at precisely the correct angle for a perfect shave. In the hand the Enders feels like the light, delicately poised and balanced instrument *which it is.*

Get an Enders Razor today. Expect a delightfully different sort of shave tomorrow. You will not be disappointed. Enders Sales Company, Inc., 105 W. 40th St., New York.

The new Enders in the attractive new box, with six blades $1.00

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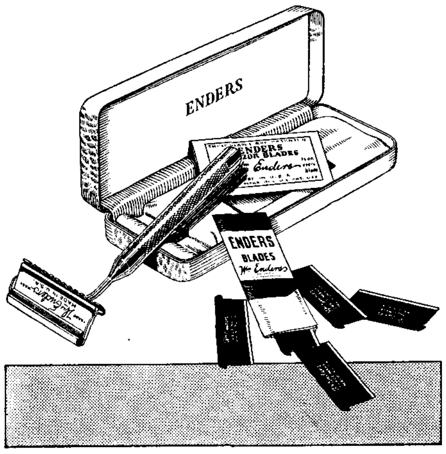

13 Smokes and 80 Cents

Continued from page 24

anything about this Redcoat horse, Colonel?"

Jefferson faced about and surveyed the speaker. A big man, jolly fellow apparently, and patently newly come into much money.

The big man smiled apologetically. "Don't know a darn thing about 'em myself," he explained, "but I gotta tip just now on this one."

"Frankly, suh," said Jefferson in his smoothest old Virginia voice, "I don't like the colt's breeding."

He pointed to his right where a slim mahogany-bay filly was pawing at the turf.

"Now heah is a filly with a bit of class—Whereaway. If I were a bettin' man she would carry my wageh."

"You know the horse?"

Jefferson smiled. "Indirectly, suh, indirectly. I once owned her dam, Zulieka."

A LANE formed toward the paddock gate and the field trotted out in Indian file.

"I'm going to shoot a century on her to win," said the big man.

They moved together back to the clubhouse lawn to watch the race. Then a great roar came from the stands. "They're off!"

The filly won. "I got ten to one," the big man exulted, "a thousand to the good on your dope. You ought to take half."

"What?" asked Jefferson.

"I say, you've got half of the winnings coming to you; it was your tip."

The old man sat down suddenly. Five hundred dollars! He could sleep in a bed, and eat, and buy his own smokes. He closed his eyes but he couldn't shut out the inner sight of a straight, slim young man leading a mahogany-bay filly into the circle at the old Charleston track while the crowd in the stands chanted her name, "Zulieka, Zulieka!"

He turned and smiled into the perplexed eyes of the big man. "I thank you," he said slowly, "but I couldn't. It's not the sporting thing to do."

It seemed quite natural that they should leave together after the last race, and that Jefferson should sink peacefully into the upholstered comfort of the big sedan beside the other man.

"If you haven't anything else to do, and you'll accept," his host had said, "I hope you will have dinner with me." And Jefferson having no scruples about eating, said he would be very happy to do so.

The car sped northward into Manhattan and thence to Riverside Drive. A vague unrest seized upon Jefferson's heart.

"Where do you live?" he asked, striving to make the question casual.

"A block north of the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, right here on the Drive," was the answer, and Jefferson relaxed with a long sigh.

"By the way," the other continued, "my name is Kohler. 'Big Jim Kohler,' they call me downtown." He drew a card from his pocket with the air of a proud schoolboy and presented it. In bold, square characters Jefferson read the name:

JAMES H. KOHLER
INVESTMENTS

He drew a long breath. He had not spoken his own name in years. "I am Jefferson Bard," he said, his voice low. Then it gained strength. "Of Bardstown Manor, Virginia," he concluded firmly.

The car stopped before an ornately appointed red sandstone two blocks north of the twin-gray whence Jefferson had issued on that memorable day's meridian.

Immediately the door opened and a weeping woman motioned them within.

Kohler gripped Jefferson's elbow. "Come," he said, "please." The next minute he was across the sidewalk and in the hall with Jefferson at his heels.

"This is Colonel Bard, Martha," he barked, "what in hell's wrong?"

The woman stuffed a handkerchief to her lips and bowed. "We've been robbed," she said. "Marie borrowed my ring to wear with her bracelet. They're both gone."

Kohler stepped closer to her and patted her hair in a clumsy effort to console her. "All right, Mamma, don't worry, we'll find 'em." He scowled. "Where did it happen?"

"Here. Marie says she changed her mind and didn't wear them. She got in awfully late I guess and didn't look until she woke up this afternoon. They were gone."

Jefferson, standing uncomfortably in the hallway, turned his back and looked out through the glass of the grilled entrance. The car was still standing at the curb and something familiar about the scrolled initials on the door caught his attention. He had seen initials like those before.

It came to him just as Kohler spoke.

"Our daughter," he explained apologetically, "has been robbed. We gave her a diamond bracelet for graduating from school and she's lost that and her mother's engagement ring to boot." The little-boy chagrin on his big face deepened to grief. "I couldn't buy her a decent ring till we'd been married damn' near ten years," he explained simply, "and it means a lot to her."

"Perhaps I can help," said Jefferson quietly, his mind on the scroll. "Might I see the girl for a moment?"

As soon as she entered the room, Jefferson knew he had been right.

"You look distraught, my dear," he said softly, "won't you have a cigarette?" He held out the ornate silk-topped box and the girl's eyes widened. She glanced up quickly, fearfully, under the weight of his level gaze.

"Suppose you show me the room where the theft occurred," he suggested. He bowed to the parents. "Will you excuse us for just a moment?"

INSIDE her room, with the door closed, she faced him. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" she said. Jefferson smiled obliquely.

"Have you any idea when he took them?" he asked gently.

The child shook her head. "I passed out," she said.

Jefferson pressed her fingers reassuringly. "Can you get me a gun?" he said in the most matter-of-fact tone.

"From Mother's room," she promised.

"Be certain that it is loaded," he said.

Jefferson stepped from a cab just below the side entrance to Gus Rowley's place in the west Fifties. "Wait here," he ordered. Then he pushed open the heavy door into Rowley's back room.

A scattering of men and women were grouped about the tables, but not the one he sought. He hurried on into the bar. The bartender eyed him belligerently. It had not occurred to Jefferson that he would not be recognized.

He laid a bill on the stained walnut and removed his hat.

"The last time you ushered me away from the free lunch, Joseph," he said, "you expressed the fervent hope that I never return." The smile broadened engagingly. "You see I am back. I'd like a glass of buttermilk—and have something yourself."

The barkeep chuckled.

"By golly, I'd never of knew you! You look like you'd got a letter from home."

Jefferson lifted the heavy glass. "That is it precisely," he said.

It was a matter of thirty minutes before "Shoes" appeared. He walked unsteadily. Jefferson watched him toss down a drink and then wheel for the side door.

THE cab still stood at the curb when he reached the street in quest of his quarry.

The boy, swaying a little, was midway between. Walking rapidly, Jefferson reached his side just as they came abreast of the car.

"Good evening, Shoes," he said jovially. The hoofer stopped and stared for a moment. Then he turned away. As he did so Jefferson thrust the blunt nose of the revolver sharply into the soft flesh of his side.

"This is a gun, Shoes," he said. "Keep your hands down and face the cab."

There was a moment of silence.

"Open the door," Jefferson commanded. As the other's right hand gripped the lever, his own fingers slipped swiftly to the holster beneath the boy's left armpit and drew out a squat .38-caliber automatic.

"Get in," he directed, a gun now in each hand, "and sit down with your hands on your knees where I can see them." He switched on the tonneau light and stepped in after his prisoner.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver.

"West Sixty-eighth Street police station," said Jefferson.

He surveyed the crumpled figure in the corner. Holding the automatic, his left hand slid beneath the boy's coat and pressed the steel against his stomach.

The cab lurched ahead.

"Say, what's the racket?" the captive demanded.

"There is a little matter of a diamond bracelet and a diamond ring," Jefferson said quietly. "The daughter of a very dear friend of mine has lost them. And they must be found. I thought perhaps you could help me—before we stopped at the police station."

For the space of several blocks there was no further sound inside the cab except the heavy breathing of the youth. He twitched suddenly and the gun against his stomach bored deeper.

"Careful," warned Jefferson, "this thing has upset me. I'm nervous, too."

He let his eyes pass significantly over the pale face.

"Have you ever been beaten with a rubber hose?" he asked when his gaze caught and held the other's.

"It's a horrible thing. No bad marks to show a lawyer—but it cuts the heart out of you."

The cab halted abruptly. The driver leaned back.

"Here we are, sir."

Jefferson nodded and turned back to face the boy.

"It cuts your heart out," he repeated, still in the soft, slow monotone, "and you think every bone in your body is being broken. The pain—"

"Geez, will you cut it out?" The boy's hands came up in a shuddering gesture and then fell back with a slap against his knees as the gun bit deep into his flesh.

(*Continued on page 48*)

FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"I enjoy this par-shave ...every day"

"With perfect ease and comfort, Barbasol makes the face all fairway. It takes strokes off the razor and gives the cleanest, quickest shave."

Johnny Farrell

1928 NATIONAL OPEN GOLF CHAMPION

Barbasol
Barbasol antiseptic beard softener for Shaving.
No brush No lather No rub-in
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Antiseptic Beard Softener
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Barbasol

Famous men are quick to recognize the best things in life. That's why they're famous. That's why mugs, brushes and messy lather are now in limbo. Famous faces are being shaved with Barbasol—the par-shave—every day!

There's nothing like it

You don't brush. You don't lather. You don't rub. You just spread on Barbasol with your fingertips and shave. It smooths the path of the razor that easily clips the beard (the toughest beard) at the skin line. And in a fraction of the usual time you're shaved. Your face looks clean and it will stay that way all day. The skin feels smooth, fresh, exhilarated. For Barbasol is a cooling, healing, refreshing lotion as well as the modern vehicle for shaving.

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Tomorrow morning step into the bathroom with a tube of Barbasol. Do this: 1. Wash the face (leave it wet). 2. Spread on Barbasol (don't rub). 3. Shave (dry the face).

In three quick steps that take about as many minutes, you're shaved. Your face feels smooth and cool. And it looks as good as it feels. *It's the par-shave.*

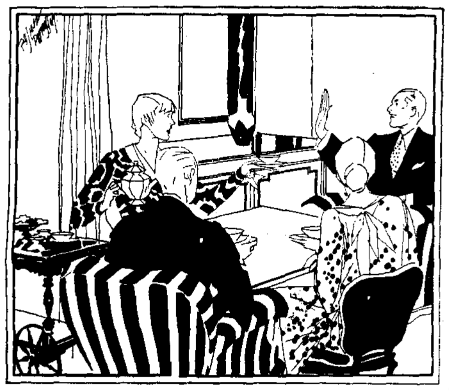
Today—step up to the nearest drug counter and speak up. One tube of Barbasol. Two sizes, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

WOMEN
LIKE THEIR MEN
young looking, bright and keenly fresh looking. Men like to be this way too. New Barbasol Skin Freshener cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving—whenever tired. Nothing better ... you'll agree!

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing



Do you ever hesitate to drink coffee at night?

SO MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of the drug caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

And what a delightful flavor and aroma! Several of the world's finest coffees are blended to produce one of the most satisfying coffees you ever tasted. Mellow, full-strength, heartening. No one ever knows the tasteless caffeine is gone.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. Let the family enjoy it breakfast, lunch, or supper.... What could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes?

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

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KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1875 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

COFFEE
KAFFEE HAG
THE COFFEE THAT LETS YOU SLEEP
STEEL CUT

The coffee that lets you sleep

13 Smokes and 80 Cents

Continued from page 46

"I ain't got the stuff," he moaned. "Lay offa me."

"Where is it?"

"Rowley's safe."

Jefferson leaned toward the driver.

"Drive to 84th Street and Riverside Drive," he said briskly.

The three Kohlers trooped from the library as the door opened to his ring. Jefferson gave them no chance for questions. He thrust the automatic into Papa Kohler's hand.

"Keep this man covered," he said and wheeled to the mother.

"Please give this cab driver ten dollars while your daughter shows me the way to the telephone."

He seized the girl's elbow and hurried her away. He called the number and cupped his hand over the transmitter. "We had a little talk coming up here in the cab," he told her. "He won't say anything."

A voice crackled over the wire. Jefferson cleared his throat.

"Joseph," he said, "tell Rowley to take this call on the extension in his office. It is most important."

A slight pause and a new voice.

"Rowley?" Jefferson spoke incisively. "You have twenty minutes to get yourself out of a great deal of trouble—It is of no consequence who this is speaking. I am telling you that young 'Shoes' is being held. We know he sold stolen jewelry to you . . . a diamond bracelet and a diamond ring. Give it to a man you can trust and send him in a fast car to 84th Street and Riverside Drive. Tell him to stand on the southwest corner until someone asks for him. You can have 'Shoes' in exchange. But you've got just twenty minutes to get here."

He let his voice drop.

"If you fail, Rowley, you'll go to Atlanta for ten years for that affair at Pier Five—"

Jefferson's hands shook as he fumbled to replace the receiver on its hook, but his old eyes twinkled into the girl's.

"It ain't gonna rain no mo'," he assured her gravely.

It was a shade under the twenty-minute deadline when the shriek of brakes sounded from the corner. "Send the butler down to ask him if he has the package from Mr. Rowley. If he says, 'Yes,' bring him here," instructed Jefferson.

A few minutes later a familiar figure stood blinking aggressively in the glare of the hall lights. Jefferson greeted him.

"Good evening, Joseph," he said. "If you will look into the next room—without moving, please—you will see the young man." He paused. "You recognize him? Good. Then please give the package to the young lady at your right for examination."

THE girl tore off the newspaper wrappings. A bracelet and a ring glittered in her fingers. "These are the ones I lost," she said.

Jefferson motioned toward the wilted figure of "Shoes." "Take him away, Joseph," he said, "but don't be harsh with him. He's just a lazy little boy—with the wrong perspective."

The old man watched them go before he gave out completely. He was lying on the library davenport with the household grouped anxiously about, when the stinging taste of brandy in his throat brought him around.

"I'm quite all right, really," he assured them. "You've been more than kind. You actually seem more concerned about me than you did about the stones."

Kohler stepped back and smiled down at him.

"We can always buy more diamonds, Colonel," he said, "but you're the only one of its kind left on this earth."

"Sort of a cavalier," added Mamma Kohler, "a cavalier of Old Virginia."

The lights seemed suddenly to hurt Jefferson's eyes. He shut them tight to ease the swift stab that welled up. Then he opened them and looked intently at the clear blue eyes of Mamma Kohler. At her warm smile.

"I'm only a bogus gentleman, my dear," he said, "a masquerading cavalier." He sighed. "And it is almost time for the party to end."

He turned to the bulky impressiveness of "Big Jim" Kohler. "I did own Zulieka," he said. "I didn't lie to you about that. And years ago I was lord of Bardstown Manor. But that, as I say, was years ago."

He stilled a protest from the other with a wave of his hand.

"Last night," he went on, "I slept on a park bench. This morning I set out to beg, borrow, but not quite steal—breakfast and something to smoke. You see I was, and am, just a tramp.

"That is how I knew about 'Shoes' and where to find the stones."

He lifted himself and his head came up proudly as he smiled again.

"The cavalier prince reverses Cinderella," he said, his voice clear and sharp with gayety. "The clock strikes and I must go back."

BUT before he could move Kohler's hands were at his shoulders holding him.

"Thank God for that," the big man was saying, over and over, and he was shaking his head because tear drops were forming in the corners of his eyes and he couldn't see.

"I don't mean about going," he boomed in his big voice. "I mean about telling us." He motioned with a free arm. "Mamma," he said, "and Baby, sit here."

The light hurt Jefferson's eyes again and he had to shut them. But he nodded, "I'm all right."

"Sure," agreed the Kohlers in chorus.

"Sure," echoed Papa Kohler again, "now listen. All day I've been wanting to ask you something—a real favor. But you had me scared. You were too far out of my class, see? You still are, but maybe we can help each other."

He stopped for breath and then the words bubbled out of him, warm and strong.

"Mamma and me want to get out of the city. It ain't the place to raise a girl right. And we want to live out in the country where there's a little of God's green earth and sunshine. We both come from farms and we want to go back. We want to have a lot of horses and dogs growing up around us.

"We want a place down in Virginia like the place you came from, see? And I want to ask you if you'll go down there and find it for us. Buy an option and then stock it. Go round to the tracks and sales and buy some mares." He stopped again momentarily and shook the lean shoulder beneath his fingers in a gentle, rocking grip.

"Buy Zulieka," he said, "and stay on to show us how to run the place right—like a gentleman of Old Virginia would."

JEFFERSON opened his eyes and a strong hand under his shoulder helped him to his feet. Everything about him seemed misty and far away. But the warmth of the hands that held him was very near and very real.

Something crisp and crackly was thrust into his palm and he looked down. It was a thousand-dollar bill.

"Just to seal the bargain," urged Mamma Kohler, quickly.

Jefferson looked at her in understanding. "You all are the—the 'realest' persons I have ever known," he said, "and I'd love to find the place you want."

Jefferson Davis Bard paused at the curbstone facing the stretch of an enchanted river before him in the magic blue-black night. His gaunt arms bent at the elbow and thrust taut. "Come on, Zulieka," he said softly.

From the side street behind him solid footfalls echoed sharply on the pavement.

Patrolman James Patrick Murtha touched his cap. "Was there something you wanted, sir?" he asked solicitously.

"Nothing," said Jefferson Davis Bard, "nothing at all." He reached into the pocket of his coat and drew out a silk-topped box.

"Will you have a cigarette, m'lad?" he urged.

Nameographs

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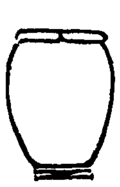

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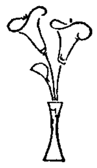

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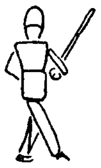

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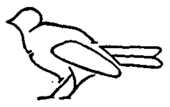

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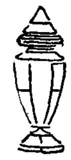
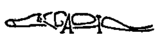
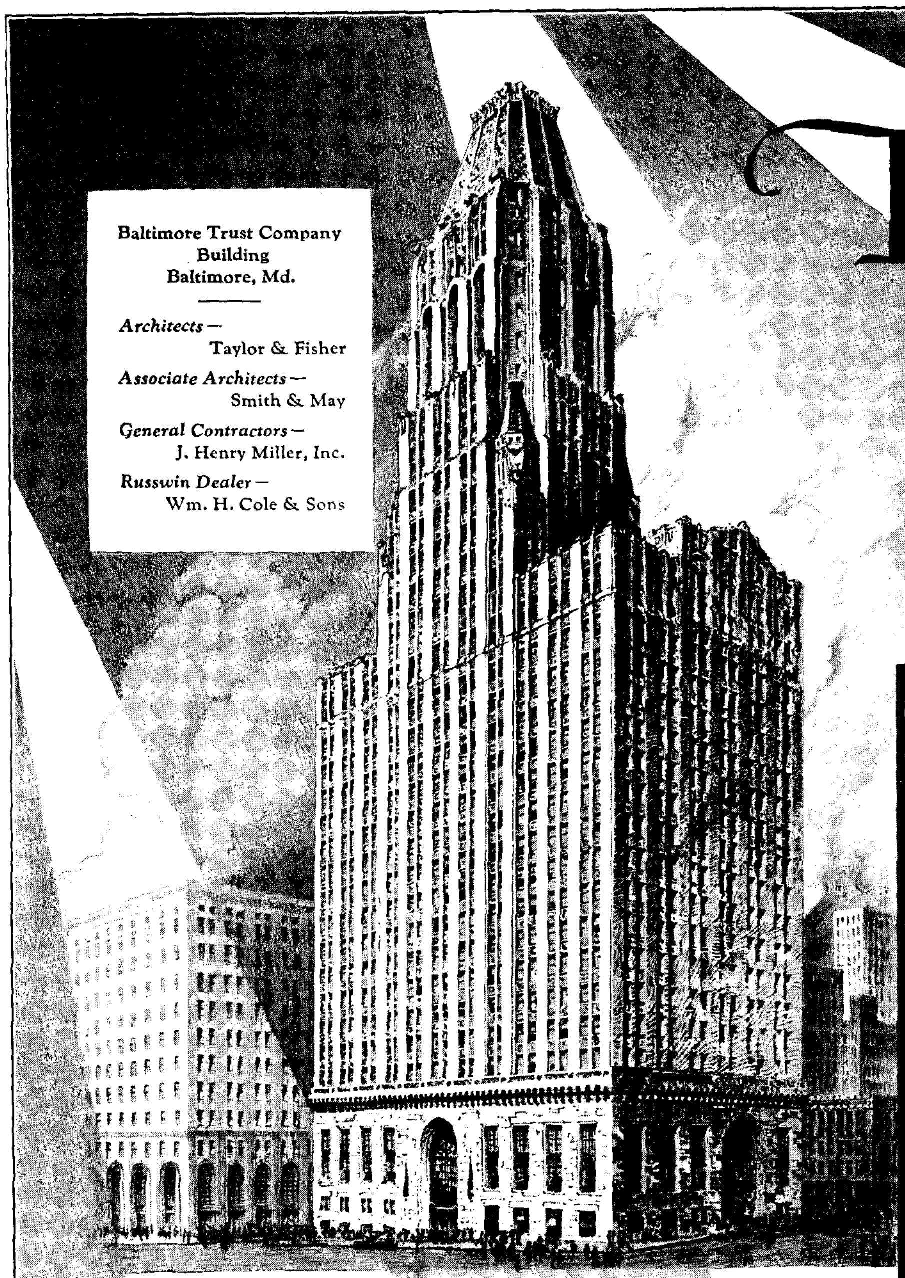


"Salt Shaker," by Henry Rowe, Heathsville, Va.



"Alligator," by Robert Magee, 214 E. 4th St., Flint, Mich.

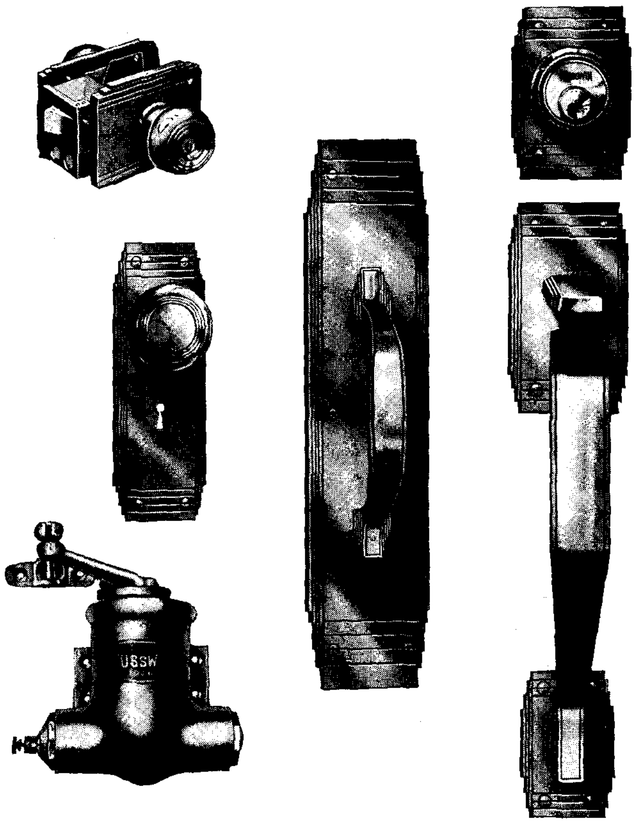


Baltimore Trust Company Building
Baltimore, Md.

Architects —
Taylor & Fisher
Associate Architects —
Smith & May
General Contractors —
J. Henry Miller, Inc.
Russwin Dealer —
Wm. H. Cole & Sons

Baltimore's TALLEST BUILDING

A FEW RUSSWIN CREATIONS

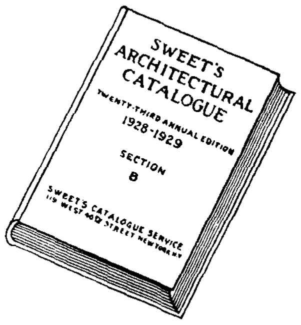


for the Bungalow · · · the Pretentious Home · · the Monumental Structure · ·

DISTINCTIVELY American in architecture — towering five hundred feet above the street, built on a foundation that drops nearly forty feet below the pavement line — the new home of the Baltimore Trust Company is a symbol of that company's progress and solidity.

The bank itself will occupy the first floor and three mezzanine floors. The rest of the building will be rented for office use. One of the particular advantages it will afford its occupants is natural lighting in each individual office.

Known for its distinctive and suitable designs as well as for durability, Russwin Hardware was chosen to equip this beautiful and substantial building.


SWEET'S ARCHITECTURAL CATALOGUE
TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EDITION
1928-1929
SECTION
B
SWEET'S CATALOGUE SERVICE

See pages 2519-2598 for a catalogue of Russwin Hardware

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SINCE 1839
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RUSSELL & ERWIN
DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE

Hardware that lasts - Base Metals of Bronze or Brass

RUSSELL & ERWIN MFG. CO., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"

You CAN'T lose *this* cap!
Williams' Luxury Shaving Cream
The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!
GLASTONBURY

It's cream. It's real Shaving Cream. ***It's not just soap in a tube!***

It's the product of eighty-nine years of specialized study.

It's blended from materials carefully chosen for what they ***won't*** **do, as well as for what they** ***will*** **do. Scrupulously pure.**

It's ultra mild. Billions of pores of millions of skins would tell you so if they could talk.

It's quick to make a lather; and the lather it makes holds 10% more moisture, by authentic test, than any other we know of.

It's good for the pores; good for the skin; good for the blade; and good for the temper.

No man's shaving experience is complete until he has tried a tube of Williams.

* * *

The drug clerk: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . ***but they all come back to Williams!"***

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA

Next time say
"**Williams**
Shaving Cream
please!"

Complete the shave with a dash of AQUA VELVA. Made *just* for that!

Nice Lion!

Continued from page 13

After the apparatus is set up we shoot an old zebra for bait and drag the body to a point about 15 feet in front of the cameras. When everything is ready and the lenses focussed on the zebra we have our boys cut the entrails out of the carcass and drag them around.

When all is set we retire to our shelter and the boys return to camp.

And soon enough the sounds commence. For in Africa the night is full of noise. Bark and snort of the zebras follows a series of roars of a hunting lion; then the brief agonized scream of the victim. Cackle of hyenas, boom-boom of the ostrich. Strange rustlings go on in the grass and brush. Flutter of ghostly wings from a near-by tree.

Waiting for the Show

Always the hyenas come first to the kill. Sometimes we have 30 or 40 to deal with. And we have photographed them so much that we don't want any more.

"Take that!" I whisper and hurl a rock in the direction of the gnawing that is too slight to be one of the big cats.

Osa shines her hand flashlight toward the body. Despite my missile there are a dozen hyenas, like huge maggots, devouring our bait. Sometimes we can get rid of them only by shooting one or two.

Warranted execution, when one recalls the cruelty of these jungle assassins. Their diet is usually baby gazelles that are too small to run away.

But the moment a lion comes to the feed the hyenas discreetly leave. His presence is made known to us by a great increase in the noise of eating.

When we think he's about in the position we want him we throw the flashlight on him, causing him to blink and turn around. But strange to say, it never frightens him away.

Usually the light isn't enough. Either he doesn't look at it for long enough, or he is not disturbed enough to have an interesting pose of curiosity. Now is the time to whistle or speak a word or two to him. Instantly he is alert. As the light is still on, I know just when to push my button and fire the flash.

The mechanism is so arranged that the shutters of my cameras do not open until the light is at a maximum. They then trip at a speed of one three-hundredths of a second.

In the past, flashlights of lions have been made by opening the shutter and leaving it until the flash is fired. As a result the animal usually more or less ruins the negative by moving before the flash has died away.

On the third night I had a rather rough time of it. We had moved our apparatus to a point about a mile from where we had been the night before.

After all was ready we went back to camp to get our bait. Imagine our surprise on our return to find two big maned lions sitting on their haunches by our cameras looking over the layout.

They looked inquiringly at us, then at one another; then at the cameras. Then they rose to their feet, took a good stretch apiece and ambled on.

But they didn't go far. I suppose they wanted to be sure not to miss anything. They joined two more lions about a hundred feet away and once more squatted down for a look at our proceedings.

Before sunset we sat down and had our sandwiches, which the camp cook had prepared for us, and some coffee out of our thermos bottles. I almost expected to see the lions ramble up and "meow" for something to eat. But they only lay down in the grass for a doze, and to be on hand for the "big show," whatever it was.

After dark the two biggest lions came up and sat on their haunches about ten feet from our zebra bait.

"Looks good," yawned one, but without relish. Apparently he had not worked up any appetite that day.

Then came an unexpected interruption. Without any apparent reason both whirled about and dashed off into the brush about a hundred yards away. At once rose a chorus of roars and howls. In the moonlight we could see a number of other lions running away across the plains, our visitors in pursuit.

"Guess they don't belong," laughed Osa.

The row went on for a mile at least beyond us and then quieted down. In a few minutes the lions were back at our zebra looking very satisfied with themselves.

Even now they wouldn't eat. There was still something on their minds, or else their appetites needed a further stimulant. They weren't close enough to the cameras for a picture. And as more lions could be heard coming up in the distance they showed renewed signs of annoyance at intruders.

About 11 P. M. a beautiful big taffy-colored lion came to the kill. He disregarded all the other lions; indeed he could afford to as he was half again as big as any of the others, and powerful enough to have walked off with a full-grown ox on his shoulders. A few minutes later another smaller and younger lion arrived who must have been his son, and then three pretty females with two handsome beaux. It was a pleasant family party and all seemed to be pleased to find the table set and food ready.

Just as I was going to set off the flash on the big fellow, Osa whispered: "Oh, wait until all seven of them start. Think what a picture it will make!"

So I waited.

But in a little while I couldn't stand it any longer. The lions were so self-possessed, and such a fine-looking lot that I felt it was the chance of a lifetime.

I pressed the button. Nothing happened. I pressed again as hard as I could. Not a flicker. Hurriedly I pulled off the button and touched the bare wires together. No result.

Something was wrong. A whole day's work was thrown away if I couldn't fix my gear. And yet the fixing could be done only in the very midst of seven lions. It wasn't exactly an easy problem to solve.

I did the only thing I could. I walked out toward the kill while Osa shouted to scare the lions away.

A Family Party

I say "scare," which may seem inconsistent with the lion's courage which I have lauded so highly. But I ask the reader to suppose that he is taking lunch at a sidewalk café and some near-by laborers begin to shout unintelligible remarks and advance toward your table. You wouldn't exactly be afraid of them, but it would seem a prudent thing to rise and see what on earth they were after.

That is what the lions did. They weren't hungry enough to be ferocious. So when they heard our racket they left the meat and retreated for 50 or 60 feet.

Of course I was armed. I can't say I had either the courage or faith of Daniel. I carried a sawed-off riot gun. This might not kill a lion at close quarters, but it was calculated to drive the bunch back temporarily if they tried to "gang" me. Meanwhile Osa and the boys held their rifles aimed at the lions nearest me.

I worked for about fifteen minutes until I found the short circuit and repaired it. The lions watched every move I made.

When I finished and went back to our shelter the lions courteously waited a few minutes and then went back to their meal.

Several times again I was on the point of making a picture. But now all seven lions were so close again that I hoped to get the entire group in one film. The plan was spoiled, however, by one female coming over to investigate us. She came right up to where we were and sniffed away for all she was worth. But I guess we didn't smell as appetizing as the zebra; for after a bit she rejoined the others.

Then one of the big males got the idea of looking into the mechanism of our cameras and flashlights. He walked over to one camera and began tentatively to investigate one of the tripod legs with his teeth. In a few moments he pulled the whole camera over.

This was too much for me. I jumped up and hurled a heavy rock at him as hard as I could throw it. It caught him squarely in the ribs. He gave vent to a loud grunt and spun about, glaring in my direction as much as to say: "Did you do that, you big stiff?"

I was so angry that I yelled right back: "You bet I did. And I want you to leave those cameras alone!"

He looked surprised, as if it suddenly occurred to him that it was my property.

Righteous Wrath

However, his curiosity got the better of him and he went back to the camera which had fallen over and began to chew on it. I yelled again. This time he dropped the camera and started for me; not a charge but just an audacious strutting to find out what the mischief I meant speaking that way to a full-grown lion on his native heath.

Luckily for both of us he touched the electric wire before he had gone far. This put another idea into his mind. He took the wire in his teeth and began to back away with it. I let my end go, hoping that it would slide through his mouth. But he had his teeth sunk in between two strands. As a result he pulled down the batteries that had been lashed to one of the poles.

In my fury at seeing my fragile gear being wrecked by this vandal, I yelled again. The scoundrel backed away still farther, but carrying two batteries in his mouth. At a distance of fifty feet he sat calmly down and watched to see what my next move would be.

By this time my courage had become the righteous wrath of indignation. I went out and chased the whole crowd away again and tried to fix my apparatus. But the batteries that survived were too weak and the wires too tangled for any more use that night. I shook my fist in the derisive faces of the lions, gathered up the remains of my outfit and let the beasts finish their banquet undisturbed.

I had failed, but the episode, like many others, bore out my contention that the lion is a gentleman of magnanimous disposition who will leave you alone if you treat him with reasonable intelligence, and give him credit for a good deal of his own.

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Business Figuring at whirlwind speed

The Sundstrand adds, subtracts and multiplies faster than you ever thought it could be done

THE simplest machine you ever saw, yet the world's fastest for all your business figuring. With a few minutes' practice, you can operate a Sundstrand easily, speedily and accurately.

Everything about this remarkable machine has been reduced to the simplest possible terms. One hand, operating ten numeral keys, handles all addition, subtraction and multiplication.

The logical arrangement of the Sundstrand keyboard results in speedy touch operation. With your eyes perfectly free to follow the work to be copied, you save time and costly errors. No lost motion—visual or manual.

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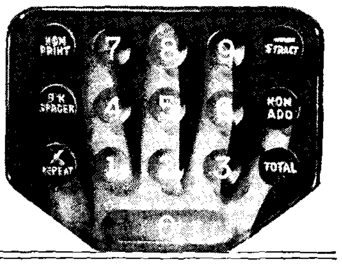
Only on the Sundstrand will you find all of these time-saving features

Automatic direct subtraction . . . Automatic shift multiplication . . . One hand control . . . Automatic column selection . . . Speed beyond the fastest human fingers . . . Convenient space saving size . . . Durability . . . Credit balance feature . . . Only ten numeral keys . . . Touch method of operation naturally and quickly acquired . . . Automatic totals and sub-totals . . . Portability . . . Visibility

ONLY TEN NUMERAL KEYS

One hand covers the entire keyboard. Close your eyes and operate it. The simplest system on earth for all your business figuring.



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MILD *enough for anybody*

What a cigarette meant there

Forty hours in the wireless room, sending, sending, sending... till help for a helpless ship is drawn across hundreds of miles of storm-wrecked ocean. And afterward, only one comment: "Good thing we had plenty of cigarettes!"

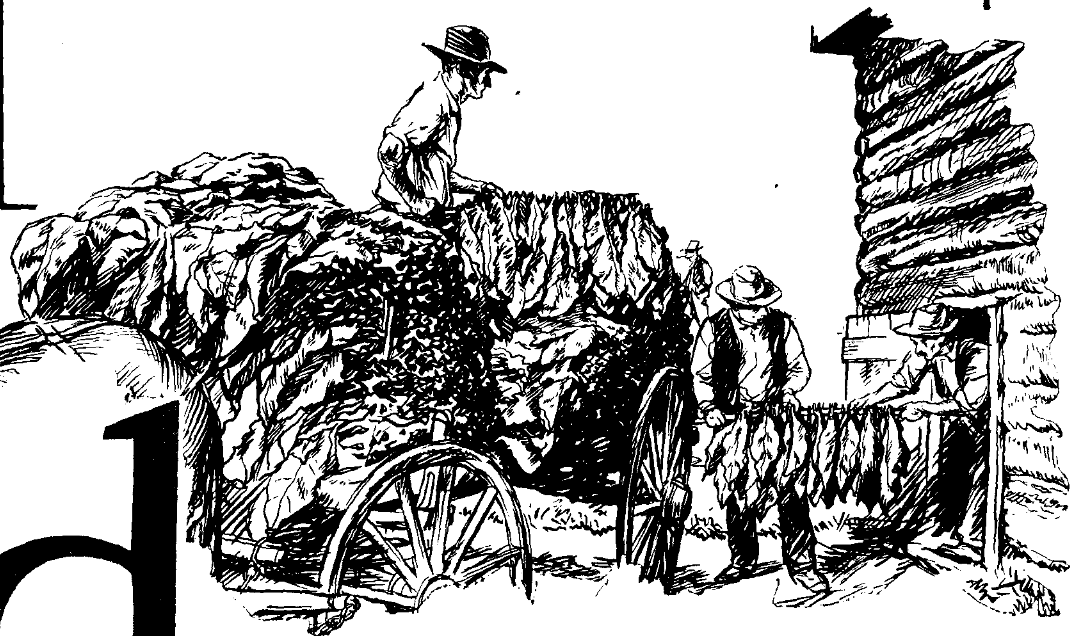
What a cigarette means *here*

Forty hours at the curing barn— the most anxious hours in all the tobacco season.

The last wagon in from the fields, the barn full, the fires lighted—now the delicate work of curing commences. Day and night, day and night, watching thermometers, attending fires, adjusting ventilators—with loss of a year's work the penalty of carelessness, with loss of flavor the result of haste.

Vastly important, of course, are the later aging and blending—but to this tireless vigil at the curing-barns you owe no small part of Chesterfield's flavorful and satisfying mildness.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



From 800 to 1,000 pounds of tobacco can be cured in this barn at each "firing."

field

... *and yet* **THEY SATISFY**

Summer Lightning

Continued from page 17

man at her elbow. He seemed to have materialized from nowhere.

"May I introduce myself, Miss Brown?" said this blot. "My name is Pilbeam."

At the same moment, there appeared in the doorway and stood there raking the restaurant with burning eyes the flannel-suited figure of Ronald Overbury Fish.

RONNIE FISH'S estimate of the time necessary for reaching London from Blandings Castle in a sports-model two-seater had been thrown out of gear by two mishaps. Halfway down the drive the car had developed some mysterious engine-trouble, which had necessitated taking it back to the stables and having it overhauled by Lord Emsworth's chauffeur. It was not until nearly an hour later that he had been able to resume his journey, and a blowout near Oxford had delayed him still further. He arrived at Sue's flat just as Sue and Hugo were entering Mario's.

Ringing Sue's front-door bell produced no result. Ronnie regretted that in the stress of all the other matters that occupied his mind he had forgotten to send her a telegram. He was about to creep away and have a bite of dinner at the Drones Club—a prospect which pleased him not at all, for the Drones at dinner-time was always full of hearty eggs who talked much too loud for a worried man's nerves and might even go so far as to throw bread at him, when, descending the stairs into the hall, he came upon Bashford, the porter.

Bashford, who knew Ronnie well, said "Ullo, Mr. Fish," and Ronnie said "Hello, Bashford," and Bashford said the weather seemed to keep up, and Ronnie said, "Yes, that's right, it does," and it was at this point that the porter uttered these memorable, and, as events proved, epoch-making words:

"If you're looking for Miss Brown, Mr. Fish, I've an idea she's gone to a place called Mario's."

He poured further details into Ronnie's throbbing ear. Mr. Carmody had rung up on the phone, might have been ar-parse four, and he, Bashford, not listening but happening to hear, had thought he had caught something said about this place Mario's. . . .

By the time Ronald Overbury Fish pushed through the swinging-door that guards the revelry at Mario's from the gaze of the passer-by, he was perplexed in the extreme. He felt hot all over, then cold all over, then hot again, and the waiter who stopped him on the threshold of the dining-room to inform him that evening dress was indispensable on the dancing-floor and that flannel suits must go up to the balcony, was running a risk which would have caused his insurance company to purse its lips and shake its head.

Fortunately for him, Ronnie did not hear. He was scanning the crowd before him in an effort to find Sue.

"Plenty of room in the balcony, sir," urged the waiter, continuing to play with fire.

This time Ronnie did become dimly aware that somebody was addressing him and he was about to turn and give the man one look, when halfway down a grove of black coats and gayly colored frocks, he suddenly saw what he was searching for. The next moment he was pushing a path through the throng, treading on the toes of brave men and causing fair women to murmur bitterly that this sort of thing ought to be prevented by the management.

Five yards from Sue's table, Ronnie Fish would have said that his cup was full and could not possibly be made any fuller. But when he had covered another two and pushed aside a fat man who was standing in the fairway, he realized his mistake. It was not Hugo who was Sue's companion, but a reptilian-looking squirt with narrow eyes and his hair done in ridges. And, as he saw him, something seemed to go off in Ronnie's brain like a released spring.

Ronnie reached the table. Pilbeam at the moment was saying that he had wanted for a long time to meet Sue. He hoped she had got his flowers all right.

It was perhaps a natural desire to look at anything but this odious and thrusting individual who had forced his society upon her that caused Sue to raise her eyes.

Raising them she met Ronnie's. And, as she saw him, her conscience, which she had supposedly lulled for the night, sprang to life more vociferous than ever. It had but been crouching, the better to spring.

"Ronnie!"

She started up. Pilbeam also rose. The waiter with the glasses pressed the edge of his tray against Ronnie's elbow in a firm but respectful manner and told him that on the dancing floor evening dress was indispensable. Gentlemen in flannel suits, however, would find ample accommodation in the balcony.

Ronnie did not speak. And it would have been better if Sue had not done so. For, at this crisis, some subconscious instinct, of the kind which is always waiting to undo us at critical moments, suggested to her dazed mind that when two men who do not know each other are standing side by side in a restaurant one ought to introduce them.

"Mr. Fish, Mr. Pilbeam," murmured Sue.

ONLY the ringing of the bell that heralds the first sound of a heavyweight championship fight could have produced more instant and violent results. Through Ronnie's flannel-clad body a sort of galvanic shock seemed to pass. Pilbeam! He had come expecting Hugo, and Hugo would have been bad enough. But Pilbeam! The man she had said she didn't even know. The man she hadn't met. The man whose gifts of flowers she had professed to resent. In person! In the flesh! Hobnobbing with her in a restaurant! By Gad, he meant to say! By George! Good Gosh!

His fists clenched. Eton was forgotten, Cambridge not even a memory. He inhaled so sharply that a man at the next table who was eating a *mousse* of chicken stabbed himself in the chin with his fork. He turned on Pilbeam with a hungry look. And at this moment, the waiter, raising his voice a little, for he was beginning to think that Ronnie's hearing was slightly affected, mentioned as an interesting piece of information that the management of Mario's preferred to reserve the dancing-floor exclusively for clients in evening dress. But there was a bright side. Gentlemen in flannel suits could be accommodated in the balcony.

It was the waiter who saved Percy Pilbeam. With all the force of a generous nature, sorely tried, Ronnie plugged the waiter in the stomach with his elbow. There was a crash which even Leopold's band could not drown. The man who had stabbed himself with the fork had his meal still further spoiled by the fact that it suddenly began to rain glass. And, as regards the other occupants of the restaurant, the word "sensation" about sums up the situation.

Ronnie and the management of Mario's now formed two sharply contrasted schools of thought. To Ronnie the only thing that seemed to matter was this Pilbeam—this creeping, slinking, cuckoo-in-the-nest Pilbeam, the Lothario who had lowered all speed records in underhand villainy by breaking up his home before he had got one. He concentrated all his faculties to the task of getting round the table, to the other side of which the object of his dislike had prudently withdrawn, and showing him in no uncertain manner where he got off.

To the management, on the other hand, the vital issue was all this broken glassware. The waiter had risen from the floor, but the glasses were still there, and scarcely one of them was in a condition ever to be used again for the refreshment of Mario's customers. The head waiter, swooping down on the fray like some god in the Iliad descending from a cloud, was endeavoring to place this point of view before Ronnie. Assisting him with word and gesture were two inferior waiters—Waiter A, and Waiter B.

RONNIE was in no mood for abstract debate. He hit the head waiter in the abdomen, Waiter A in the ribs, and was just about to dispose of Waiter B when his activities were hampered by the sudden arrival of reinforcements. From all parts of the room other waiters had assembled—to name but a few, Waiter C, D, E, F, G and H—and he found himself hard pressed. It seemed to him that he had dropped into a Waiters' Convention. As far as the eye could reach, the arena was crammed with waiters, and more coming.

Pilbeam had disappeared altogether, and so busy was Ronnie now that he did not even miss him. He had reached that condition of mind which the old Vikings used to call berserk and which among modern Malays is termed running amok.

Ronnie Fish in the course of his life had had many ambitions. As a child, he had yearned some day to become an engine-driver. At school, it had seemed to him that the most attractive career the world had to offer was that of the professional cricketer. Later, he had hoped to run a prosperous night-club. But now, in his twenty-sixth year, all these desires were cast aside and forgotten. The only thing in life that seemed really worth while was to massacre waiters; and to this task he addressed himself with all the energy and strength at his disposal.

Matters now began to move briskly. Waiter C who rashly clutched the sleeve of Ronnie's coat, reeled back with a hand pressed to his right eye. Waiter D, a married man, contented himself with standing on the outskirts and talking Italian. But Waiter E, made of sterner stuff, hit Ronnie rather hard with a dish containing *omelette aux champignons*: and it was as the latter reeled beneath this buffet that there suddenly appeared in the forefront of the battle a figure wearing a gay uniform and almost completely concealed behind a vast mustache, waxed at the ends. It was the commissionaire from the street-door: and anybody who has ever been bounced from a restaurant knows that commissionaires are heavy metal.

This one, whose name was McTeague,

(*Continued on page 56*)

France

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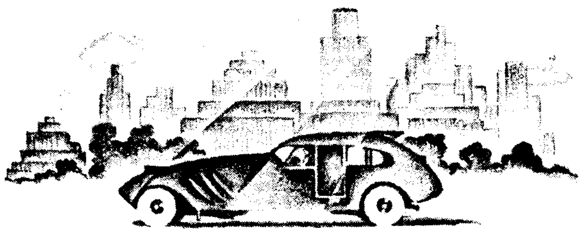

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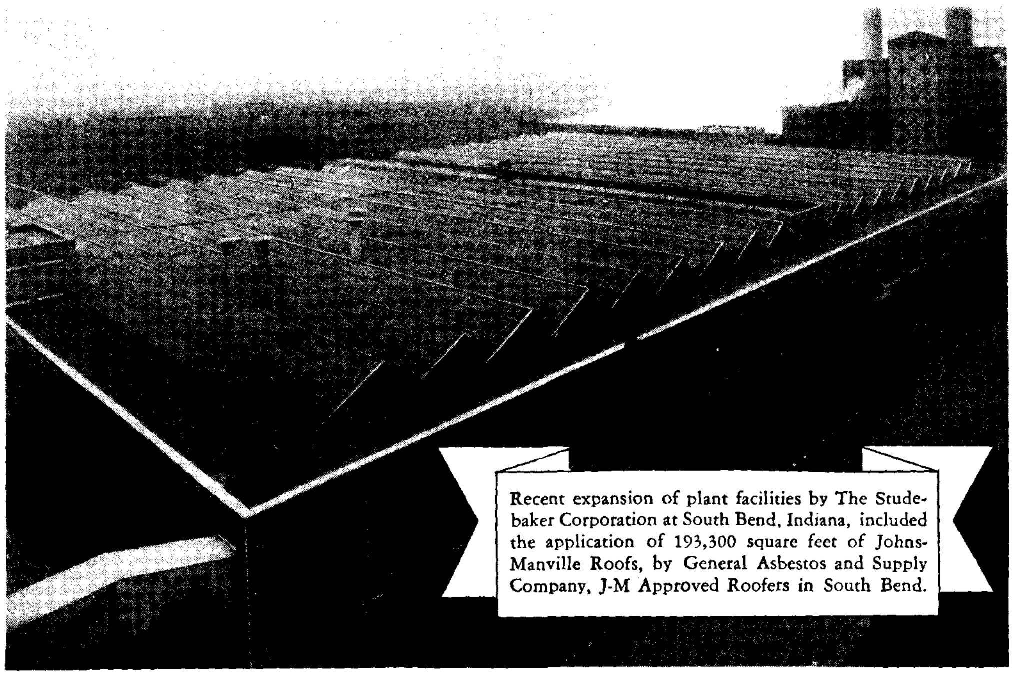

Recent expansion of plant facilities by The Studebaker Corporation at South Bend, Indiana, included the application of 193,300 square feet of Johns-Manville Roofs, by General Asbestos and Supply Company, J-M Approved Roofers in South Bend.

THERE are nearly five acres of Johns-Manville Bonded Roofs on six of the new buildings of the Studebaker Corporation at South Bend, Indiana. More than half of the area of the new machine shop shown here, is laid on the slopes of the "saw tooth" construction.

Because every J-M roof is made of materials exactly right for the purpose and because every J-M roof is laid by expert roofers, Studebaker officials may safely forget this roof for the next 15 years. They know the J-M guarantee states that for at least 15 years this roof will be weather-tight and in good condition. And to support this guarantee there is a 15-year surety bond.

Your own roofing problems can be solved by Johns-Manville. Do you want a twenty-year roof or are you interested in some more temporary structure? Whatever your building, however many years it should stand, there is a J-M roof exactly suited for it.

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Naturally, very few property owners have had the experience and knowledge *necessary* to qualify as a roofing expert. Yet without cost or obligation you may have the opinion of a technical expert about the roofs of your plant. This Johns-Manville specialist will tell you what service you may expect from each roof, and what should be done when work is necessary.

This J-M roofing man has nothing to sell. He will simply report the facts to you, answer questions, and leave you so that you may be permitted to make your own decisions.

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It will pay you to fill out the coupon which will bring a Johns-Manville Roofing Inspector to your plant.

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 54

and who had spent many lively years in the army before retiring to take up his present duties, had a grim face made of some hard kind of wood and the muscles of a village blacksmith. A man of action rather than words, he clove his way through the press in silence. Only when he reached the center of the maelstrom did he speak. This was when Ronnie, leaping onto a chair the better to perform the operation, hit him on the nose. On receipt of this blow, he uttered the brief monosyllable 'Ho!' and then, without more delay, scooped Ronnie into an embrace of steel and bore him towards the door, through which was now moving a long, large, leisurely policeman.

IT WAS some few minutes later that Hugo Carmody, emerging from the telephone booth on the lower floor where the cocktail bar is, sauntered back into the dancing-room and was interested to find waiters massaging bruised limbs, other waiters replacing fallen tables, and Leopold's band playing in a sort of hushed undertone like a band that has seen strange things.

"Hullo!" said Hugo. "Anything up?"

He eyed Sue inquiringly. She looked to him like a girl who had had some sort of a shock. Not, or his eyes deceived him, at all her old bright self.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Take me home, Hugo!"

Hugo stared.

"Home? Already? With the night yet young?"

"Oh, Hugo, take me home, quick."

"Just as you say," assented Hugo agreeably. He was now pretty certain that something was up. "One second to settle the bill, and then homeward ho. And on the way you shall tell me all about it. For I jolly well know," said Hugo, who prided himself on his keenness of observation, "that something is—or has been—up."

The law of Great Britain is a remorseless machine which, once set in motion, ignores first causes and takes into account only results. It will not accept shattered dreams as an excuse for shattering glassware; nor will you get far by pleading a broken heart in extenuation of your behavior in breaking waiters.

Haled on the morrow before the awful majesty of Justice at Bosher Street Police Court and charged with disorderly conduct in a public place, to wit, Mario's Restaurant, and resisting an officer, to wit, P. C. Murgatroyd, in the execution of his duties, Ronald Fish made no impassioned speeches. He did not raise clenched fists aloft and call upon Heaven to witness that he was a good man wronged. Experience, dearly bought in the days of his residence at the University, had taught him that when the law gripped you with its talons the only thing to do was to give a false name, say nothing and hope for the best. Shortly before noon, accordingly, on the day following the painful scene just described, Edwin Jones, of 7 Nasturtium Villas, Cricklewood, poorer by the sum of five pounds, was being conveyed in a swift taxicab to his friend Hugo Carmody's hotel, there to piece together his broken life and try to make a new start.

On the part of the man Jones himself during the ride there was a disposition towards silence. He gazed before him bleakly and gnawed his lower lip. Hugo Carmody, on the other hand, was inclined to be rather jubilant. It seemed to Hugo that, after a rocky start, things had panned out pretty well.

"A nice, smooth job," he said approvingly. "I was scanning the beak's face closely during the summing up and I couldn't help fearing for a moment that it was going to be case of fourteen days without the option. As it is, here you are, a free man, and no chance of your name being in the papers. A moral victory, I call it."

Ronnie released his lower lip in order to bare his teeth in a bitter sneer.

"She promised me she wouldn't go out with a soul."

"Ah, but with a merry twinkle in her eye, no doubt? I mean to say, you can't expect a girl nowadays to treat a promise like that seriously. I mean, dash it, be reasonable!"

"And with that little worm, of all people!"

Hugo cleared his throat. He was conscious of a slight embarrassment. He had not wished to touch on this aspect of the affair, but Ronnie's last words gave a Carmody and a gentleman no choice.

"As a matter of fact, Ronnie, old man," he said, "you are wrong in supposing that she went to Mario's with the above Pilbeam. She went with me. Blameless Hugo, what I mean, more like a brother than anything."

Ronnie declined to be comforted.

"I don't believe you."

"My dear chap!"

"I suppose you think you're damned clever, trying to smooth things over. She was at Mario's with Pilbeam."

"I took her there."

"You may have taken her. But she was *dining* with Pilbeam."

"Nothing of the kind."

"Do you think I can't believe my own eyes? It's no use your saying anything, Hugo; I'm through with her. She's let me down. Less than a week I've been away," said Ronnie, his voice trembling, "and she lets me down. Well, it serves me right for being such a fool as to think she ever cared a curse for me."

HE RELAPSED into silence. And Hugo, after turning over in his mind a few specimen remarks, decided not to make them. The cab drew up before the hotel, and Ronnie, getting out, uttered a wordless exclamation.

"No, let me," said Hugo considerately. A bit rough on a man, he felt, after coughing up five quid to the hell-hounds of the Law, to be expected to pay the cab. He produced money and turned to the driver. It was some moments before he turned back again, for the driver, by the rules of the taxi-chauffeurs' Union, kept his petty cash tucked into his underclothing. When he did so, he was considerably astonished to find that Ronnie, while his back was turned, had, in some unaccountable manner, become Sue. The changeling was staring unhappily at him from the exact spot where he had left his old friend.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Ronnie's gone," said Sue.

"Gone?"

"Yes. He walked off as quick as he could round the corner when he saw me. He . . ." Sue's voice broke. "He didn't say a word."

"How did you get here?" asked Hugo. There were other matters, of course, to be discussed later, but he felt he must get this point cleared up first.

"I thought you would bring him back to your hotel, and I thought that if I could see him I could... say something."

Hugo was alarmed.

"Come inside," he urged quickly. "Come and have a cocktail or a cup of tea and a bun or something. I say," he said, as he led the way into the hotel lobby and found two seats in a distant corner, "I'm frightfully sorry about all this. I can't help feeling it's my fault."

"Oh, no."

"If I hadn't asked you to dinner . . ."

"It isn't that that's the trouble. Ronnie might have been a little cross for a minute or two if he had found you and me together, but he would soon have got over it. It was finding me with that horrid little man Pilbeam. You see, I told him—and it was quite true—that I didn't know him."

"Yes, so he was saying to me in the cab."

"Did he— What did he say?"

"Well, he plainly resented the Pilbeam, I'm afraid. His manner, when *touching on the Pilbeam*, was austere. I tried to drive into his head that that was just an accidental meeting and that you had come to Mario's with me, but he would have none of it. I fear, old thing, there's nothing to *be done but* leave the whole binge to Time, the Great Healer."

A PAGE-BOY was making a tour of the lobby. He seemed to be seeking a Mr. Gargery.

"If only I could get hold of him and make him listen. I haven't been given a chance to explain."

"You think you could explain, even if given a chance?"

"I could try. Surely he couldn't help seeing that I really loved him, if we had a real talk?"

"And the trouble is, you're here and he'll be back at Blandings in a few hours. Difficult," said Hugo, shaking his head. "Complex."

"Mr. Carmody," chanted the page-boy coming nearer. "Mr. Carmody."

"Hi!" cried Hugo.

"Mr. Carmody? Wanted on the telephone, sir."

Hugo's face became devout and saintlike.

"Awfully sorry to leave you for an instant," he said, "but do you mind if I rush? It must be Millicent. She's the only person who knows I'm here."

He sped away, and Sue, watching him, found herself choking with sudden tears. It seemed to emphasize her forlornness so, this untimely evidence of another love-story that had not gone awry. She seemed to be listening to that telephone conversation, hearing Hugo's delighted yelps as the voice of the girl he loved floated to him over the wire. She pulled herself together. Beastly of her to be jealous of Hugo just because he was happy. . . .

Sue sat up abruptly. She had had an idea.

It was a breath-taking idea, but simple. It called for courage, for audacity, for a reckless disregard of consequences, but nevertheless it was simple.

"Hugo," she cried, as that lucky young man returned and dropped into the chair at her side. "Hugo, listen!"

"I say," said Hugo, "that was Millicent on the phone."

"Was it? How nice. Listen, Hugo. . . ."

"Speaking from Blandings."

"Yes. But . . ."

"And she has broken off the engagement!"

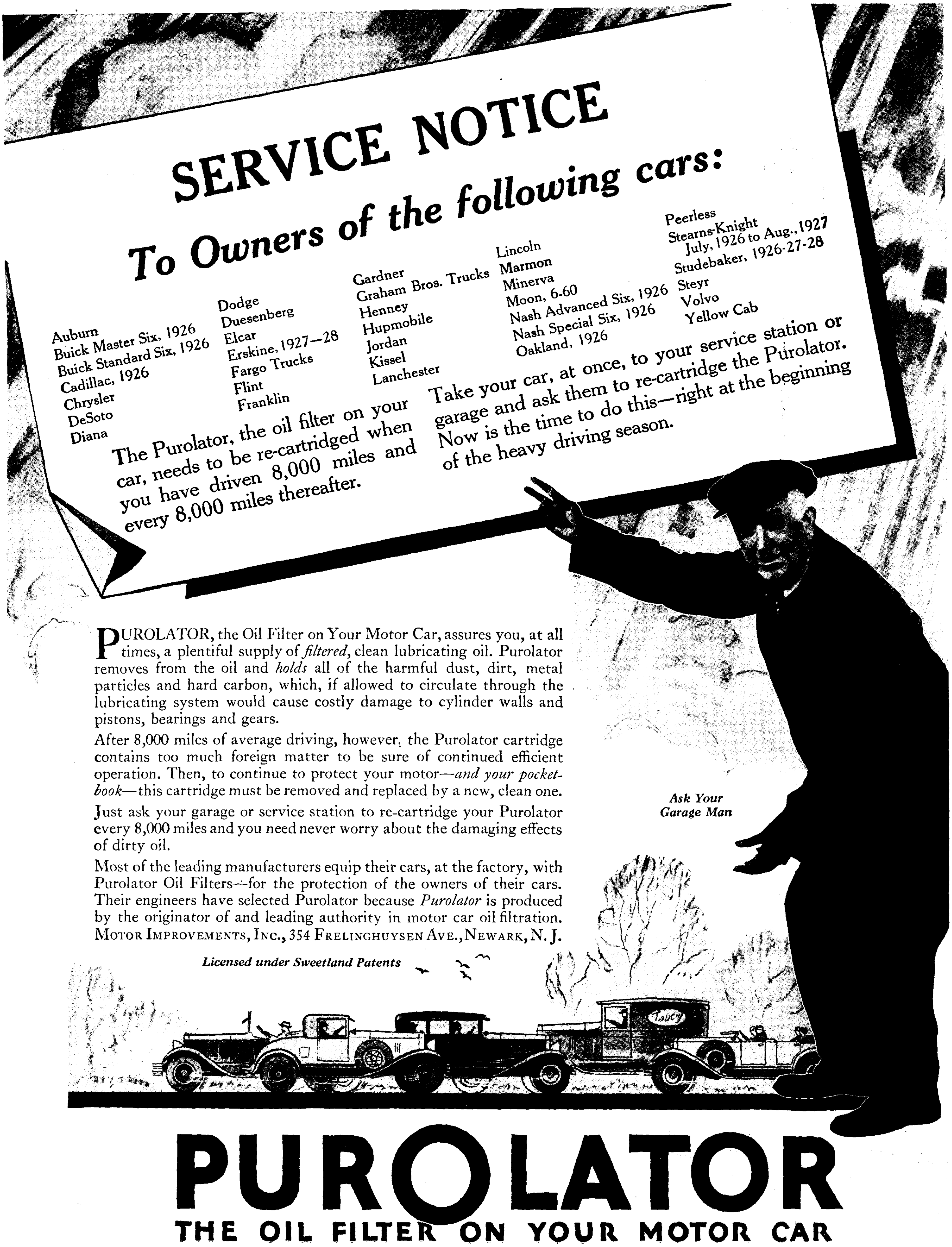
"What!"

"Broken off the bally engagement," repeated Hugo. He signaled urgently to a passing waiter. "Get me a brandy-and-soda, will you?" he said. His face was pale and set.

"Brandy-and-soda, sir?"

"Yes," said Hugo. "Stiffish."

(*To be continued next week*)



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If you Like it, Eat it

Continued from page 26

don't blame the poor food: blame your own nervous habit.

Of the *vegetables:*

Those which are normally eaten uncooked (as radishes, celery, lettuce, cucumbers, raw cabbage, raw onions, endive, etc.) come in for the same prejudices which prevail for raw fruit. They are accused of being indigestible, which they are, in part, and of repeating, and occasionally of causing intestinal disturbance. But as a class, vegetables are less feared than fruits. Exceptions are:

Tomatoes, which some people think will cause cancer, and many people think are producers of too much acid.

The *cabbage* family, which are supposed to be heavy, though nobody will tell you satisfactorily what that means; and which are even accused of causing sleeplessness.

The Case of Mr. Stefansson

Potatoes are credited by some with magic powers of increasing weight. As potatoes are a particularly excellent article of food, full of minerals, alkaline in reaction, vitamin containing, and also nourishing, I almost always ask why people refuse them. They invariably tell me that they don't want to gain weight, at the same time helping themselves to large portions of white bread and butter.

Spinach, oddly enough, instead of suffering from prejudice, has acquired a lot of prestige which I for one do not think it deserves. It does contain a good deal of iron, but I don't believe much of the iron is absorbed. It is very low in food value, and in some cases it is irritating to the intestine. It is certainly not a cure-all, as many people seem to be thinking nowadays.

The vegetables, like the fruits, are, with the exception of potatoes and the sweet root vegetables such as beets, parsnips and carrots, very low in food value, which is one reason why vegetarians should be enormous eaters, if they expect to keep well, and do not include any animal food in their diet.

Of the *animal food,* such as meat, milk, eggs, fish and game:

There is no one that is excepted from prejudice.

Vegetarianism is the great proof of widespread prejudice against animal products, but it is based less on a belief in the deleterious effects of animal food than on a religious or sentimental belief that it is wrong to eat animal food. But those who have no vegetarian sentiment often have a real fear of animal foods.

Milk is one of the few foods which some people really cannot take. It causes a definite chain of uncomfortable symptoms which are unmistakable, and to which the sufferer must bow by refusing milk. But for the great majority of humans milk is a perfect food, and should be taken to the extent of a pint a day throughout life.

The *anti-meat* craze is so universal and so varied that it is impossible to treat it fully. Meat as a whole comes in for the criticism that it is "hard on the kidneys," and many special meats, such as veal and pork and ham are blamed for special, but vague, systemic results. We can only say that meat is a grand food—and if anybody questions it let them look into the history of Mr. Stefansson, who lived on meat almost exclusively for nine years or more and is the world's healthiest individual.

Eggs, like milk, do cause definite symptoms in a certain number of unprejudiced people. But a much larger number feel that eggs make them "bilious." Just what they mean by bilious I don't know, but I am quite sure that the egg is innocent. It is a concentrated food, to be sure, but a well-balanced one.

For the animal food found in the sea (lobsters, crabs, fish, clams and oysters) the prejudice that is felt is quite often well-founded. The lobster, strangely enough, is intrinsically the most innocent. Fish of all kinds may cause the rashes and other symptoms of protein sensitization, and oysters and clams have been known to be disease carriers because of their littoral habitat, near human sewage disposal outlets.

Fish, like pork, should be well cooked to be safe, as it harbors, sometimes, the intestinal parasites that can live in man, and make him very unhappy and unwell.

The ancient idea that oysters are safe if eaten in a month with an R in it, and unsafe if eaten at any other time, I believe is not a sound one. The months with R's in them are, of course, the colder eight months of the year. But if oysters come from safe-guarded beds there is no reason why they should be dangerous in hot weather if they are freshly gathered.

Of the *cereal foods:*

There is a great variety of opinion. Some races think so well of cereals that they live on them almost exclusively; other peoples and individuals feel that because cereals are "starchy" they must be eaten with great caution. Laboring under especially heavy prejudices are:

White bread, which is considered a menace not only to the slim figure but in some subtle way to general health. Fresh white bread is considered even worse than stale, and hot white bread or biscuits simply suicidal. If we were going to live on bread alone, of course, it would be better to eat whole wheat bread than bread made of refined flour, but Heaven forbid that we should live on bread alone. Stale bread is much like fresh bread except that it has lost a good deal of water and may be moldy, and hot bread also is like any bread except that it has still a high steam content, but who is afraid of a little steam?

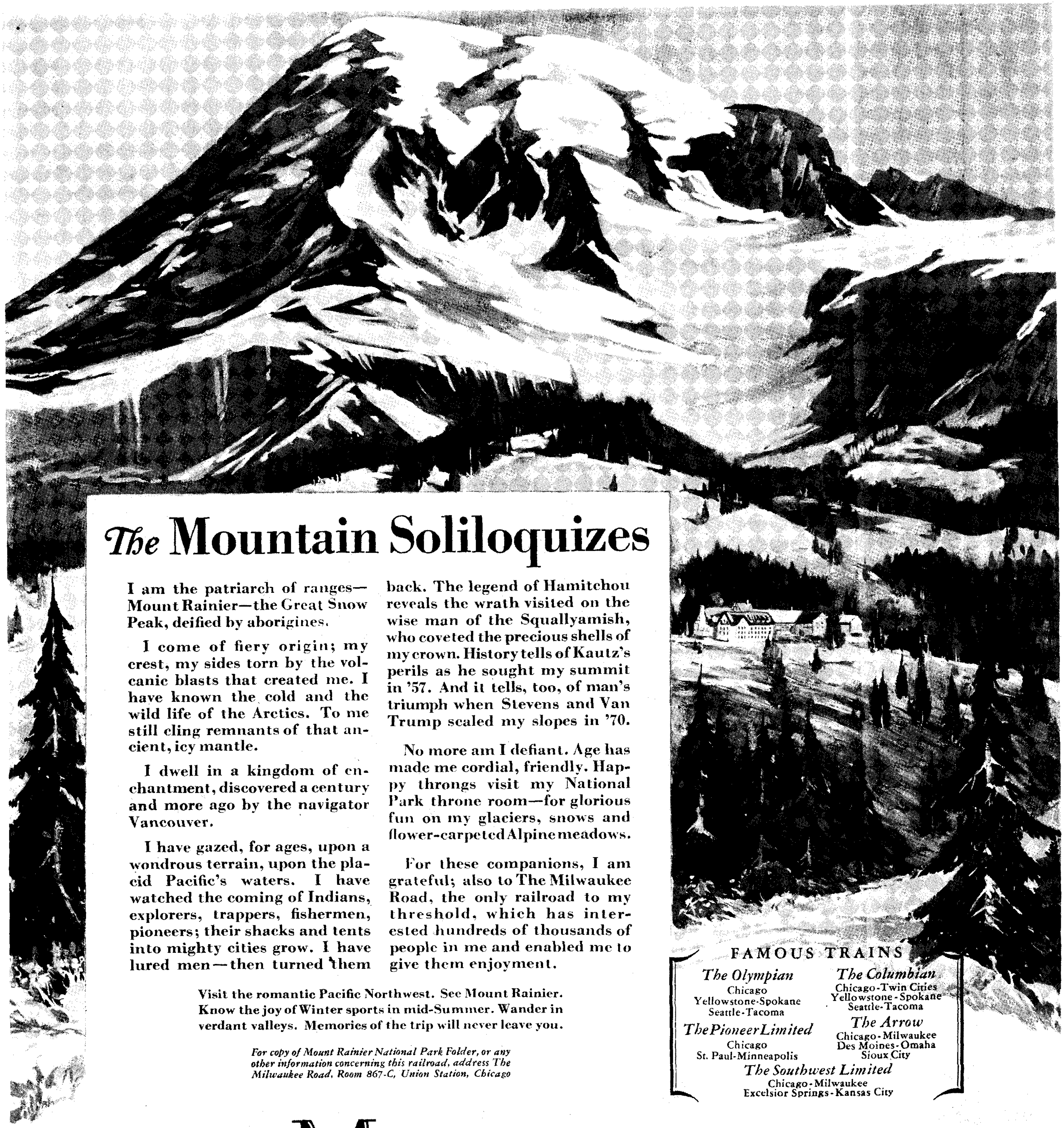
That the stomach refuses to digest soggy bread substance is impossible to believe if we remember the state all bread is reduced to before it is swallowed.

The One Proper Treatment

Many of the inconsistencies of opinion about food are based on a lack of knowledge of the simple facts of nutrition. The parents who refuse their children candy and feed them pudding are unaware that both articles of diet contain essentially the same food material except that the candy is easier to digest and absorb.

Those who force breakfast cereal down their children's throats when bread and milk would be eaten peacefully are forgetting that the latter is a pretty good substitute for the former.

It is rare for anyone to harbor just *one* food prejudice. The man who "can't eat" one thing is sure to fear several others. Food faddism is a habit or a disease. The cure for the disease is enforced life on a desert island. Since we can't all take this cure, self-analysis is worth a try, if we don't want to give those who have to cater for us gray hairs and early graves, or don't want to alienate our casual acquaintances who don't know us well enough to say "Oh pooh!" or something ruder when we air our opinions.



The Mountain Soliloquizes

I am the patriarch of ranges—Mount Rainier—the Great Snow Peak, deified by aborigines.

I come of fiery origin; my crest, my sides torn by the volcanic blasts that created me. I have known the cold and the wild life of the Arctics. To me still cling remnants of that ancient, icy mantle.

I dwell in a kingdom of enchantment, discovered a century and more ago by the navigator Vancouver.

I have gazed, for ages, upon a wondrous terrain, upon the placid Pacific's waters. I have watched the coming of Indians, explorers, trappers, fishermen, pioneers; their shacks and tents into mighty cities grow. I have lured men—then turned them back. The legend of Hamitchou reveals the wrath visited on the wise man of the Squallyamish, who coveted the precious shells of my crown. History tells of Kautz's perils as he sought my summit in '57. And it tells, too, of man's triumph when Stevens and Van Trump scaled my slopes in '70.

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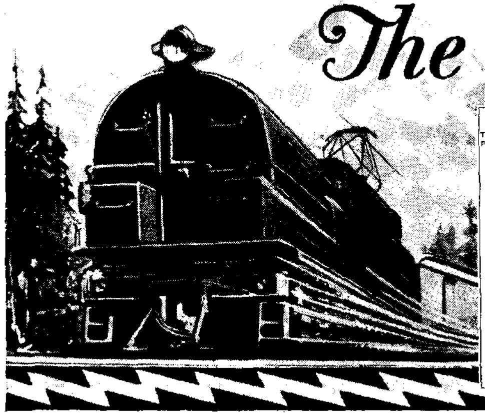

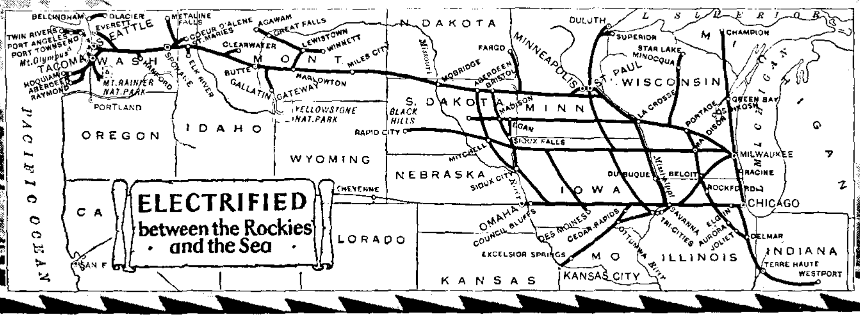
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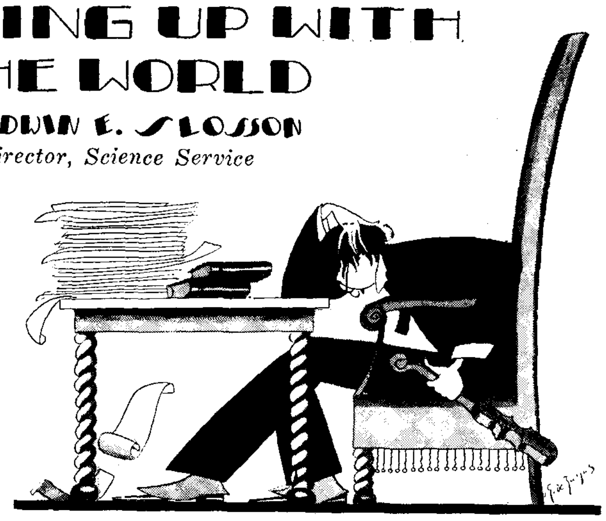
CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD

BY EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director, Science Service

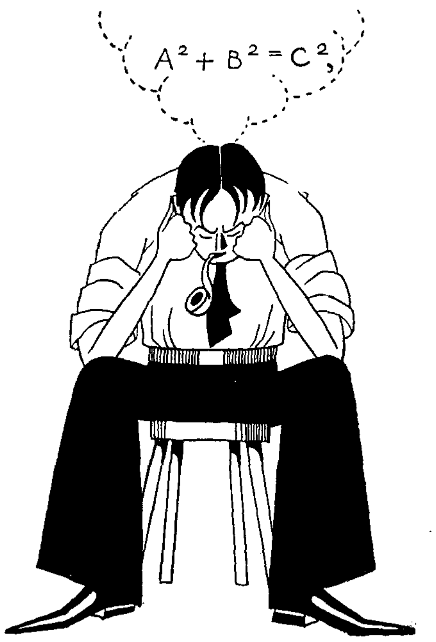


ONE of the most amazing freaks of modern journalism was the appearance of Einstein's unitary-field theory on the front page of our newspapers, where it elbowed aside shipwrecks and cruiser bills and candidates for Hoover's cabinet. Ordinarily any trace of mathematics is tabooed by the papers, except arithmetic on the financial and sports pages. Editors fear to offend their readers by admitting even such a simple formula as the Bridge of Asses, $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$, which has stumped only the stupidest of every generation since Euclid. But now we have seen in the morning paper mathematical signs not to be found in our school books and incomprehensible to most of our teachers.

We see in the press again the story of how Einstein, ten years ago, when reporters pestered him to talk about his paper on the application of the relativity theory to gravitation, said: "The public will not be interested in it because not more than a dozen people in the world can understand it." This betrays a curious lack of psychology on the part of the great scientist. For the newspaper men knew it would have been more correct to say: "The public will be most interested in it because not more than a dozen men in the world can understand it."

Einstein is a shy and modest man. He is self-confident, but not self-assertive. If he has any vanity it is on account of his ability to play the violin, not his ability to work out mathematical puzzles. So he secludes himself in the top story of the Einstein home with his pencil and fiddle bow, while Frau Einstein repels intruders on the floors below. And ten years from now, if his delicate health should hold out, he will produce another 2,000-word paper, bringing scientific thought a step nearer to its goal, the unification of all natural effects in a single formula. Naturally the newspaper man who writes as much copy every day as Einstein does in a decade is puzzled by such slow gestation.

Einstein's epoch-making work, The Foundations of the General Theory of Relativity, did not extend his theory on relativity to include gravitation, and did not receive any notice in the American press when it appeared in 1915-1917. As a matter of fact, no patriotic editor would have dared publish it if he could have got it, for he would have suspected that these incomprehensible symbols concealed a signal that would set the German-Americans to murdering us in our beds. Those were the days when reading German literature or listening to German music reduced one's percentage of Americanism; when the colleges were urged to sequestrate or incinerate their German books, and suspend the teaching of the accursed tongue; although it was obvious that if the Germans were to be our enemies, it was even more important to understand their language than if they were to be our friends. Such patriotic pressure, backed by the vigilance of the British fleet on the high seas, effectually quarantined our scientists from the infection of German machinations and mathematics till the end of the war.



SO, WHEN the smoke of battle cleared away, we were surprised to learn that during all the war the German government had kept Albert Einstein, pacifist and Zionist, figuring out his theory of gravitation in the position created for him in the Kaiser Wilhelm Physical Institute at Berlin; and that the British government had taken pains to keep its scientists supplied with the German periodicals, and that Professor Eddington of Cambridge had prepared a report on the relativity theory and arranged expeditions to Africa and South America to test Einstein's predictions at the eclipse of the sun, May 29, 1919.

As soon as American editors got wind of the rumor that a little German Jew had upset Newton's law of gravitation, they sent a reporter to the nearest professor of physics. These interviews make amusing reading, for in most cases the professor had not heard of Einstein's General Theory of Relativity of 1915, either because he had not been able to get the literature from Germany during the war or because one of the easiest ways of proving his patriotism was to abstain from reading German mathematics. So the professor ordinarily knew only of Einstein's first publication—his Special Theory of Relativity of 1905, which did not include gravitation. Einstein's great achievement ten years later was the generalization of his theory of relativity so as to make gravitation a part of the structure of space itself, and so do away with the necessity of assuming a special force of gravitation. In his new theory of 1929 he has gone still farther and brought within the range of his formulas the phenomena of electricity and magnetism—a great advance toward a unitary view of nature. Whether his new theory will prove as fertile as his former theories in instigating experimentation and speculation in various directions remains to be seen.

Being a Sister to Bill

Continued from page 19

was standing beside Charlie Carstairs, who made a very apologetic Viking, looking elaborate and rather cross; and her expression by no means lightened when she caught sight of Judy.

"Well, for goodness' sake," she exclaimed cordially. "How did you get here?"

Judy pretended not to notice; she gazed about her frankly, scorning indirection. "Where's Bill?"

And upon that Mabel's displeasure burst right out: "That silly old man had to pick just this time to have a heart attack. Wasn't that too mean of him? Bill's been gone for *ages*."

PRESENTLY, however, Bill returned. He was not in costume; his conventional evening dress and his height marked him from the far end of the room.

"I'm sorry," he said to Mabel quickly. "Afraid I'll have to go again too, later on. . . ." Then he saw Judy. "Why, you red witch!" he cried—and he took both her hands as he had that morning in the office. "You did come. I'm glad. You look great."

Then they were dancing. Bill gathered Judy into a long arm; he liked to dance, it appeared, and so did she.

Judy Dole danced with a great many people that night. More than one young Romeo begged her to come out and see the stars.

But Judy did not go. She did not really see even her partners. She was watching for a tall young man in conventional black and white. Now he was upstairs with Mr. Winchelsea. Now he was back. He was dancing more with Mabel than with anybody else. Judy said to herself that that was because Mabel was not cut in on so often—but she did not really believe it.

Bill had been gone longer than usual when Judy slipped away finally, avoiding Lord Byron and King Arthur and Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Pickwick—and hid in an alcove off the corridor down which he would return. But when he did come, finally, she almost let him go by; he was walking slowly, his head bent so that he seemed less tall. Then she called him, softly: "Bill."

Bill Loring came into the alcove and sat beside her on the window seat; he sat as if utterly weary, his hands hanging at his sides; his face looked drawn in the pale light of the candles.

"Why, Bill," Judy cried. "What's the matter? Is Mr. Winchelsea. . . ?"

"All right for this time," Bill said. "I thought I'd lost him."

He was very close there in the half light.

"I suppose," said Judy breathlessly, "that these—heart cases are—pretty hard to deal with."

"Very hard," said Bill.

There was a little silence.

Judy's heart, it seemed to her, was skipping all the beats. She turned toward him.

Bill Loring's hands went up and rested on her shoulders. They were big hands, very strong and gentle—doctor's hands. His face was close to hers; she noticed that the scar showed a little more than usual down his cheek.

"Judy," he said, and his voice was husky, hesitant. "Mabel says you're great at giving advice. What would you do if you were crazy in love with a girl who was going to marry somebody else?"

Aunt Serena had gone to church, and Judy, in a bright smock with the sleeves rolled up, was dusting the living-room. She had not slept the night before, and she had had only a cup of coffee for her breakfast, but otherwise she was being very sensible.

Of course, she said to herself one minute, she couldn't really have fallen in love with him in one day. And the next minute: of course she had not really loved him ever since he rescued her puppy. That didn't make sense.

And she added very sensibly indeed that of course she had known all the time that Bill was in love with Mabel, because Mabel had practically said so.

And so when she did see him again, about two minutes afterward, standing in the doorway with his face as scarlet as the scarlet slipper that he carried in his hand, Judy welcomed him with a sensible bright smile, and a voice as clear and impersonal as a breeze on a May morning.

"Oh, thanks," she said. "Nice of you to bring it back. I always like to have two."

Bill Loring ignored her flippancy. "I didn't mean to make you mad," he blurted.

Judy Dole took a pillow and sat on it, one foot curled engagingly under her. "Oh, you mean last night," she said coolly. "About my coming away so suddenly. Well, it was like this." She hesitated, while she decided how it was. "You see, I left the oatmeal on the stove, and I thought it might be burning—"

Bill grinned. "You don't really expect me to believe that?"

"No," said Judy. She grinned back at him, the old, impish grin of her childhood. "But anyway I wasn't mad at what you thought I was mad at." She hesitated a breath's space while she decided what in reason she could have been mad at. And it was in that breath's space that the crazy, bad, gorgeous preposterous idea came to her.

"You see," Judy heard her own voice saying sedately, "the queer part of it was that I needed advice just as much as you did. Because I'm in love with somebody, too, and he's in love with somebody else."

"How could he be?" said Bill gallantly.

"Mm," said Judy dryly. "Queer, isn't it?"

AFTERWARD they went out on the porch and sat in the hammock and told each other all about it; they agreed to keep it impersonal and not mention names, because that would make it easier to be frank.

"The funny part of it is," Bill said, "that I believe I've been in love with her ever since I was a shaver. You see every time I'd try to think about another girl, I'd get to thinking about her. And so when Mr. Winchelsea sent for me, I threw up everything and rushed down . . . I guess this sounds crazy."

"Not at all," said Judy politely. "It sounds very sensible. I've been in love since I was ten."

"How did you find out he was in love with somebody else anyway?" Bill was asking.

"Perfectly obvious," said Judy. "How did you?"

"Why, Mabel told me herself," said Bill unguardedly. He grew crimson with confusion at having let the name slip out.

Judy pretended not to notice. So Mabel was using poor old Charlie Carstairs to stir Bill's jealousy.

"I'd advise you," she said—and it all came out in a rush for fear she should never dare to say it—"I'd ad-

(Continued on page 62)

Tee-up...and drive

The fairways call....oh youth of every age!

9:04 A. M.—Get out the old bag...polish up the clubs... putter, driver, mashie... This year, I'm going to break 90...let's go!

9:35 A. M.—The first tee... look at that course...green as an emerald...smooth as a carpet...a practice swing first...ugh...not so good... watch this sail...(swish). Topped, by gum. Never mind...wait'll you see my next one...you're up.

◆

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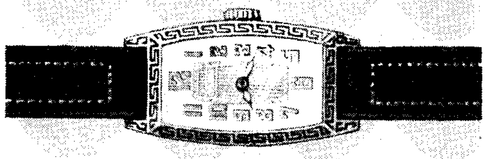
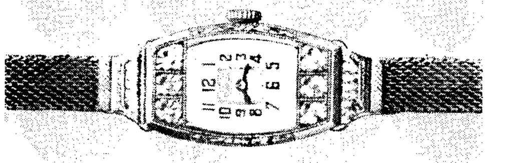
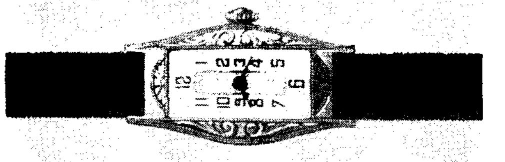


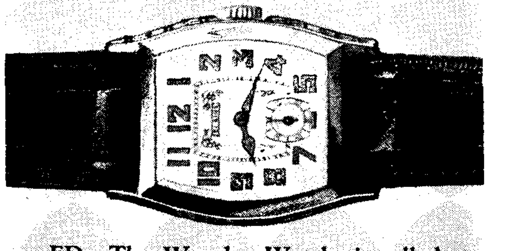
EA—Jewelled movement, luminous dial, leather strap . . . $15.75



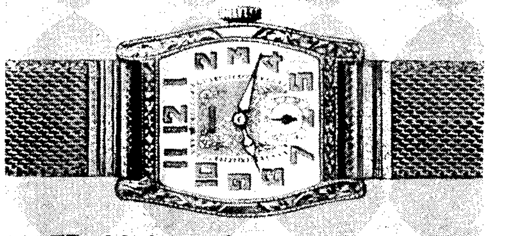
EB—Mesh Bracelet, engraved case, 15 jewel movement . . . $26.50



EC—14 K white gold, richly engraved case, jewelled movement, $40



ED—The Wonder Watch, jewelled movement, luminous dial . . $15



EE—Mesh bracelet, engraved case, 15 jewel movement, luminous dial, $30

(*Continued from page 61*)

vise you at first not to see too much of—this girl. I'd be kind of casual, I mean; not too . . . pressing."

"Pressing?"

"Pressing her hands," said Judy flippantly. But Bill did not laugh. "Look here," he cried. "You mean not—not hold her hand at *all?*"

"No," she said judicially. "I shouldn't do that."

"Not—not even *kiss* her?"

"Oh, my no," said Judy.

"But my good gosh," Bill burst out, springing from his chair and beginning to pace up and down the narrow porch. "What in thunder am I going to do if I can't do anything?"

"You can talk," murmured Judy. "There's the weather."

Bill mopped his forehead feverishly. "You mean me sit down beside the—the girl I'm in love with," he blurted, "all kind of little and lovely and the—the way she is . . . and then say it's hot or something?"

"I guess it would be hot all right," said Judy merrily. But she did not feel merry. "If you don't feel quite sure how to go about it, you might come here sometimes, and we could have . . . rehearsals."

But Bill took it all right. "Kind of—practice on each other, you mean?" he cried. "Say, why not?"

Judy Dole crooked her mouth into what she hoped was a smile. "You be a brother to me," she said lightly, "and I'll be a sister to you."

Being a sister to Bill was never easy. They had rehearsals practically every evening . . . and Bill was just too dear and kind and blind and impersonal for anything.

THEN came the picnic at Deep River. It should have been a better picnic than it was, but somehow from the moment that Judy tumbled out of Paul Stoddard's car, and saw Mabel being handed out of the Winchelsea limousine by Bill, she knew that things were not going to be right. Bill seemed strange, too high-pitched.

"Hello there, Judy," he called; and turned back to Mabel.

"Come on, Mabel," he said, "and let's see the lunch."

It was a noble lunch. Mr. Winchelsea had sent it, in the impressive Winchelsea hampers.

"Oooooo!" cried Mabel, hopping up and down in that ecstatic way she affected. "I *do* believe it's magic, and you can have *anything* you want."

"Sure," said Bill. "What'll it be for drinks?"

"Oo," said Mabel, rounding her blue eyes. "Milk."

"Presto, there you are," said Bill, producing a bottle.

"Black coffee," said Judy.

"Scotch," said Paul Stoddard.

"Presto!" repeated Bill—and reaching forward he drew Paul Stoddard's own flask from a bulging hip pocket.

Paul Stoddard was just enough older than the others not to bear their teasing well. He left the group of men clustered about Mabel—Mabel always gathered in the men with a collector's eye for numbers—and trailed back to Judy.

The funny part of it was that Judy Dole was jealous—perfectly mad, crazy jealous.

Somehow when she was alone with Bill, there on the porch behind the wistaria, Mabel had not seemed quite real. Now—when Judy saw them together—she was more real than anything. Just the sight of her, sitting across the picnic cloth, eating little dainty bites out of the sandwich that Bill held for her—Charlie on the other side offering an olive—drove Judy almost frantic.

After lunch was over, Mabel murmured that she could tell fortunes. She bent over Bill's palm.

Judy Dole sprang up restlessly, small fists crammed in sweater pockets. "Let's play hide and seek," she said.

Mabel did not like that, but Bill cried "Let's;" and that settled it. They counted out, and Paul Stoddard was "it."

Bill reached a hand to Mabel. "Come on and hide with me!"

Charlie Carstairs trailed after them. But Judy ran in the opposite direction as fast as she could run, intent only on getting away. She wanted a place to hide where she could stay hidden.

She found it finally. A tree had been split open almost to the ground, and bushes had sprung up about it; Judy stepped into the crotch, crouched down and put her forehead on her lifted knees.

Judy never knew afterward how long she stayed there; it must have been longer than she thought. She was roused by a footstep—lifted her head. Bill. . . .

But it was not Bill. Before her the bushes parted and a head thrust through, beside it two hands, clutching, grotesque, like a person in the stocks; Paul Stoddard's face looked oddly swollen, with a queer high polish on it, and bulging eyes. Judy was startled!

"Are you still 'it'?" she said.

"I'm 'it' all right," said Paul Stoddard hoarsely. "I've been chasing you all day and now I've *got* you." And suddenly those clutching hands shot forward—and had her.

It was not till then, not till she tried to step back, that Judy realized her predicament: pressed down hard into the decaying wood, her foot had caught fast and she was a prisoner. She was frightened then, but she did not cry out.

Paul Stoddard twisted her toward him. But when his hot, horrible breath was on her face—then suddenly Judy reached up and did what she had always wanted to do . . . she took hard hold of those hairs that stuck out of his ears, and *pulled.*

The next instant she was free. She flung herself backward, wrenched her foot sharply, tore it loose, plunged out of the bushes, down the slope—and full tilt into a long pair of arms. At first, wildly, she thought it was Paul Stoddard again.

"Let me alone," she panted. Then she saw that it was Bill. And upon that everything turned queer and giddy before her. "I twisted my ankle," she said; and sat right down on the ground at Bill's feet.

BILL was the kind physician in an instant, on his knees beside her. "Too bad. Which one?" His voice held a nice degree of professional sympathy; his hands moved over the ankle—big, gentle, doctor's hands—as impersonally as if it were a gatepost.

Judy had thought somehow, foolishly, that if she were sick or choking to death or anything, things would be different. But choking or wrenching the ankle were all in the day's business to Bill. He treated her as if she were a rather awkward bundle that he must get back to the car.

"You can't walk?"

"No," said Judy resolutely.

"I'm afraid I'll have to carry you then."

"Sorry to trouble you," said Judy.

Judy had never realized what a big man Bill Loring was until he lifted her; he carried her high, like a child laid flat across his arms, with that unpretentious ease that goes with strength. All of a sudden she could not bear having him carry her . . . like that. All of a sudden she was crying, frantically, pounding her hands against his coat.

He put her down at once. "Is it as bad as that?" he said gently.

"Yes," said Judy—but she did not mean the ankle.

"Don't," he begged her. "I didn't realize . . . I can fix it so it won't jiggle. . . ." He bent over, took her hands to comfort her.

It was then that Judy really saw his face for the first time; at what she saw there suddenly she was still, her breath suspended between two sobs. She had never seen Bill look like that . . . never seen anybody. His face was all gray, twisted somehow, the thin scar a sharp white arrow that pointed down his cheek to the hard line at the corner of his mouth. His eyes were dark with trouble.

"Why, Bill," she cried. "What's the matter? Something's happened. . . ."

"I'm going away tomorrow," he said quietly.

"Away?" Judy echoed. It didn't make sense. "Is Mr. Winchelsea *dead?*"

Bill Loring laughed at that, without mirth. "Mr. Winchelsea? He's all right. Has been, these two weeks. I might have gone before. But now . . . well, I can see when anything's all over."

OUT of the bewilderment that whirled about her, Judy shaped an idea. Something had gone wrong with Mabel. It was her fault. . . . "She doesn't love you after all?" she cried.

She was frightened at his look then. "Don't," he said sharply.

She could not bear seeing him like that, his face all twisted. It came to her that he loved Mabel the way she loved him. She had never thought of it like that before.

"I'm sorry, Bill," she cried. "I didn't mean to do it. Honestly. It's my fault. . . ."

"It isn't anybody's fault," he said. "It's the way things are."

"It isn't the way things are," Judy's voice was stormy. "It's the way I made them. I gave you the wrong advice. I told you not to *kiss* her or *touch* her or *anything.* And I ought to have told you just the opposite. I ought . . ."

Judy Dole never finished—because suddenly she was in Bill's arms again; he held her high, so that she lay across them like a child, and her head was on his shoulder. Only now it was all different. When she looked up she did not see the under side of his chin any more; she saw his gray eyes; then she did not see those any more either. His hands were not doctor's hands now, professionally tender; they were rough, fierce, demanding—lover's hands. He plunged his fingers into her hair and dragged it back and kissed the ear that it uncovered. He pressed her head back against his arm, and kissed her lids together and her lips apart; he kissed her throat in the place where the button was burst off her red jersey.

"What are you doing?" Judy gasped.

"I'm taking your advice," said Bill.

AFTERWARD, of course, there had to be explanations.

"But I thought you loved Mabel."

"*Mabel!* Why she's just my cousin. She's going to marry Charlie, if she takes my advice . . . I thought you loved Stoddard."

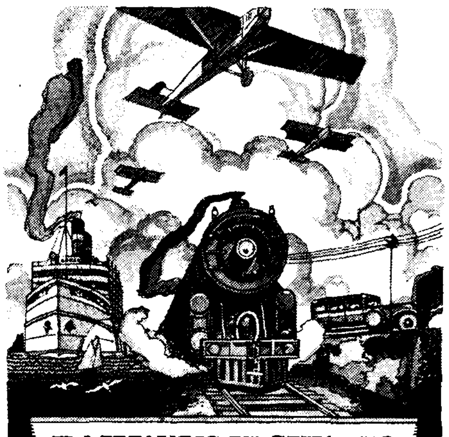
"*Stoddard!* Why, how could you?"

"Mabel told me herself." Bill checked himself sharply. He jerked his head toward the cleft tree with the bushes growing about it. "You were kissing him."

"Kissing him! Bill, dear, you're crazy. I was pulling the hairs in his ears. Bill . . . Bill . . . what are you *doing?*"

Bill seemed to be taking her advice all over again.

"I'll teach *you,*" cried Dr. Bill Loring, "to be a sister to *me.*"



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Lady Luck

Continued from page 11

atmosphere like a man seeing a ghost.

"Do you see what I see?" he cried, jumping out of his chair.

I looked in the direction in which he jumped, and there was Pat, walking with a limp and wearing an observer's wing on his chest. We bore down upon him.

"Don't jostle me," he warned us. "I'm the Prince of Wales!"

"Why the whereabouts, and whence the wing?" demanded Hank.

"Haven't I told you," he explained. "I'm the Prince of Wales, United States edition. All doors are open to me." He affected boredom. "I am now looking about for a squadron," he murmured.

"Spill it!" commanded Hank.

"When it appeared that little Patrick was canned," said Pat, "he diligently applied himself to the written word. I've got an uncle in the War Department, and he turned out to be the biggest thing of his times. He wrote somebody about it, and since then all doors, as I say, have been open to me. I couldn't get a pair of wings, but I could get half a pair, and now all I've got to do is to indicate what outfit I want to be a passenger in. Do you fellows know of any?"

Did we? If the city of Paris had the remotest suggestion of a speed law, we broke it that morning, getting Pat down to Air Service Headquarters. And it was just as he had said; all doors seemed open to him. We got him headed for Twenty-seven Squadron so easily that we regretted afterward he hadn't asked for the command. We all departed for Dunkirk together, and on the train Pat became philosophical.

"It was certainly the world's most spectacular piece of luck, running into you fellows at Versailles," he said. "If you hadn't happened to go out there at just the particular time—"

And there it was! I told him about the silver dollar.

EVERY now and then when you read things about the war, you see daylight bombing referred to as if it was in the same class with transport, commissariat or Y. M. C. A. work. Don't believe it.

And what made it even less pleasant for Twenty-seven was that the combat units around Dunkirk were all busy as a Packard at a gunman's funeral, and couldn't always meet our ships to give them escort.

You'd get all nerved up for the trip over. You'd get off the ground without crashing, although overloaded with bombs, and you'd be all ready to fly through hell to drop them. Then you'd circle vainly over the rendezvous, and the scrappers wouldn't turn up. Obedient to orders you would thereupon turn round and go home, praying that you might not crash and waste all the nice trinitrotoluol.

Hank, with Pat as his observer, and I, with an English kid named DeLancey manning my guns, had this happen to us twice. Then Hank lost his temper.

"Orders or no orders," he declared heatedly. "Next time I get under way for a bombing trip, I'm going through with it whether we get scouts or not!"

"Easy does it," says I. "You can't flit off alone without getting cooked for fair, and who in blazes is going to follow such a fool play as that?"

"You are!" he snapped.

"Me?" I argued cleverly; and DeLancey and Pat, who were in my hut at the time, also looked surprised.

"Why not?" urged Hank. "We've been put down tomorrow for a show together, and we all know how to handle our guns. What do you say if we see it through whether the escort turns up or not?" His eyes snapped fire on the three of us who sat and gaped at him. "I'm just tired of trucking bombs around, anyway," he said. "I'm all hipped for some action."

"It seems to me," said I slowly, "as if it's up to Gloria." Gloria being our pet name for the lady on the dollar.

They were willing, and they all hedged in around me as I spun the coin. Sure enough it turned heads up, and we stood and looked at each other to assure ourselves that we weren't as scared as we felt.

WE TOOK to the air next morning before the sun was up. We wasted all of ten minutes looking for those damned scouts, and they didn't turn up. Then Tavistock, the Flight Commander, signalled a washout, and turned back toward home. Hank took the lead then, and I edged up to a place off his right wing. I could see Pat grinning at me from his cockpit. We fooled around over the trenches until Tavistock was on his way, and then Hank set his course for Germany.

It seemed to me then as if I had two minds doing duty at once. One of them was strictly concerned with the spaces about us, intent on the dirty mists which whirled and writhed above and below, obscuring the earth; on the clear open field of milky blue which the early sun pierced with a thousand rays in front of us. The other mind was playing about with the thought of that silver dollar.

Were we in truth being guided by the guardian angel of good luck, or were we throwing our lives away in a childish flip of the fingers in the face of God?

A flock of anti-aircraft shells came up and added black smoke to the smoky air. . . . The shock of their explosions sent us dancing about.

All at once the anti-aircraft fire stopped like a faucet turned off. Then DeLancey jabbed me violently in the back, and I turned to the rear and saw them coming . . . five Fokker scouts, plunging at us like five well-aimed projectiles.

Pat started firing first, because Hank had completed a circle, and it brought us up across the enemy's line of flight. I saw his tracers making a hot pathway to the German formation, and then Delancey's gun was shattering my ear drums.

Hank and I were side by side as we dipped to zoom and turn away. But one of our gunners must have killed a Fokker pilot with the first burst, because as four of 'em shot across above us and I pulled up my nose for the turn, a single Fokker came shooting at me sideways, and I all but rammed him in the middle.

I pulled up and over, forgetting the weight of my bus till I felt the wing strain, and I was in time to see a Fokker burst into flames under my tail.

I was up, now, and Hank was down with two of the German killers hanging onto his tail . . . and out of the edge of my eye I saw some other machines coming up from the east. Hank and I set out for home.

Cooked, I thought, and tried like a fool to whip around and get Hank's adversaries into my gunsight. All I got was a look at Hank's ship and the sight of smoke pouring out of it. I pulled around to a position that would

(*Continued on page 64*)

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MODEL 57

(*Continued from page 63*)

give DeLancey a chance at the Fokkers, and he took them on magnificently . . . then I saw that Pat was dropping his bombs.

Why hadn't I thought of that before? I gave DeLancey the signal, and we started dumping our eggs, and while we dumped them I saw that Hank had a gay little fire flickering along the trailing edge of his lower right wing. A phosphorus bullet in his strut. . . .

DOWN came the Fokkers again, and this time one flashed by the sights of my guns. I let him have it and saw his control wires snap, his fuselage splinter. He disappeared under my nose, and the other fellow went up in front of Hank's bus in a lovely half-roll to come back and fire at him. I crossed Hank's nose, and he dipped, passing under me. DeLancey took on the Hun, and we got enough shot through our fabric to bring down a flight.

It stopped suddenly, and I thought of the silver dollar again as the Fokker turned and streaked for the eastern skies. . . . But following it with my eyes, I saw that the reinforcements were gaining on us, and it looked as if we could expect a dozen more of the same sort before we reached the lines.

Hank was burning. . . . Remembering that, I looked for him. . . . He was almost under me now, and I saw the flicker of the little flame that was growing larger along his wing. . . . and the earth was two miles below!

Then I saw Pat wriggling out of his cockpit. He slid over the edge until he stood with one foot in the stirrup of the fuselage; then he was edging along, groping with one foot for the stirrup of Hank's cockpit. And the earth two miles underneath!

It sickened me to watch him, but it fascinated me, too. My eyes were glued to him. To that little rag of a man clinging to his burning kite in that cloud-swept hell of space. Then he was on the wing, crawling among the wires. He was on his belly, reaching out toward the flicker of pale fire with one fur gauntlet. He beat at it, but was not near enough. . . . He edged nearer, farther out upon the wing, nearer the burning edge. . . . Then he paused and I knew why he paused. . . . He had caught sight of the distant earth, and it sickened him. But he made it. I glanced at him again and saw him beating with that great fur glove. Beating and pounding at the pale, white flame. Stifling it. Killing it. . . . He was crawling back to his place again when DeLancey gave me that violent jab in the back and the circus was on once more.

Only this time it was short, damned short. . . . A burst of gun fire, and a sweep of Fokkers turning under our noses—that was a close one. The steel had clipped me about the ears, had tugged at my flying coat. Was DeLancey all right? All these things flashed through my mind. A quick glance at DeLancey, a feverish seeking for the flickering, whirling enemy, a hot blast of stinking smoke in my nostrils and, my God, I was in flames!

I must have slid over the side of my cockpit so suddenly that I might have shot out with the flames; and I saw DeLancey, frozen in his place, staring at me, imploring me with his eyes not to do it. Not to jump.

But I wasn't going to jump! Not after Pat's fine trick. I hung on to the cowling, and reaching into the burning cockpit, grabbed the stick. Then I held it over. With the flames hot upon my gauntlet I held it over. And we slid down. It was a chance. A rotten, impossible chance.

Grimly I hung there, and I bawled like a kid when I found that the flames were borne away from my hand and shoulder by the fierce downward sweep of our fall. And DeLancey, the brave kid, with that sheet of fire sweeping off beyond him, was blazing away as we fell, at the Huns that harried old Hank.

Long before we reached that far, invisible earth, the wings would go, and we'd be two dummies stuffed with blood and bones, tumbling down to the ground. I knew it—but I wasn't afraid of it. We'd done our best, and the end would be a sudden blackness. A quick and merciful thing. We'd done our best. . . .

And then the ground appeared. . . . A tree. A house. . . and the yellow earth. . . . When we burst into flames we couldn't have been up more than two thousand feet—instead of ten thousand, as I had figured!

I yanked the stick over. Of course we cracked. But it hardly seemed as though we did. For an instant I found myself standing incredulously on the wing of a crumpled plane that was blazing away like a bonfire. Then I stepped off, and fell into DeLancey's arms. We hugged each other and danced about the field shrieking like fools, with laughter. And a black body swept down over our heads, and a D. H. Nine flattened out to make a neat landing nearby. It was Hank and Pat, and the nightmare hadn't been true. It had all been a bad dream. It had all been a gruesome joke. There we were in the field. Safe and alive and well on our side of the lines.

"That talisman of yours," Hank said, "is a hell of a good-luck omen. We consult the oracle, and what happens? We fly into hell and high water, get damned near burned alive, lose a machine, and stand in for at least a court-martial. . . . If it hadn't been for a bunch of Spads turning up we'd all have been cooked to a turn."

"Don't crab," I protested wanly. "I know when I'm in luck. We're on our side of the lines. And how many planes have you seen land in flames lately with their occupants intact?"

"That wasn't luck," said Hank. "That was guts." And he climbed in and flew back to the aërodrome.

WHEN DeLancey and I turned up later for our court-martial, Hank and Pat met us at the place where our quarters had been before we went away.

"Where are they?" I asked, staring at the hole in the ground.

"Right where the mess hall and the hangars are," said Hank. "Fritz came over and dropped ten tons of TNT just after Tavistock landed. Tavistock went up with the hangars, and we'd have gone the same way if we hadn't gone off to win medals."

"Medals!" cried DeLancey, bitterly. "Medals! Ha!"

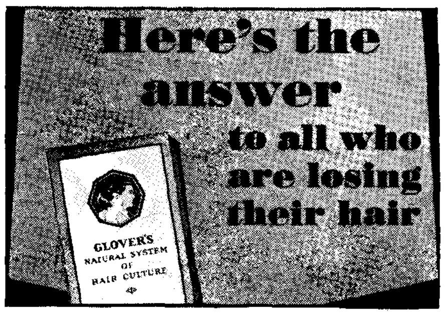
"He's kidding," said Pat. "He just means that we all get citations because we dropped our bombs on a concentration camp that the Independent Air Force has been trying to find for the last ten days. We shot it all to hell."

"Don't talk to me about medals!" I yelled. "This is all the medal I ever want to see!" And I took out our little Gloria and kissed her with becoming solemnity.

"Attaboy!" agreed Hank. "That Lady's got luck!" And grabbing it from my hand, he twirled it in the air. It fell to the ground heads up. And then Pat grabbed it and flipped it, too. Again it fell heads up. With a yell Hank snatched it away from him and flipped it again and again. Always it fell heads up.

"Boys," declared Hank at last. "That cab driver certainly knew his stuff. This coin, my friends, is loaded."

He was quite right. The coin was loaded. It always fell heads up.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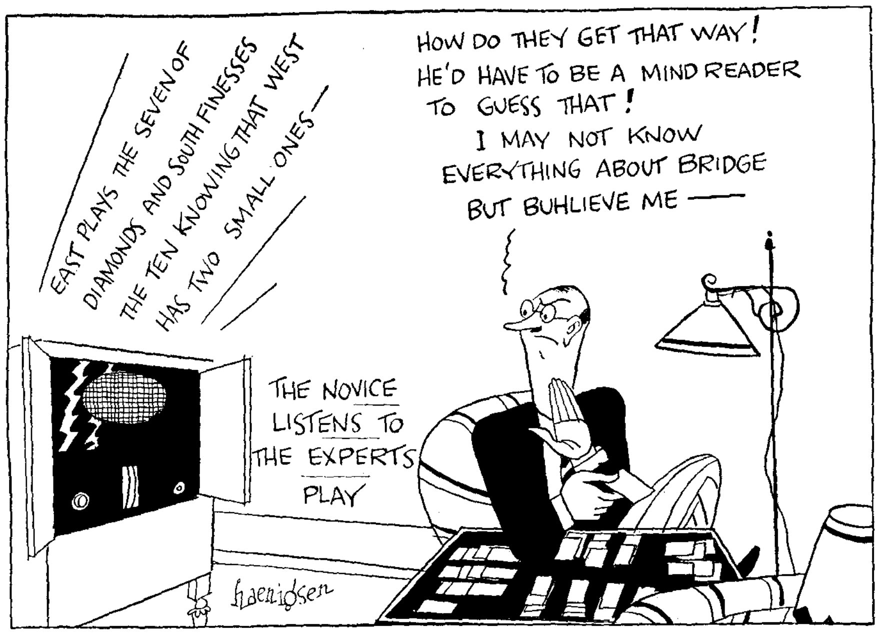
EAST PLAYS THE SEVEN OF DIAMONDS AND SOUTH FINESSES THE TEN KNOWING THAT WEST HAS TWO SMALL ONES—
HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY! HE'D HAVE TO BE A MIND READER TO GUESS THAT! I MAY NOT KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT BRIDGE BUT BUHLIEVE ME ——
THE NOVICE LISTENS TO THE EXPERTS PLAY
Haenigsen

Don't let Contract scare you

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

IN THE summer of 1926, a great grandson was added to the Whist family—Contract Bridge. In this case we did not have a repetition of the two previous speedy changes from one game to another; Contract did not appeal to Auction Bridge players at first. The most important innovation—that game cannot be won unless bid for—was so radical that many refused even to consider it a possible improvement on Auction Bridge. Serious antagonism developed against the larger values used and many other features of the new game; Auction players vowed that they never would take it up and in some districts and clubs that vow has been kept even to the present day.

The verdict of the greater part of the country, however, after a test of two years and a half, is that Contract is as much an improvement over Auction as Auction was over Bridge. The play is identical in Contract and Auction; but Contract bidding requires greater skill and furnishes greater thrill. No Auction player who has given Contract a fair trial ever again desires to play Auction; if obliged to do so, he experiences a feeling of being "let down." To understand this feeling it is only necessary to conjure up the type of hand in which a Dealer and his partner have enormous holdings. In Auction Bridge, after a casual glance, Dealer would bid one No Trump or possibly one of a Major suit, everybody else would pass, and an easy game or possibly a slam would follow bidding which would have been quite perfunctory.

Unsound Arguments

In Contract the Dealer, in the first place, would have had to determine how many he should bid and his partner—instead of merely passing as he would in Auction—would have to determine whether or not to jump and, if so, how far: if the partner jumped, the Dealer would have to determine whether to rebid.

All this produces the most interesting bidding, so the realization has now spread pretty well all over the country that the first judgment about Contract was unsound. None of the many objections urged against it has proved to be well founded, and its fascination for Bridge followers has increased as players have become accustomed to the infinite variety of its bidding tactics. One argument most frequently advanced against Contract was that it was too difficult a game for any but the expert player. It is my purpose during the next few weeks to show through the columns of Collier's that Contract bidding, while concededly more accurate and scientific than Auction bidding, is not so difficult that even the player of moderate ability need feel that he cannot handle himself as creditably at the Contract table as at the Auction table.

Partial Scores

Many systems for Contract bidding have been advocated. Some of doubtful value are serviceable—if at all—only for the super-expert class; others are merely grotesque. The plan I offer is simple enough to be grasped by all, and has been given so comprehensive a test that I am satisfied as to its merit. With next week's issue I shall start to unfold this simple system. Much of it has never before appeared in print.

One of the features of Contract which the player accustomed to Auction at first fails to appreciate is the importance of a partial score (i. e., a score of less than game). In Auction Bridge a partial score leads to a game only about once in thirty times; that is, only about that often is a game won which would not have been obtained without the aid of a partial score. In Contract, on the contrary, a partial score helps enormously almost every time in the bidding of the next hand; and that is an argument for light bidding in Contract.

In this short series of Contract articles I shall assume that my readers are thoroughly familiar with the Contract scores, penalties, premiums, etc.; consequently I shall not devote space to describing those details.

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Mr. Work has prepared a pamphlet describing the Contract count and explaining what is meant by "vulnerability"—a new term for a card game. Address Milton C. Work, care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and a copy will be sent you free. Mr. Work will also answer, without charge, any Contract or Auction question.

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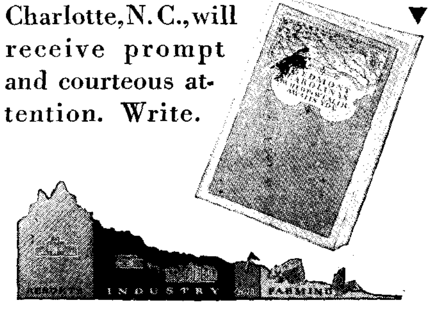


DUKE POWER COMPANY
SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

Elmer, the Unexpected

Continued from page 15

"Who," asked everyone, "is Elmer Reizenstein?" For up to that time he was still clinging to the patronymic his folks had brought with them out of Europe. After some years of trying to make anyone understand it over the telephone, he broke down and changed it to Rice, but he is, as you see, practically no relation at all to Grantland. Who, then, they were still asking in 1914, is Elmer Reizenstein? It was the answer to that question which caused the flutter in the aforesaid hall bedrooms.

For he was a youngster who, starting in as an office boy at fifteen, had somehow wangled a law course by night study and, at the age of twenty-one, had reached in the preceding winter the post of managing clerk in an imposing law office downtown. Then, to the comprehensible horror of his family, he suddenly resigned and announced to all whom it might concern that he was going to write a play.

Rivalry on the Rialto

Finally, his three acts were finished to his own satisfaction, and he sat him down to type a fair copy. With the habits of a law clerk still strong upon him, he made at the same time a carbon copy. Then, knowing no one in the theater who might act as intermediary, and never having heard of such a thing as a play-agent, he selected from the telephone book the addresses of two rising managers of whom he had read occasional mention in the theatrical news.

He addressed his original to the Selwyn Company, and the carbon to Arthur Hopkins, then stamped them *both and dropped them in the* mail-box at the corner. At that simple, trusting and naïve procedure, any wiseacre on Broadway would have roared with unfeeling laughter.

But there was no wiseacre around. So it seemed quite natural to him when, on the morning of the next day but one, he arose late (in the leisurely fashion becoming to one who had forsaken the law for *belles lettres*) to find a note from Crosby Gaige of the Selwyn firm, accepting his play, and asking him to call and discuss terms. Indeed, his only emotion was one of slight annoyance, for the same mail brought a letter from Arthur Hopkins, accepting his play and asking him to call and discuss terms.

What happened then is a chapter that would never be tolerated in the school books, so shockingly subversive is its moral. For, from the office boy at Selwyn's, he learned that the enterprising Mr. Gaige, who, as usual, had reached his desk that morning at nine, was now gone over to the old Knickerbocker bar (*eheu fugaces*) for luncheon, and would not be back until shortly after one. So Rice filled in the interval by strolling around to Arthur Hopkins' office, and on the doorstep ran into that deplorable stay-abed who, having just bestirred himself, was coming rosily to work at high noon. Therefore, as a reward, I suppose, for sleeping late, it was Arthur Hopkins who saw him first, and by somehow miraculously finding enough cash in his pocket to pay the advance royalties, bought On Trial on the spot. By its immense success the following August he rescued himself from insolvency and thereby got started again on his plan to become, as I think he afterward did, the foremost American producer.

Thus, with On Trial, did Rice disturb the melancholy tradition that all really successful playwrights must first spend fifteen years sitting, shabby and unrecognized, on a park bench. Now, after just that many years, his adventure with Street Scene has proved quite as disturbing to the hall bedrooms. For, in the American credo, it is a corollary of the aforesaid tradition that once a writer has achieved a signal success on Broadway, thereafter everything he writes, good, bad or indifferent, is snatched at by ravenous managers and lavishly produced without the change of a syllable. Yet when Rice, who not only wrote On Trial, but who in the interval had written several notable plays, including The Adding Machine, evolved in Street Scene what is unquestionably his best and, as it has already turned out, his most profitable play, it was rejected by nearly every management in America.

Arthur Hopkins, who had produced On Trial; Sam Harris, who had shared in that production; the Theater Guild, who had produced The Adding Machine, David Belasco, Jed Harris—one and all they let Street Scene slip through their fingers. Indeed, the manager who finally snapped it up was none of these pretentious fellows, but so battered an old showman as William A. Brady, whose judgment in matters of public taste had so fallen into disrepute that even his own son, when the elder Brady shyly offered to let him go halves in the Street Scene venture, shook a regretful head.

So to the veteran Brady, who once considered his life in art complete because he had presented James J. Corbett as an actor, now falls all (rather than a mere fifty per cent) of the power and glory of having produced Street Scene, a play that will have a long after-life in the stock companies and the "talkies," I think, and perhaps an even longer one at the Metropolitan. For the same Deems Taylor who wrought the score of The King's Henchman has found in it the libretto for his next opera.

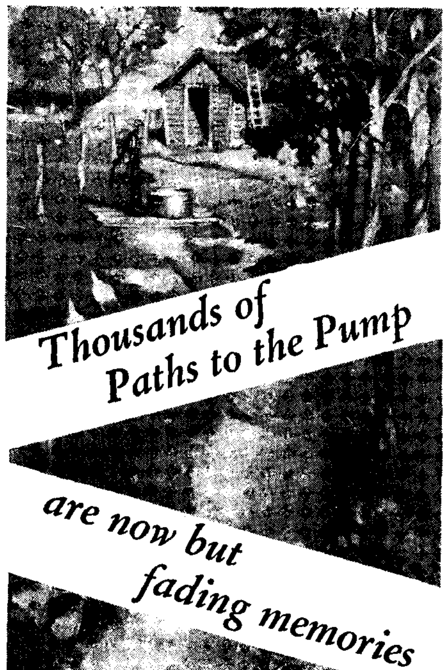
The play itself deals with still another Irish Rose, wooed by the Jewish boy *in the flat* downstairs. But you will remember longer, I think, the dalliance of her pretty, muddle-headed mother with the collector for the milk company, the smirks and clucking of all the old crones in the tenement over this juicy scandal, the climax when the smoldering husband comes home unexpectedly one morning to see the curtains of his home drawn tight, and races upstairs, drawn gun in hand.

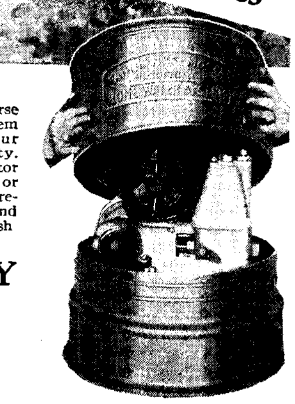
Landscape with Figures

You will remember longer still, perhaps, the play's poignant picture of life painfully picking itself up and somehow going on again, its unfailing instinct to pause, for example, and wonder what to do with the chicken the police found stewing on the back of the murdered woman's stove. As the final curtain falls, a new couple, out of nowhere, is looking at the "Apartment to Rent" sign which soon is swinging in the faint June breeze.

They say that originally Mr. Rice called his play Landscape with Figures, and that someone (himself perhaps) thereafter changed it to Street Scene. He might have called it Aria da Capo or Reprise. I myself am content to call it an excellent play.

Which leaves me room only to add that, for me at least, the history of Street Scene violates another precedent. Personally I would never have believed it possible that so fine a play could be written by anyone named Elmer.





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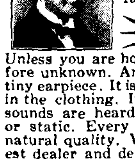

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Don't Kid the Waitress

Continued from page 14

invaluable. Some manual dexterity is desirable too, for you can hardly expect to do this kind of work well if you are clumsy and knock over a glass of water or a sugar bowl every time you put your hand on a table. But the quality I would put ahead of all other qualities is the simple desire to make people comfortable, to make their meals pleasant. If a girl does not take this spontaneous delight in seeing people with a happy look on their faces, if she does not automatically anticipate their desires and enjoy doing it, she may have every other quality, she may have ten years' experience and be highly intelligent, and still she will be a bad waitress.

Memory Becomes Trained

The first thing she has to learn is not to get her orders mixed up. That is, she has to train her memory. You may doubt this, and think that any person of ordinary alertness could remember all that a waitress has to remember. But it is not quite as easy as it looks. Let me give you an illustration: In most restaurants the usual assignment for a waitress during the rush period is eight chairs, sometimes ten. Let us suppose that every seat is taken, as is frequently the case. That means, if there are eight chairs in her station, that she has eight different persons to serve. Now for every person who eats lunch there are usually five different items of food. If it is a combination lunch, say for fifty cents, there is soup, the main dish, a dessert, tea, milk, or coffee, and bread of one sort or another. Five different items for eight different people mean forty items to be carried in the head for a period of twenty minutes.

Moreover, many of these items carry special directions with them. One man wants his coffee black, another wants his macaroni plain, another wants his toast dry instead of buttered, and so on. And if you think it is easy to keep all these different things straight, you should try it. When you first start out, you will come to the conclusion that playing eight different chess games at once is child's play compared with it. But after a while your memory becomes trained, so that you can keep it all straight automatically.

The next little thing you have to learn is not to wait until you are asked before you render some required service. This means that you have to train your eye. *You* look at a table and all you see is four people eating. *I* look at the same table and see one man perfectly comfortable, another worried because his water is running low, another unable to reach the sugar, and another vaguely uncomfortable, not even knowing what is the matter with him. So I pick up a glass of water and bring it to the man who is nursing his last five drops, hand the sugar bowl to the man who can't reach it, and ask the man who is vaguely uncomfortable if he wants the fan over his head turned off. He says yes. I turn it off, and again the table is comfortable.

This capacity to take in the needs of a table at a glance is very important, and it does not come in a day. It not only saves the customer the irritation of having to ask for everything he wants, but determines your capacity to render service from a vantage point, so that you can do a number of things with one trip to the counter.

The next little thing that she learns is to avoid foolish affectation on the one hand and perverse stupidity on the other. That is, she learns to act naturally. That may sound like a simple thing, but actually it isn't.

Then she must learn the consideration that is due her regular customers. Every waitress has a dozen or more customers who eat at her table three or four times a week, and each of these she must catalogue for their little peculiarities, to make their meals pleasant.

Most people, when they ask me about my work, get around sooner or later to one point. That is the number of men who try to date us up. A good many. While I have never accepted any of these invitations, I get the impression that most of them are honorably meant and are devoid of sinister motive.

Most men who become interested in you take a week or two to screw up their courage—you knowing all the time by previous long experience just what is going through their minds—and then stammer out an invitation to dinner, or to the theater, in a perfectly respectful way. What do we do when this happens? Well, if a girl does not want to accept the invitation, she usually makes some little excuse, and lets the thing slide along without ever really accepting or declining. For this there are several reasons. In the first place, the man may be much more interested in you than you think, and you do not want to hurt his feelings.

I remember one case of a friend of mine. An old gentleman got a violent crush on her and wanted to adopt her. One day he brought his wife in. She was an old lady and was enthusiastic about the plan too. This went on for quite a while. But presently the girl thought it was time to make an end of it and tell the old gentleman just how impractical his idea was.

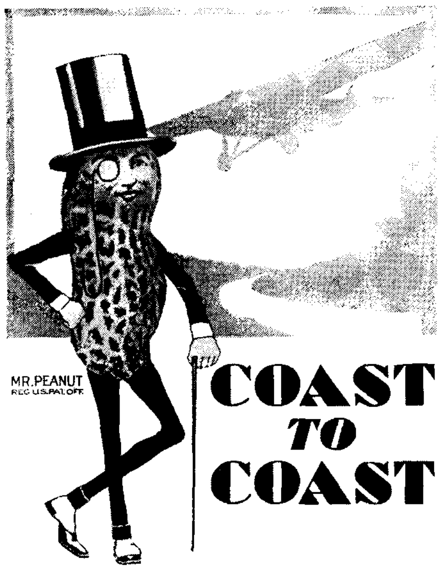
"All right," she said suddenly. "I'll let you adopt me. But on condition that you adopt my husband too."

Regulars an Asset

She hadn't told him she was married, you see. And to find it out was a terrible shock to him. He didn't say anything at all, and he never came back.

But there is another reason, too. We are human, alas, and we have found out that a great many of these gentlemen who want to date us up will grow up to be nice regular customers if they are handled with a little tact. Regular customers add quite a little to a waitress' income. Where the usual tip is ten cents, the regular customer is good for fifteen, or perhaps twenty-five.

I guess I am about done. Being a waitress, perhaps, is nothing to throw up your hat about, but I never really heard of anything in this world that was. It is pleasant enough work; it pays a girl enough to *save* a little money, if she wants to; it acquaints her with a business that she can sensibly go into on her own account if she feels she wants to; and, as I have said, it provides her with as many chances to get married as most girls get. In my own case, I may say it has been a great help. When I first came to America from Norway four years ago, at the age of sixteen, unable to speak English and hardly knowing right from left, I had a pretty hard time of it, I can assure you. Becoming a waitress has changed that, to some extent, and equipped me to earn my living almost anywhere I choose to earn it, and with employers who treat me very decently.



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Send for free booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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Here's $15.00. Ship me a MONTAMOWER prepaid.
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TUNG-SOL
BI-FOCAL
32-21 C.P.

—and it is the pale blue tint of Tung-Sol BLU-WITE bulbs that makes them distinctive—distinctive in color as well as performance.

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Ask to see Tung-Sol BLU-WITES. Note their characteristic color. Put a set in your headlamps and you drive with daylight confidence.

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MORE SPEED
WITH
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NOW, the high staccato tone of last year's quiet Evinrude Speeditwin and Fastwin is transformed into a low, pleasing drone. Burned gases are not only water-muffled, but also atomized, completely eliminating exhaust fumes.

The turning propeller, and the water friction at the underwater outlet literally suck gases out of the motor, giving as much speed as if no muffling were used.

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EVINRUDE
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Dressy—Easy

M. T. SHAW, INC. Trade Builders COLDWATER, MICH.

A stylish shoe, easy on tenderest feet. Genuine black kid, dressy, built for hardest service. Scientific Arch Support eases aches, tiredness, relieves foot troubles. Combination last. Snug ankle fit. Features of shoes selling at twice the price. Sizes 5 to 12, $5. A little more for sizes 13-14-15. Ask your dealer.

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write at once!

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
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MUST pay the piper—and all who suffer the misery of dancing in new or tight shoes know it.

But why suffer such misery? If you shake into your shoes some Allen's Foot=Ease you can dance all night in comfort.

This antiseptic, healing powder for the feet takes the friction from the shoes, soothes hot, tired, aching, perspiring feet and makes walking or dancing a real joy. People who enjoy foot comfort are using Allen's Foot=Ease daily. Try it.

Sold at all Drug and Toilet Goods counters. For *Free* trial package and a Foot=Ease Walking Doll address Allen's Foot=Ease, LeRoy, New York.

Allen's Foot=Ease
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Picked Out of the Air
by Jack Binns

DICK SPENCER

The Grand Stunt Finale

HERE is a friendly tip for those studio managers who are forever pursuing the unusual and always catching up with the commonplace. You know the kind. They think a great thrill is imparted to a program merely because it is staged in a tunnel, or the cockpit of an airplane. My tip is this: Why not stage a concert with an orchestra playing a complete set of Cromornes assisted by a Crwth player?

For their benefit I may point out that the Cromorne is the granddaddy of the saxophone, and was made in a number of forms encompassing the entire range of music from bass to tenor and soprano. The Crwth is a Welsh lyre. A full set of Cromornes can be obtained at the Conservatoire Royale de Musique in Brussels, and a Crwth may be found at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

After such a concert the stunt manager could well afford to retire on his laurels and let the rest of us listen to just ordinary good music.

First Air Rights

ONE night about seven and a half years ago I happened to be in the remodeled coat-room that served the original WJZ as a studio in one corner of an industrial plant in Newark, N. J. The late Charles B. Popenoe, manager of the new station, was in great spirits. He was listening to a noted soprano singing before the odd microphone that looked for all the world like a dishpan suspended on a stick.

"I induced her to come over from New York and sing," he exulted.

Crowded inside the narrow "studio" were two or three phonographs of different types and a player piano. When I saw those instruments were the regular "artistes" of the station at that time you will understand the enthusiasm of Mr. Popenoe.

Last month an orchestra, sponsored by an industrial concern, played George Gershwin's composition An American in Paris. The sponsoring company paid five thousand dollars for the privilege of playing it that evening. A tremendous sum just for that one rendition, but you see it happened to be the first time the newest composition of America's great exponent of modern music had been played on the radio. In fact the composition had had its première a few weeks previously when the New York Philharmonic, with Walter Damrosch conducting, played it in Carnegie Hall.

As time is measured it is not a long period from the coat-room studio of WJZ to present-day radio, but the two incidents I have related show the remarkable progress that has been made during that brief span.

They Can Go Somewhere

HERE is a vital news item that the palpitating world has been anxiously awaiting. It comes from the genial historian of KFI who makes the astonishing disclosure that "cub" announcers must serve their apprenticeships by reading market reports, farm prices and such items before the microphone. Martin Zolle, cub announcer of Los Angeles, in an interview states:

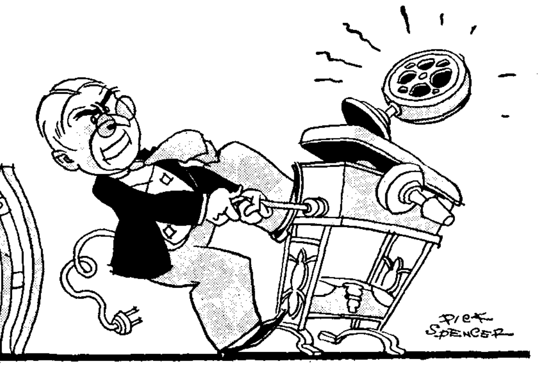
"And when I feel that I can read those more or less 'dry' items with all the fervor of a Shakespearian actor I hope to graduate into something more interesting."

I am passing this along in order to convince you that the cynical remark that an announcer has no further ambition is really quite libelous.

Pull the Plug

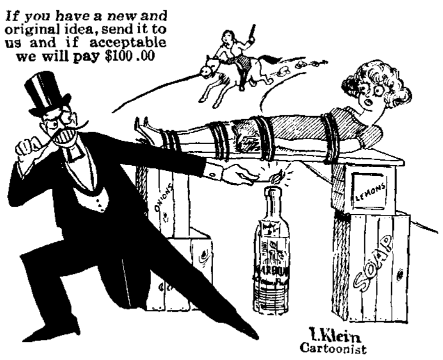
"DEAR JACK: Can you tell me how to fix the grid leak on my set so I can keep those singer-elocutionists from leaking in on me? You know the guys I mean. They sing a little bit, get discouraged, then elocute a while. I am wearing out my set tuning 'em out. Please help me. Yours, LEE W. SERVEY."

DEAR LEE: It's a passing habit. Either those guys will soon get tired of hearing their own voices, or else the studio managers will get hep to the fact that listeners are not listening any more. Give 'em time and they'll go home leaving their tales behind them. When they do, I hope that they'll take the wailing singers of sob ballads along with them. In the meantime, if you have an electric set, the best advice I can give you is to pull the plug whenever they leak through to your loud speaker. Yours, JACK.



This adv. suggested by R. A. Baker, The Shelton, New York

If you have a new and original idea, send it to us and if acceptable we will pay $100 .00

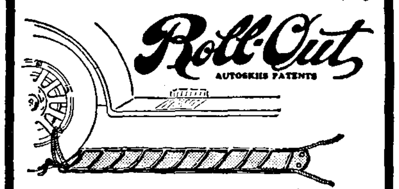


Curses, foiled again!
it won't explode—it's

CARBONA
Cleaning Fluid
CANNOT BURN
CANNOT EXPLODE
absolutely safe!-
Removes Grease Spots
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
Does it Quickly and Easily

20¢ BOTTLES AND LARGER SIZES AT ALL DRUG STORES
Carbona Products Co., 302-304 West 26th Street, New York

EVER STUCK IN MUD?



You can roll out of mud, sand or snow as easily as you rolled in. Use Roll-Out. *Mack Truck, loaded with eight tons, sunk axle deep in soft mud, pulled out in less than five minutes when all other methods failed.* Very compact. Rolls into small packet, can be carried under seat. Attach to wheel in a minute. Start engine, slowly roll out on top. Price $5 each C.O.D. in U.S. Manufactured and guaranteed by H. A. Ayvad, inventor of famous Water-Wings, Dept. X, 1103 Grand St., Hoboken, N.J.

5 Room ALADDIN $869
New Model Homes
JUST OUT

Beautiful, new designs; see them in Aladdin's latest Free Book of Homes—just out! Build the Aladdin Readi-Cut way and save $200 to $800. All lumber is cut-to-fit at Mill on labor-saving machines instead of on job where labor and lumber waste costs dearly! ***Prices include:* Plumbing, Heating, Lighting Equipment** —and all materials for a complete home, together with instructions and plans for erecting. **We Pay Freight** and guarantee safe arrival of all materials.

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BEAUTIFUL machines practically good as new—handsomely enameled, brightly nickeled—will last for years. $5000 policy, covering check-raising losses, *free.* Protect your checks with a *guaranteed* Protectograph. Only $23.85—former price $67.50—*you save* $43.65. We also supply any make check writer—at ⅓ usual price—with guarantee and policy. Our prices absolutely lowest for *good* reconditioned check writers. *References:* All Rochester Banks.

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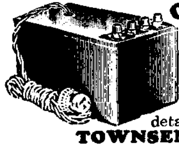
Why discard your present good set when you can electrify it for only $6.85, and banish the annoyance and expense of buying new "B" batteries?



Over 100,000 Townsend "B" Power Units In Use

Hooked up in a few minutes. Use same tubes—no changes. You'll be amazed at the improvement in reception and distance getting. Send name and address today for full details, proof and Free Trial Offer.

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MEN like these WANTED

These are actual photographs of a few of our men—we want more men like them

EVERY ONE OF THESE MEN EARN MORE THAN

$450 every month

MANY are earning $500 to $650 a month—some like Sees, Reynolds, Viles and others have incomes as high as $15,000 a year. We now have openings for a few more reliable mature men to act as our specially appointed representatives. Handle our established fire extinguisher business in your territory. Steady users and unlimited new business possibilities. NO INVESTMENT REQUIRED for stock—previous selling experience not necessary. We give you complete factory training and show you how to inspect and install equipment in homes, garages, office buildings, theatres, factories, farms, schools, hospitals, stores, etc.

COUNTY MANAGERS POSITIONS

Open to men who qualify. Our company one of the largest manufacturers of complete line of approved fire extinguishers. Our equipment used to protect many of world's greatest industries and thousands of homes, farms, etc. 260,000 in use by government. We start you in permanent business and assure you large income. Few opportunities to start spare time if desired. Write at once for full information.

WRITE TODAY

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FYR-FYTER CO.
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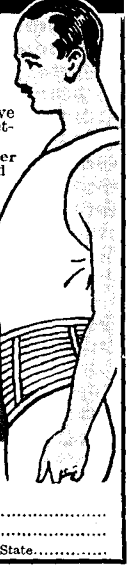
DON'T BE FAT



Amazing New Health Belt Takes Inches Off That Bulging Waist-line.

The quick, easy, sure, safe, inexpensive way to get rid of waist-line fat—look better, feel better—be better.

Walter Eckersall and many other great trainers endorse it—recommend it enthusiastically to restore instantly—healthfully a trim, erect figure.

Does More Than Reduce

Gently, magically massages surplus fat away—meanwhile builds up flabby tissues—strengthens weakened muscles. This Belt does it all. No dangerous drugs, diet or back-breaking exercises.

11 GREAT SPECIAL FEATURES Nothing else like it. Made by America's leading maker of elastic webbing for over 60 years. Absolutely guaranteed to produce results. We prove it

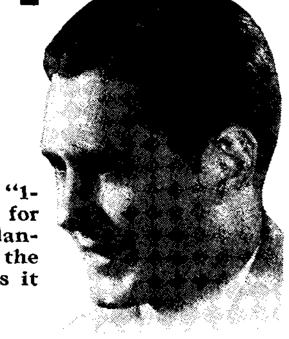
10 DAYS TRIAL Send the coupon today for folder, and full particulars of our generous trial offer.

For Women, too

Bike Web Manufacturing Co., Dept. 5
176 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Name............
Address............
City............ State............

Herpicide saves your hair



This simple "1-2-3 *Method*" for men removes dandruff, saves the hair and keeps it well-groomed.

1. *Shampoo the hair at suitable intervals with Herpicide Tar Soap.*
2. *Rub Newbro's Herpicide (the original scalp germicide) daily into the scalp.*
3. *As a final dressing apply Newbro's Herpi-Lay to keep hair in place and give it lustre.*

By following the "1-2-3 *Method*" every man and woman can have healthy, well-groomed hair.

Sold at drug counters. Applied by barbers. Send 15c to Dept. F for "1-2-3 trial treatment"

GOING!
Herpicide Will Save It
GOING!!
Herpicide Will Save It
GONE!!!
Too Late for Herpicide

The HERPICIDE CO. DETROIT, MICH.

The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 35

father sold. I heard you say once that the Santa Inez rancho was the finest fattening range in California, and you can point out to Ken Burney that this knowledge actuated you in formulating your agreement with him, because you realized that in operating his father's ranch, with which he is familiar, his chances for success were fifty per cent brighter than on any other ranch you know of. You can point out to him, too, that if he has to lease a ranch, the lease money will far exceed what he would have to pay for taxes on his father's ranch and hence under that method of operation you would have to give him ten years time instead of five, and this you are unwilling to do. If he objects to this, you stand pat and finally offer him some cash as a compromise settlement."

"Oh, Lord," the king murmured, turning his eyes piously ceilingward. "Why *weren't* you born a boy? I'd never miss Ken Burney if your dear, departed mother had given me the breaks. Yes, my dear, you have detected the milk in the coconut. He'll settle for twenty-five thousand cash, invest the money and give his revered old father the income for life. Consequently he'll be busted again and have to locate himself a job, in which emergency I'll proposition him again and this time he'll not be so high and mighty. Put in a long-distance call for the home office. The vice-president never leaves there before six o'clock."

At five minutes of six the vice-president of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company had received his orders.

When His Majesty emerged from the telephone booth, on his rugged features he wore the first smile in nearly thirty hours.

THE train Ken Burney caught out of Huachita was a slow one and he was two days reaching Los Angeles. He was due at Dan Wilkins' ranch in Harney, Oregon, within three days if he was to keep his promise. Nevertheless, he did not want to go through California without paying his aged and infirm father a visit. So he chartered an airplane and flew to the Santa Inez Rancho at Tres Pinos in two hours. His father still occupied the family hacienda, having excluded that and a few acres of land from the ranch lease.

The plane deposited Burney in a pasture half a mile from the hacienda and he walked up. To his surprise he found a large moving van in the front yard and strange men carrying out the furniture. On the veranda he found his father, looking and feeling depressed.

Again the Latin streak came to the front. Father and son embraced each other and Ken Burney kissed his father, first on one cheek and then on the other. "Bank close in on you, *padre mio?*"

"No, Kenneth. I've sold the ranch to a man named George L. Borthwick, in San Francisco. He offered me a price I couldn't resist. After all, Kenneth, unless you could arrange capital to stock the ranch and operate it, the bank might take a notion to foreclose before we could sell it elsewhere, so I decided to play safe."

Ken Burney patted the old man's back. "You did perfectly right," he assured him. "Of course it's a blow to have to leave the old place—but beggars can't be choosers. Did Borthwick pay cash?"

"Yes. Son, I have two hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars in the bank. I am moving to a small rented house in Tres Pinos." His trembling old hand closed over his son's. "The money will earn five per cent net and I can live well on a quarter of the income. The remainder I will save for you, my son."

"Good old Felix," his son murmured. See that airplane down in the horse pasture, Father? Well, it's going to carry me on to Oregon, where I'm going to try to purchase fifteen thousand head of cattle, all ages and sexes," and he told his father of his impending deal with Dan Wilkins. "If I can tie those cattle up by making a nominal down payment, I can grow them out on the Wilkins range, without cost, for one year, and unload at a fine profit.

"Father, the cattle business has reached its farthest south and is recovering. I feel in my bones that it is going to come back strong and that cattle well bought now will be worth twenty dollars a head more a year from now. Want to go in with me on this deal? I'll furnish the work and you furnish two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. However, I'll not ask you to put up a cent until I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that I can, in a pinch, dispose of the entire lot at a profit before the next payment comes due. I'll play safe."

Old Felix Burney was somewhat of a philosopher. "As you will, my boy. You may draw on me at sight up to a quarter of a million."

"Good old Felix Burney," his son reiterated. "But I want something more. I want the full name and address of the man Borthwick."

After luncheon, armed with this information and a check for fifty thousand dollars, he bade his father an adieu and flew to San Francisco. It took him one minute to locate George F. Borthwick, of the law firm of Borthwick, Elder & Swan, and at the cost of one nickel he succeeded in getting Borthwick on the telephone. "Hello," he said, "my name is Kenneth. Would you consider representing me in a suit against the Bardin Land & Cattle Company?"

"I will not," came the crisp reply, "for the reason that the Bardin Land & Cattle Company is a client of this firm."

"Ah, I understand. It would be unethical for you, then, to accept a case against that company?"

"Quite so. Who are you, and what is your quarrel with my client? Before resorting to suit would it not be worth while to discuss the matter with me?"

"It might. I'll think it over. Good-by," and Ken Burney hung up. Then he squandered another nickel to telephone the office of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company and requested speech with Mr. Bradley Bardin. He was informed by the private exchange telephone operator that Mr. Bardin would return to the city the following day.

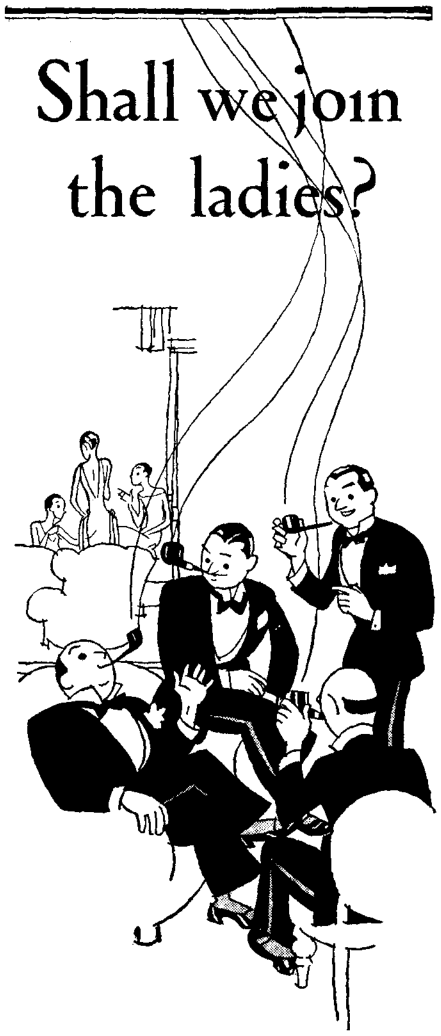
"THE old fox," Burney decided. "As soon as I cleaned up El Cajon Bonita for him he decided to come back to San Francisco. I'll bet a small five-cent bag of cigarette tobacco he is now the real owner of the Santa Inez Rancho. He wants me to go to work for him so badly he has descended to the double-cross. I'll give him a few very uncomfortable minutes for this."

From his hotel he wrote Bradley Bardin as follows:

DEAR MR. BARDIN:
Upon returning to California I learn that your chief counsel, Mr. George F. Borthwick, has purchased the Santa Inez Rancho from my father. Fortunately he paid all the ranch is worth.
In view of the fact that it is now impossible for me to accept the financial

(*Continued on page 70*)

Shall we join the ladies?



WHY NOT? The social pipe has taken on a new sociability since Sir Walter Raleigh smoking mixture came to town. It's mild. It's mellow. It's fresh and fragrant to the last pipeful—the gold foil lining keeps it that way.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. 55, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation,
Louisville, Kentucky

B&W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

WHAT YOU SEE
Merry-Go-Round
WHAT YOU DON'T SEE
NICHOLSON WARRANTED STEEL

WHAT You See: A procession of wooden horses, cantering in a circle around a calliope, carrying a group of people, all of whom are having a good time.

What You Don't See: The skilled use of tools which makes possible the Merry-Go-Round, the Ferris Wheel, the Roller Coaster and other devices which give thousands a good time in the summer.

It is a great work—constructive work — this changing of raw material into things for the production of pleasure. It is a source of pride to us that, playing a necessary part in this work, are thousands of dozens of Nicholson Files.

At hardware and mill supply dealers.

NICHOLSON FILE CO
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. TRADE MARK

NICHOLSON FILES
A File for Every Purpose

(*Continued from page 69*)

aid you agreed to furnish me in return for services rendered, you will please accept this letter as a definite and irrevocable declination of your offer and of all rights, even the most intangible, sought by you to be conveyed under that offer. Indeed, upon thinking over the events of the past thirty days I am moved to the conclusion that the services I rendered you were so trifling as to be out of all proportion to the generous offer you made me. Moreover, the sale of my father's ranch now makes available to me more than sufficient capital to insure the successful and profitable consummation of my most cherished plans.

Please, therefore, accept a hundred and fifty thousand acres of the best range land in the country, ten thousand head of cattle and a private cemetery with the compliments of,

Yours very sincerely,
KENNETH BURNEY

That letter, with other mail, was delivered to King Bardin by an office boy, shortly after the king and the princess had returned to their San Francisco home. Having read it the king handed it to his daughter. "Read it," he said, "and weep."

"He's even more astute than I credited him with being," the princess remarked casually. "And even more prideful and magnificent."

"I'm glad, after all, that you were not born a boy."

"Why?"

"Because I am saved the ignominy of having to take you over my knee and warm you with the flat of my hand for selling me that perfectly loony idea."

"BUT, darling, he can't prove you are the real owner of that ranch."

"He doesn't have to," the old man roared. "He knows it! That's why, with the super-courtesy of his infernal Hidalgo blood, he has made me feel like a dirty deuce in a clean pack. Oh, Lord, I'm suffering! And I can never square myself with him now. I know that young man. He's implacable. He wouldn't work for me now for anything. And did you notice that he didn't even send his compliments to you? He's off the whole family, I tell you, and its all your fault and I wish I could find a hole to crawl into and then drag the hole in after me. The longest day I live I'll owe Ken Burney a debt I can never repay because he will not permit the payment; the idea of your falling in love with such a man when he never even gave you a tumble!"

"Yes, he did, Pop," the princess replied cheerfully, "but you didn't notice it. Oh boy, what that sweet thing can say with his eyes!" She advanced upon her father, sitting completely crushed in his favorite armchair, gripped his ample nose in thumb and forefinger and tilted his face up to hers. "Now I'll tell you why I sold you the idea that it would be a brilliant stroke of strategy for you to buy his father's ranch. I did it because the sale would put him in funds. I concluded he had a deal on somewhere or he would never have left us in such a hurry.

"Well, I preferred to see him paddle his own canoe. I wanted to discover whether, provided he could secure the capital elsewhere, he would not reject your aid. I knew he'd feel better if he could reject it and so would I. I do not worry about him. Any man as smart as Ken Burney could run a leather shoestring into a tannery before one could say Jack Robinson. He's not a fortune hunter and he has too much pride to ask any woman to marry him until he can offer her a home, three square meals per diem for an indefinite number of diems and sufficient creature comforts to please any woman not a gold-digger.

"So, King Bardin, if you want my opinion, he's off to a running start and this letter proves it!"

Having planted his barb in the king's heart, Ken Burney departed via the air mail plane to Oregon, took a local train down to Harney and hired a car to take him out to Dan Wilkins' ranch. "Well, Mr. Wilkins," he said, after introducing himself, "I'm here within the two-week period I stated, so I assume you still have your cattle on hand."

"Yes, but if you'd been a day later you'd have found 'em gone. I got a wire yesterday from Jim Cheesebrough, over to Umatilla, Washington, makin' me an offer I sure found hard to resist. I'd have closed if I hadn't promised you I'd hold off. Of course I've had plenty o' buyers to see me ever since the news leaked out that I'm goin' out o' business, but most of 'em are usin' clam shells an' woodpecker heads for money, whilst them that has the money want to sort out the tops an' leave me the culls to work off on somebody else.

"Then, too, they only want five hundred or a thousand, all feeders, an' if I sell my feeders I won't have nothin' left to sweeten a deal for workin' off the aged stock. If I can work it I'd prefer to sell the whole outfit to one buyer, but I only know of two Coast buyers big enough to handle such a deal. Jim Cheesebrough is one an' Brad Bardin's the other."

Ken Burney nodded sagely. "Have you heard from our main office as yet, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Had a wire this morning asking me to telegraph complete description of the herd an' the price at which I'm holdin' it."

"Have you replied to that telegram?"

"Yep. Wired 'em I wouldn't sell until their representative showed up here."

Immediately Burney adroitly switched the conversation. Thereafter he talked of Dan Wilkins and the latter's interests rather than his own or those of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company.

Two days sufficed Burney to discover that Wilkins' cattle were good and sound —mostly Hereford grades and considerably above the average in point of excellence and condition. So he returned to the ranch and commenced his trade on the following considerations:

The cattle were not to be delivered until one year from date, Burney explaining that, since the buyers of Wilkins' ranch had given the latter one year in which to remove his cattle, Wilkins could have no possible objections to permitting the purchaser of his cattle the benefit of the use of the ranch, gratis. To this Wilkins readily agreed.

Upon round-up and delivery of the cattle they were to be classed by Wilkins and Burney; the tally at time of delivery should of course govern, and all calves now running at their mothers' sides were to go free with the trade. This being the universal custom among old-time cattlemen, Wilkins agreed.

Wilkins was to continue at the ranch in charge of the herd, at a salary of five hundred dollars a month; he was to retain his riders but Burney was to furnish the payroll. Wilkins was to furnish saddle stock without charge save for forage and other necessary expense, and the herd was to receive, under Dan Wilkins' administration, the same care as if he still owned it.

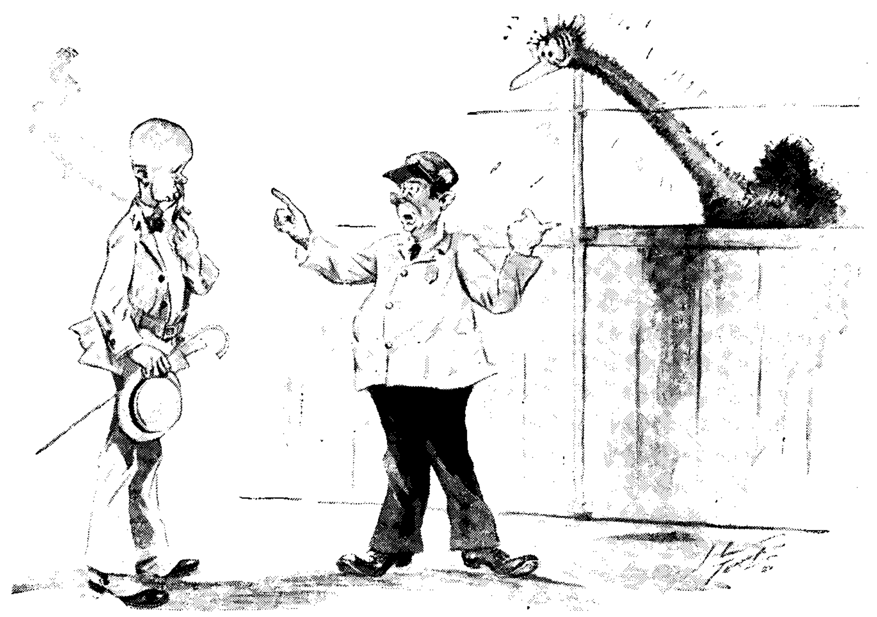
Burney explained that this latter provision was necessary to insure the trade; there had been considerable drought throughout the Southwest and the rainfall in California had been below normal, hence if he moved the Wilkins herd immediately, the problem of finding range for such a large number of cattle on short notice would prove embarrassing.

THE preliminaries having been disposed of, they now locked horns on the subject of price for each class of cattle. Burney had already wormed out of Wilkins the best price the latter had been offered to date and promptly offered one dollar a head more, straight through. Wilkins demanded an extra dollar; whereupon the two shook hands and the deal was closed.

Having settled the matter of price, Burney now approached a task of great finesse, to wit, the terms of payment. He suggested fifty thousand dollars down payment upon the signing of the contract, and two hundred thousand dollars in six months, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in nine months and the remainder upon delivery of the cattle. Deferred payments were to bear six per cent interest.

He spoke of the tightness of the money market, of other plans which required huge outlays of cash, of the desirability of a sound six per cent investment for the money derived from the sale, in the event Wilkins had no other investment plans, and pointed out that with the deferred payments secured by the cattle the deal could not possibly be bettered.

Dan Wilkins would have preferred better terms and said so, but Burney out-talked him, out-reasoned him and out-gamed him, with the result that old Dan only haggled twenty-four hours and then signed the contract which Burney instantly produced for his inspection. When he had signed, Burney



"Sorry, sir—but would you mind putting your hat on? The ostrich is getting excited."

handed him a cashier's check for fifty thousand dollars, made payable to Kenneth Burney and endorsed by the latter; and while Dan Wilkins was studying the check, Burney signed both copies of the contract, folded them, put one in his pocket and laid the other on Dan Wilkins' desk. He had timed this action, delaying it until the cook had rung the bell for luncheon.

"Let's eat," he suggested heartily. "I've worked up an appetite arguing with you." As soon as luncheon was over Dan Wilkins motored Burney into town, where the latter caught a train and went south.

WHEN the king came down to his office the day after his arrival home, he found on his desk this strangely illuminating message from Dan Wilkins:

> After selling my entire herd of fifteen thousand cattle to Kenneth Burney, manager of your El Ranchito division, I find that the contract I signed has been signed by him personally and not by the Bardin Land & Cattle Company by him as your legal representative. Is this O. K.? I suppose it was merely an oversight, because he gave me a cashier's check for fifty thousand dollars and the contract, which is very fair, gives me a lien on the cattle until they are paid for. Please advise if deal is O. K. and that Burney has legal authority to represent you.

"Har!" roared the king. "Har! Har! Har! So the young fox has hung one on old Dan Wilkins! He's got the nerve of a lion-tamer."

The king thumbed a push-button and summoned his vice-president and assistant general manager.

"You let those Wilkins cattle get away from you," he charged. "Why?"

"Because Wilkins wired me he would not offer the cattle for sale until our representative had time to get there and inspect the herd. I was busy and couldn't go, and our cattle buyer was sick with flu. I felt Wilkins would keep his word."

"Oh. Well, it's too bad. We should have had that herd."

He turned to some papers on his desk, indicating by that action that the interview was terminated, insofar as his inferior was concerned. But it was far from a finished matter in the mind of King Bardin.

His Majesty wired Dan Wilkins that Kenneth Burney was not even in the employ of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company, having resigned a week previous; that prior to his resignation, however, Burney had been the general manager of the El Ranchito division. He requested Dan Wilkins to forward him, if quite consistent with the latter's pleasure, copies of all communications received from Burney, a copy of the contract and any further information that might tend to convict the said Burney of operating under false pretenses. Further, he advised Dan Wilkins not to deposit the check Burney had given him until assured by competent legal authority that if the sale of his cattle had been induced by fraud and false representation it could be set aside; in which event the Bardin Land & Cattle Company would be glad to purchase the cattle at the same or possibly a slightly higher figure and pay cash.

Patiently His Majesty waited for Dan Wilkins' reply. When it came it was from the latter's attorney and ran:

> DEAR MR. BARDIN:
>
> My client, Mr. Daniel Wilkins, has referred to me your telegram in reply to his of the 8th inst. and has placed in my hands his original contract with Kenneth Burney and one telegram from the latter, a copy of which I enclose.
>
> After reading this telegram you will agree with me that if Burney has seemed to represent himself as the agent of your company, such representation is implied rather than expressed. He does not, even remotely, refer to the purchase of the cattle by any one other than himself, but in signing his telegram he added the line "Manager El Ranchito Division." This might be understood as merely identifying himself and giving Mr. Wilkins a clue to his standing in the cattle business although I feel quite certain he added this identifying line for the sole purpose of adroitly inculcating in the mind of Mr. Wilkins the erroneous impression that when he should arrive to trade for the cattle it would be as the representative of your company, with whom Mr. Wilkins has done much pleasant trading in the past.
>
> Mr. Wilkins informs me that at no time, while at the latter's ranch, did Mr. Burney, directly or indirectly, represent himself as the agent of your company. Having assumed that he was your agent, it never occurred to Mr. Wilkins to doubt his own assumption or question Burney regarding his authority. Burney gave my client a cashier's check for $50,000, made in favor of himself and endorsed by him to Mr. Wilkins; the latter deposited the check the day he drove Mr. Burney into town to catch the southbound train and it was not until his return to the ranch that he discovered he had traded with Mr. Burney as an individual rather than as the agent of your company.
>
> If Mr. Burney employed a certain measure of guile in consummating this deal with Mr. Wilkins, he certainly was imbued with an ardent desire to protect Mr. Wilkins in the event he should find himself unable to go through with the deal as per contract. The contract specifies that should payments of the deferred payments not be made on the dates and in the manner specified, then, at his option, Mr. Wilkins may declare the contract null and void, in which event Burney agrees to abandon any and all rights under the contract, the cattle revert to Mr. Wilkins and any sums hitherto paid on account are to be retained by Wilkins as and for *agreed* liquidated damages.
>
> While my client is none too well pleased at having, inadvertently, done business with a total stranger with whose credit and financial rating he is in ignorance, but for whose eloquence, salesmanship and personal magnetism he has the utmost reverence, nevertheless it is my opinion that were he to sue to have the contract set aside he could not sustain his suit. Inasmuch as he sold at his own price, he will be satisfied if the deal goes through without a hitch—particularly in view of your statement that if there should be a hitch you will be glad to take the deal yourself.
>
> For your information copy of the contract of purchase and sale is enclosed herewith.

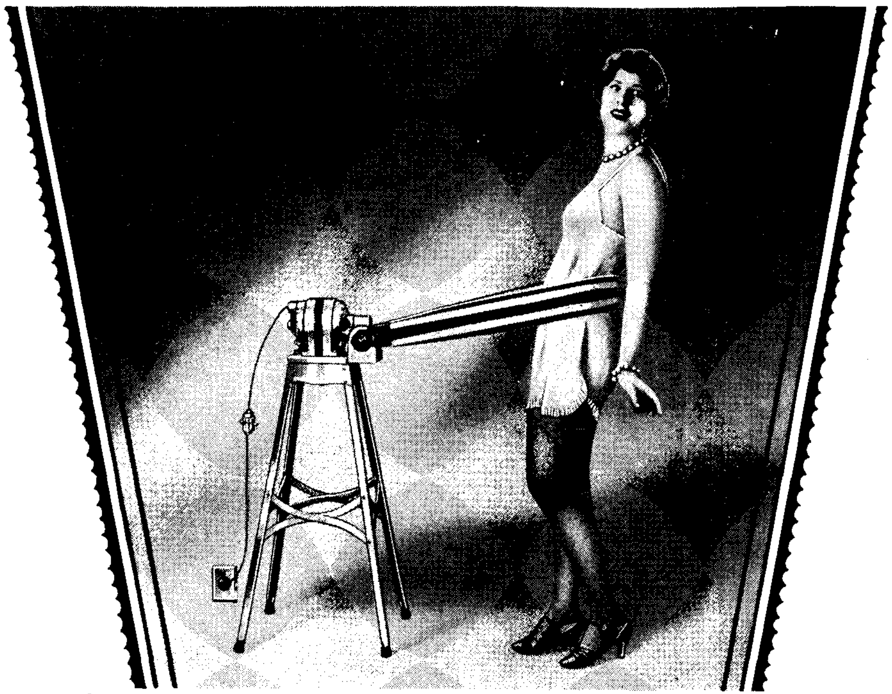
AFTER reading that contract the king sat long in silence contemplating the carpet. "His father has backed him to his last dollar, but—it isn't enough," he ruminated. "Not by three hundred and some odd thousand dollars. What Burney plans to do is to operate on margin. After making the second payment he will sell his contract to some big operator. Indeed, he may even try to sell it to me.

"Six months hence those cattle will be worth not less than five dollars a head more than he paid for them—and as a sweetener Burney will have this year's calves free—probably about thirty-five hundred head. He'll sell those later as long yearlings and at a good price. Yes, sir, the boy is going to make some money—and entirely at my expense. Within the year wedding bells will ring for him and Muriel and I will be left holding the sack."

On his desk calendar he made careful note of the dates Ken Burney's payments to Dan Wilkins were due, and then proceeded to forget the matter.

Ken Burney met his second payment of $200,000 on the Wilkins cattle, as the

(*Continued on page 72*)



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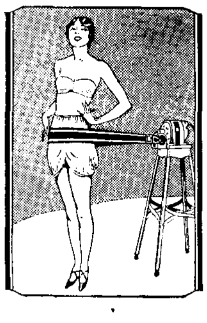

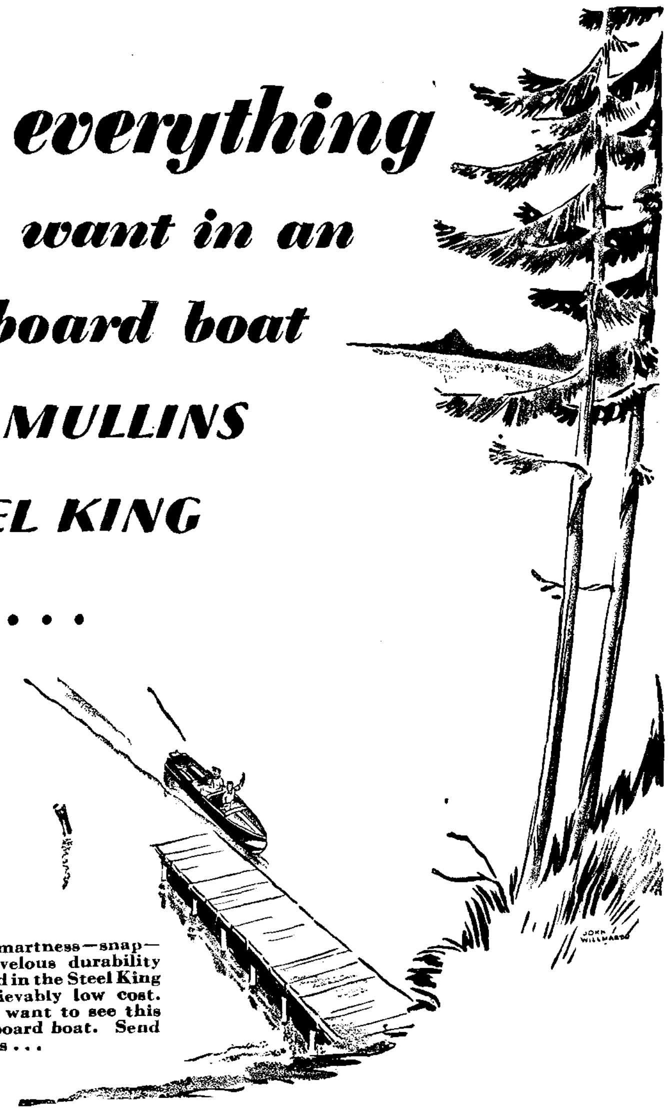

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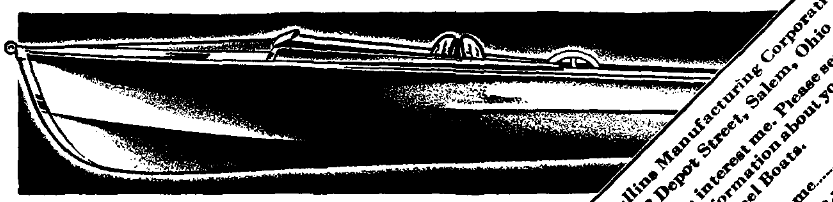

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(*Continued from page 71*)

king was very careful to ascertain; also he had paid Dan Wilkins and his cowboys their wages regularly and had provided funds for all incidental expense connected with the herd. The price of beef having advanced two cents in the interim, the king decided it was now time to look Ken Burney up and trade him out of his contract. Surely he would be forced to let go now; with a nice profit in hand he would, the king reasoned, be glad to do so. Also, His Majesty knew that within six months, he, the king, would be able to turn the entire herd at a profit of ten dollars a head. So he got on the trail of his victim by writing him in care of his father. Promptly Burney wired him that the subject broached in his letter of blank date was not of interest to him!

"That fellow certainly beats my time," His Majesty decided. "Well, he'll have to do some tall financing in the next six months, and if he fails to make connections elsewhere he'll probably offer to sell me a half interest in the deal. Well, if he does, he'll be in a position where I can do the dictating. By Judas, I'll succeed yet in elbowing that fellow into going to work for me."

NEVERTHELESS, as the time for making the remaining payments fell due, Ken Burney resolutely failed to materialize. The next thing the king knew, Burney had relieved Dan Wilkins of his job and taken over the management of the herd himself. And, although the king had him watched very carefully, it appeared that Burney had not, as yet, disposed of a single cow.

"He's financed himself and is doing the sensible thing—holding his herd," His Majesty decided. "The calves he got free with the trade he will sell as two-year-olds; he has a new calf crop and a big one and he'll grow that out and as soon as this year's calves are weaned he'll clean up."

The king sighed dismally. All of his well-laid plans had, indeed, gone by the board and he was in hourly fear that some young fellow who couldn't tail a calf might induce the princess to marry him. He reflected bitterly on his purchase of the Burney ranch. He had paid a stiff price for that ranch and he wished he hadn't. He was relieved, therefore, when his general counsel called him up one day and told him he had received an offer for the Burney ranch of fifteen thousand dollars less than the king had paid for it.

"Nothing doing," His Majesty decided. "Sell it for what I paid for it, but not a cent more."

Two days passed and the ranch was sold, and a week later the king, dressing for dinner, heard somebody playing the piano in his drawing-room. Presently the tinkling laugh of the princess reached him; then a fine lyric baritone voice floated upstairs to His Majesty, indicating that the princess had a visitor and he was singing the Toreador Song from Carmen.

"Wonder who that Johnny-come-lately might be?" the king ruminated.

As he entered the drawing-room Ken Burney rose from behind the piano. Mr. Burney was arrayed in dinner clothes and a charming smile.

"You're certainly looking very elegant," His Majesty greeted the prodigal. He shook hands with just a shade of reservation. "May I inquire to what happy chance we are indebted for this unexpected visit?"

"Why, I've been away a long time, so I thought I'd drop around and take up with you a certain little matter of unfinished business."

"I do my business at the office, my son. Never forget that. However, since you have forgotten it we'll forgive the omission."

"What I have to discuss with you is not office business, sir. I telephoned Miss Muriel this morning and she was good enough to invite me to dinner. Perhaps I overplayed my hand by accepting, for I seem to detect in Your Majesty's manner a faint suspicion of cracked ice."

"Merely the shock of this unexpected meeting, son—and seeing you in dinner clothes instead of chaps. By the way, I hear you got your horse, Rowdy, back—compliments of Señor de Haro."

"I was that fortunate. Rowdy comes in handy these days—at the Santa Inez rancho."

"Oh, so you're the chap who bought that ranch from us?"

"No, sir, I bought it from your general counsel, but I assume he turned the purchase price in to your cashier. Yes, sir, I'm back in the home of my ancestors, and I've got the ranch stocked, don't owe a cent, and have money in the bank."

"How much?"

"Enough to keep the ears of the well-known wolf from peeping over the hills at me. I bought fifteen thousand head of cattle—"

"I know all about that deal. I've seen the contract."

Burney smiled. "I sold them at a profit of thirty dollars a head straight through—just doubling my money. The calves I got free with the trade paid my expenses and interest and then some, and I have four thousand yearlings left. Got them down on my ranch."

"I suppose you have about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash capital *after paying your debts*," the king murmured, for he was good at mental arithmetic. "And the money you paid your father for the ranch will, of course, all come back to you when he passes on. The four thousand yearlings didn't cost you a cent because you sort of sweated them out of the deal, and they're worth forty dollars a head. Ken, you're a smart young fellow. . . . How did you finance the deal, after your own money gave out?"

"Well, you see, sir, cattle prices were advancing so briskly that eventually old Dan Wilkins realized I could sell on a week's notice, clean up a profit and make my get-away any time before the third payment fell due. So Dan abandoned all thought of seeing me default, and when I offered him ten per cent on the deferred payments provided he gave me an extension for one year, he fell for it. Dan didn't know any other place he could get ten per cent for his money, so I just kept on using his ranch as if I owned it. About a hundred thousand people own that ranch now—one acre home-sites, you know. Hence nobody has bothered me. The one-acre boys didn't mind if my cows ran on their domain—so I was rent-free for a year and a half and could afford to pay Dan Wilkins ten per cent for his money."

"THAT move," His Majesty agreed admiringly, "was extremely coyote. And you don't want a thing for that El Cajon Bonita job, eh? Boy, you saved me a lot of money there. I'm your debtor."

"I've decided," said Ken Burney, "to take your daughter in full of all claims on your gratitude."

The king stepped to the side of the princess, raised her left hand and surveyed thereon a diamond ring he could not remember having bought for her.

"Well, you young folks—" His Majesty began, but Burney interrupted him.

"What, if anything, Your Majesty, are you going to give us for a wedding present?"

"I'd love to give you a job I don't want and pay what the job's worth and then some. But of course you'll refuse that."

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"Ken would, darling," the princess piped up, "but I'll not let him. I've only accepted him on condition that he shall become president of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company in order to give you time to learn golf. He can keep the home of his ancestors as a hole card in case you go broke. I'm a fair sample of the rising generation and, in all probability I have your time beaten a mile, but never let it be said that a Bardin went back on a Bardin."

She flew to the welcome haven of the king's arms and hugged him ecstatically, and when she at length released him His Majesty turned to his prospective son-in-law.

"What," he demanded sternly, "has become of that other girl you were so crazy about once?"

"Muriel was that girl. I had met her once at a dinner party in Santa Barbara, but she wouldn't look at me that night. She was quite under the spell of a young man—well, you know the type, king. Nevertheless, I fell for her with a thud—and when I met her again over on El Ranchito, well—old Felix Burney's boy was just naturally sunk without a trace. I had to make good to win her; I'll be hanged if I was going to risk having her and you rate me a fortune-hunter. However, you can go bust if you want to now, king, because I can take care of her if you can't."

"You've made me suffer eighteen months needlessly," His Majesty roared. "You're a dirty pup. Come to my arms, my beamish boy! Muriel, ring for the materials. I think we ought to have one!"

THE END

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What's a half-dollar in a man's life, if he can trade it for five months of the finest shaving comfort that he has ever experienced! The big, white tube is crammed with 118 inches of cream, more than enough for 157 shaves. So the economy is as obvious as the quality. The next time you are buying a bottle of Listerine, ask the druggist for Listerine Shaving Cream. You will forget that there ever was a shaving problem.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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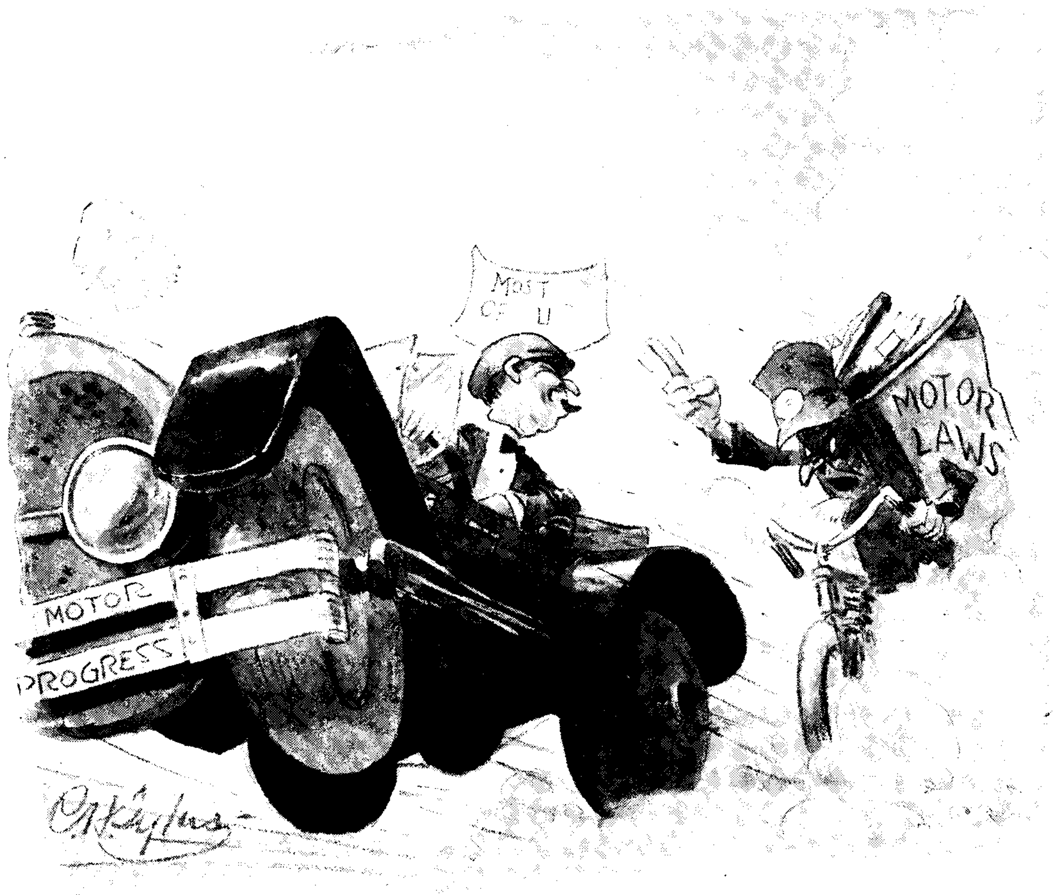
Only the Laws have Lagged



MOST of our motor laws are disregarded because they are unfit to be obeyed. We insist on keeping ancient and outlived ideas in regulations designed to control present-day machines. Inevitably the motor laws fall into contemptuous disuse.

Automobile manufacturing has made tremendous progress during the last few years. Road builders have kept pace with the motor makers. Only the laws have lagged.

The consequence is that we are giving another magnificent demonstration of our contempt for the laws we insist upon making and retaining. In the field of motor transportation once more we hold to statutes and ordinances which no one obeys and which not even the legislators themselves have the slightest intention of obeying. We seem to think that there is some magic virtue in making impossible rules. As a nation we are law crazy.

Most towns and cities have ordinances limiting the speed of automobiles to twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. Some retain the old fifteen-mile limit. In the open country in most states the legal limit is thirty or thirty-five miles an hour.

Very few obey these ordinances and laws. Automobiles are designed for much faster speeds. Every car now being manufactured is built to be driven safely at far higher speeds. Even the cheapest cars are planned for maximum speeds of sixty miles an hour or more. More expensive cars are designed to run as high as one hundred miles an hour.

A car built to go no faster than the law allows could not be sold in this country. We demand laws forbidding us to drive faster than thirty or thirty-five miles an hour and we demand cars capable of being driven safely sixty an hour or better.

Then we lay down concrete highways which invite speed and make it safe. At the same election we approve bonds for the construction of high-speed thoroughfares and we choose legislators who pass laws telling us not to get the full use out of the roads we have built. We must have contradiction between our laws and our habits.

In those states in which the legislatures have met this year bills intended to modernize the motor laws were introduced. Most of the bills were voted down.

The New York Assembly voted, strangely, against a bill which would increase the legal speed on main highways from thirty to forty miles an hour.

The legislators who opposed the bill said that an increase in speed would mean an increase in deaths.

THE facts are otherwise, as studies made for the Department of Commerce when President Hoover was its secretary showed plainly enough. Reckless driving and incompetent driving are unsafe at any speed. The fast driver is often the safest driver because he is the most skillful and the most alert.

The net result of our foolish motor laws is that they are tacitly ignored. On any main highway in every state the average motorist drives more than thirty-five miles an hour. At the present time most drivers move at rates between thirty-eight and forty-five miles an hour in the open country.

In towns and cities the gulf between law and custom is equally wide. On a crowded main street or on a street near a school twenty miles an hour may be too fast. On boulevards and in outlying sections millions of people drive twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five miles an hour safely.

Nearly every driver continually breaks the law. Most of the time this nullification is overlooked by the police. Too often it is not. Then, inevitably, unjust arrests or, worse, grafting by the traffic officer occurs.

We cannot expect honest government so long as we tell the police to enforce laws which we don't intend to obey.

The remedy is simple but it must be prescribed by engineers and not by lawyers.

Accidents and killings are appalling but they have not been reduced by laws which motorists won't observe.

Safety in motoring will be attained by the application of the same methods which have made railroad travel safe. Nobody tells a locomotive engineer that he must not travel sixty miles an hour, or ninety miles an hour for that matter. What he is told is that he must proceed at a safe speed. But as he values his job he must protect the property and the lives entrusted to his care.

Ultimately we must arrive at some such control of motor traffic. Such states as Connecticut and Michigan are already blazing the way.

If laws limiting automobilists to slow speeds would save lives and eliminate accidents, they would be justified. Experience has shown, however, that safety must be sought in other ways.

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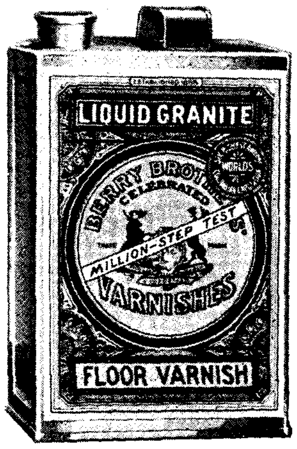

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1

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EVEN more than most makers of tooth paste, we are delighted to send you a ten day tube of Ipana.

Why shouldn't we be? Ipana's fine, clean taste, its ability to make teeth shine and gleam — these are convincing from the very first!

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Used faithfully with a light massage it restores your gums to a healthful tonicity.

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But these are advantages which accrue to the consistent user of Ipana. A month, at least, is needed to show you all that Ipana can do for you.

So, while there is a coupon below, we do not urge its use. We know you will achieve all of Ipana's benefits only by going to your druggist and asking for a full-size tube which will last at least a month.

Then will your teeth gleam — then will your gums be healthy.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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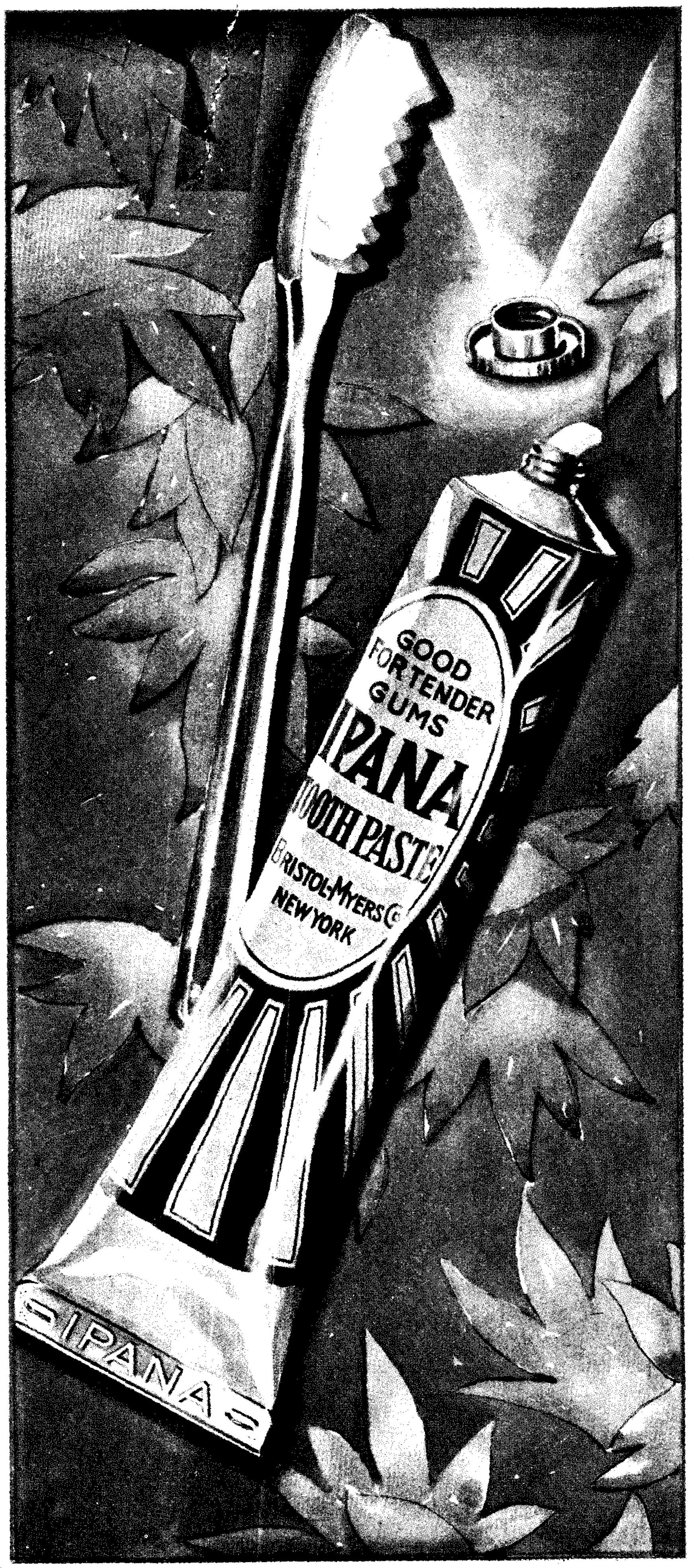

2

The *Drug Store*

ONE great advantage in getting your first tube of Ipana from the drug store is that you can begin its use the very same day!

You get a full, fresh tube, of over 100 brushings, ample to demonstrate all of Ipana's many virtues.

And your druggist, like your dentist, can explain the benefits of Ipana in the technique of massage.

He and the dentist will confirm that our gums, damaged by this soft, modern food of ours, fall easy prey to many stubborn troubles.

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For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic, long used by the profession in the treatment of gum disorders.

So go to your druggist — get a large tube of Ipana today. Begin its use tonight. Your mouth will feel invigorated and clean. Your teeth will gleam. Your gums will be kept in perfect health.

* * *

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